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LETTERS OF WILLIAM STUBBS

LETTERS OF WILLIAM STUBBS

Bishop of Oxford

1825-1901

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HOLDEN HUTTON, B.D.

*Fellow and Tutor of S. John's College, Oxford; Examining
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PREFACE

THIS volume is to be regarded as primarily a collection of letters. It was felt that later times might well have cause to complain if they should be able to learn as little about the life of the great English historian of the Nineteenth Century as we are able to know of Bishop Butler. It was thought that the letters of Bishop Stubbs, and the letters to him, that have been preserved, would do something to show what he was and what part he played in the literary and ecclesiastical history of his day. I was asked to collect them and to add such an account of his life as should make them intelligible to those who did not know him.

Such work as I have had to do involves thanks at every stage of it. If I were to say now to whom I am grateful I should but give a list of all those to whom I owe letters, or reminiscences, or advice ; and their names will be found, page by page, in the book. I ask them all to accept my sincere thanks for their kindness and help.

Without the confidence of Mrs. Stubbs and the Bishop's children I should not have been able to undertake the work : without the assistance of Miss Hunter and of Mr. Capes and his family I should not have been able to recover the facts of the Bishop's early life. To the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Oxford, the Dean of Chester, and Canon E. E. Holmes I owe very much. But throughout I owe thanks to the many who helped me at every stage, and to those, and most of all to the representatives of the Bishop's oldest friends, who have placed their letters in my hands, and happily to one survivor of the historic Oxford friendships, Mr. Bryce, who has expressed the greatest interest in this work and by the reminiscences he has contributed has given it most valuable assistance. No one, however, of all those

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who have helped me, must be considered in any way responsible for any discretion, or indiscretion, I may have shown. The assistance of the Bishop's friends has everywhere been generously given ; but the faults of the book are all my own.

I have here and there used matter which I wrote before this book was contemplated. My thanks are due for the courtesy of the Editors of *The Cornhill Magazine*, *The Church Quarterly Review* and *The Guardian*, in allowing the reprint of what has appeared in their columns, and to the Editor of *The Times* for the use of an obituary notice which I contributed to *Literature*. My thanks are due also, and especially, to the Rev. W. T. Stubbs and to the Rev. C. Plummer for much help in the correction of proofs.

W. H. HUTTON.

S. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Whitsuntide, 1904.

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Youth

I

B

I

Youth

WHEN the history of the intellectual movements of the Victorian Age in England comes to be written, one name will stand out in the science to which it belongs as the name of Butler stands out in the religious philosophy of an earlier day. A great school arose in the middle of the nineteenth century which embodied and expressed the enthusiasm of the time for an ordered study of the past. Of the workers in that school, the greatest was William Stubbs, and his fame, if it be possible for the generation which knew him to predict it, should be beside that of Gibbon as the greatest historian of his country and his age. But he was much more than a historian. If in the field of history the most enduring part of his work was done, the Church of England will not cease to remember him as a faithful ruler and a servant of the servants of God. On all his life was set the mark of steady, unselfish service. He was a strenuous worker from his earliest years, and he worked to the end.

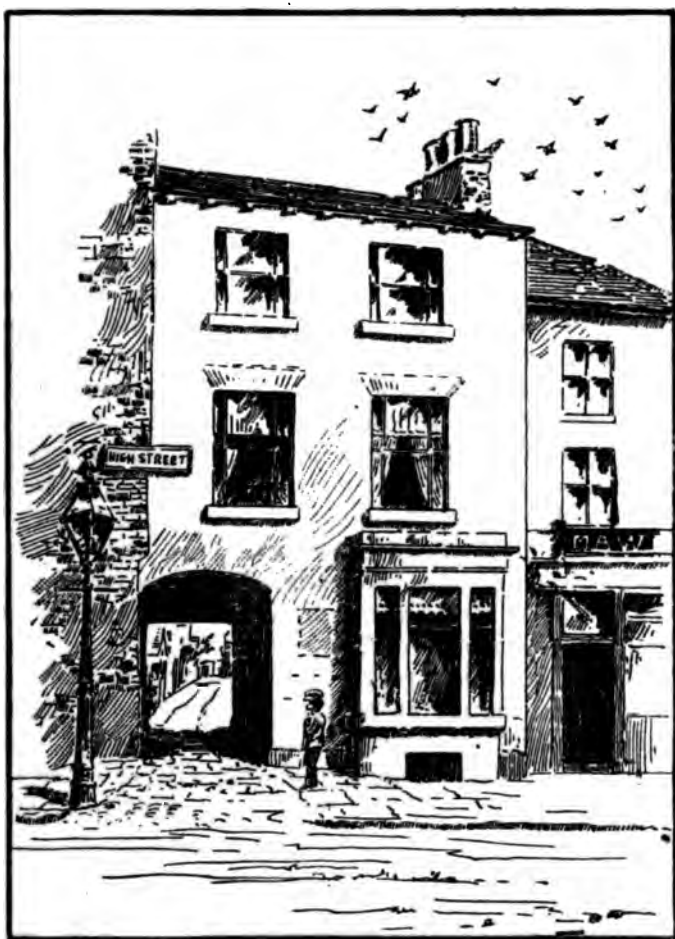
So much such letters as can now be collected would tell ; and some may well think that the best, and sufficient, memorial of his life might be found in his own writings. Yet some record of the life of the strong, wise man the world, years hence, will wish to have. Here it may perhaps best be told in connexion with his letters.

William Stubbs was born on June 21, 1825. He was the eldest child of William Morley Stubbs, a solicitor practising at Knaresborough, whose descent could be traced back to the middle of the fourteenth century. The family was of the old yeoman stock, which was the silent strength of England in the Middle Ages. None of the members of it rose to fame, but all held a good position among the folk of the royal forest of

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Knaresborough. William Stubbs, of the township of Clint, is set down in the subsidy roll of 1377. His son John had property at Birstwith, and was a reeve of the forest.

A book in the Bishop's clear and beautiful handwriting, a



HOUSE IN WHICH BISHOP STUBBS WAS BORN, KNARESBOROUGH.

monument of long, minute, and accurate labour, records the long line of his ancestry, with extracts from court rolls and registers, copies of wills, and pedigrees of families connected with his own. In his old age, in a lecture at Crewe, and

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again at Reading he sketched the historic memories of his youth. At Crewe, in 1886, he recommended the following up of local and personal history as leading to a connexion with the greater streams and lines of social and political history that is full of direct interest, which a man can have all to himself, and then said :—

“ You do not mind my taking myself for an illustration. Where was I born ? Under the shadow of the great castle where the murderers of Thomas Becket took refuge in 1170, and where Richard II was imprisoned in 1399. My grandfather's house stood on the site where Earl Thomas of Lancaster was taken prisoner in 1322. My first visits were paid as a child to the scene where Stephen defeated the Scots, and where Cromwell defeated Prince Rupert ; my great-grandfather had a farm in the township where King Harold of England defeated Harold Hardrada ; and one of my remoter forefathers had a gift of land from John of Gaunt in the very same neighbourhood where I was born. What do I remember first ? Well, perhaps the first thing I do remember was the burning of York Minster—then the death of George IV, then the second French Revolution, then the election of Lord Brougham for Yorkshire, then the Reform Bill and the Emancipation of the West India Slaves. What sort of connexion had I with soldiers and churchwardens, and such like ? Oh, my grandfather was out in Lord George Gordon's riots ; and all of my ancestors, so far as I can trace, served the office of churchwarden in their time. You may smile at this—perhaps I was lucky in the circumstances of birth and associations—but mind you, on every one of the points that I have mentioned hangs a lot of history to which my mind was drawn by the circumstances that I have jotted down, and from which the studies began which, not to speak of smaller successes, have landed me in the dignified position to-night of having to advocate the study of history before an audience of the most intelligent people in England ! You like, I dare say, to be told so. As I am flattering myself as you see, I may give you a little of the overflow of my self-complacency ; and please to remember that I am just as much a working man as any of you, every step of the life which is now drawing to an end having had, under God's

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blessing, to be worked out by my own exertions, so that to some extent I may put myself forward as a precedent for you."

At Reading, three years later, he said—

"I was born under the shadow of the great castle in which Becket's murderers found refuge during the year that followed his martyrdom, the year during which the dogs under the table declined to eat their crusts. There, too, as customary tenants of the Forest, my forefathers had done suit and service to Richard, King of the Romans, and after him to Queen Philippa and John of Gaunt, long before poor King Richard was kept a prisoner in the king's chamber. My grandfather's house stood on the ground on which Earl Thomas of Lancaster was taken prisoner by Edward II, on the very site of the battle of Boroughbridge; he, too, was churchwarden of the chapel in which the earl was captured. The first drive that my father ever took me led us across Marston Moor; one great-grandfather lived in an old manor-house of the monks of Fountains; another had a farm in the village where Harold Hardrada fell before the son of Godwin. Then, within a radius of ten miles, we returned ten members to Parliament from five boroughs, two lying in the same parish, and one or other and all together using every different franchise known to the law before the Reform Act. That Act, and the agitation that preceded it, are among my very earliest recollections, and the question of the franchise was made familiar by the fact that another grandfather was prosecuted by order of the House of Commons for a riotous attempt to defeat the right, exercised by the Duke of Devonshire, of returning two members for the town by the votes of forty of his tenants, not one of whom was resident or had any other qualifications than a deed of feoffment of a messuage, given him as he entered the polling-booth and returned when he left it. Nay, if I may boast of my own exploits, I could tell you how I myself, before the passing of the Act, was privileged to wave the true blue Tory flag in the face of Henry Brougham, one of the last representatives of the pocket borough."¹

Knaresborough is one of the most beautiful places in a beautiful district. The town climbs the steep sides of a sharp hill that overlooks the swift waters of the Nidd. The ruined castle,

¹ *Lectures on Medieval and Modern History*, 3rd edition, pp. 474-5.

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the church impressively situated on the ascent, the quaint streets of irregular houses, the market-place that boasts the oldest chemist's shop in England, have a distinction that befits the setting of wood and river around them. The castle of Hugh de Morville, of Richard of Almaine and John of Gaunt, dominates the town and seems to dictate its memories.

That the clever child of a long line of Yorkshire yeomen should turn amid such surroundings to the study of the historic past seems natural and fitting.

William Morley Stubbs of Knaresborough was the son of Thomas Stubbs of Boroughbridge (1761-1838) and Jane Morley. He married in 1824 Mary Ann, daughter of William Henlock. They lived in a small house in the High Street, which is still standing, next but one to the Bank. The house is built over an archway through which there is access to the back and to a garden stretching some way behind the houses. It was in this house that William Stubbs was born. Of his grandmother Elizabeth Henlock, his mother's mother, who died when he was only six years old, he was extremely fond. He always remembered a walk she would often take him, and when he went to Knaresborough in later days would still say, "Let us go on the Dansby walk. I like to touch the stones I used to touch when I walked with her," and he would touch them again, with something of the quaint feeling of old-time association, not superstition, that made Dr. Johnson touch the Fleet Street posts. Once the lad startled his grandmother by declaring "I do not like the Prayer Book." "I am sorry for that," said she, "for I do ; but why do you say so ?" He stoutly answered, "Because it says a man may not marry his grandmother, and I mean to marry you."

His mother and grandmother were the dearest friends of his childhood. It used to be said in Oxford years later that Stubbs's mamma and grandmamma were well known, so often were they spoken of ; and in his later life nothing did he love more than to hear tales of them and his early days. He was a quick boy, who learned early to read and to recite. It was told of him in later years that, while he was quite a child, when the Bishop of Chester came to Knaresborough, with the Bishop of Ripon, for a confirmation, he insisted on being taken to see him pass. The Bishop of Chester, after the old

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

fashion, laid his hand on the child's head as he passed, and little William returned home vociferating that he would be a bishop. "You must be a curate first," said his mother. "No, I will not," said he ; and it is amusing to note that he never was. Other memories of his childhood that survive are that he went as a boy of nine to a dancing class and thirty years



MR. CARTWRIGHT'S SCHOOL, KNARESBOROUGH.

after remembered a little girl he danced with and the green dress she wore, that he had little habits, such as crumbling his bread, like his grandfather, and that he was a quiet child full of quaintness.

He first went to school under a Mr. Cartwright, who lived in Gracious Street, a little house standing back from the line of houses beside it—about two hundred yards from the High Street, on the way to Low Bridge. It was the best school in

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the neighbourhood, and boys of the upper classes from Harrogate as well as Knaresborough came to it. Among them was William Kay, a life-long friend of Stubbs, and sometime Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta. It is remembered that Mr. Cartwright, before the two friends were famous, would hold them up to his boys as examples. He was a master of the "old school," which means, it would appear, that he caned freely ; but he was also a man of extraordinarily wide know-



WILLIAM STUBBS AS A SCHOOLBOY.

ledge, who delighted to teach his pupils subjects far out of the range of ordinary schools, then or now.

From Mr. Cartwright's school, William Stubbs passed in 1839 to the Grammar School at Ripon. Of the teaching at the two schools he dictated some remembrances within the last year or two of his life. They exist now only in an imperfect form, but they throw an interesting light upon the studies of the day.

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“ When I was seven years old I was sent to a classical and commercial academy at Knaresborough, kept by an old man, Mr. Cartwright, and attended by the sons of the old middle class, that is, tradesmen and professional people. Mr. Cartwright taught us everything. Among my elder schoolfellows were Mr. Frith the famous artist, whose recollections of the school are not as exalted as mine, and Dr. Kay the late Principal of Bishop’s College, Calcutta, who certainly laid the foundation under Mr. Cartwright of his knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Hindustani, and French, and there I was initiated before I was eight years old in Latin and Greek, working on until I was thirteen in French, German and Anglo-Saxon. The mornings were given to languages and the afternoons to writing and arithmetic. The classical books were Dr. Valpy’s Grammars and Delectuses, and by their aid I was worked on by very short steps into Homer, Xenophon, Virgil, and Sallust. A grammar lesson, Latin or Greek, was said every morning, and I certainly repeated Valpy’s Grammars at least nine times over during those years. I think the grounding was sound. The discipline consisted in, first, a strong hand on the boys’ heads, and a sharp cane on their hands, under neither of which it was my sorrow to suffer ; and second, a very rough and ready appreciation of industrious work which found a way to the heart of most of the boys who cared for their work. I don’t know that I need enlarge on the comic side, as there can be few people alive now to whom a sketch of it would carry any meaning. It was a Yorkshire school of a class which is, I should think, utterly extinct.”

Besides the universal knowledge of secular matters which Mr. Cartwright instilled, young Stubbs was learning and thinking deeply of religious matters. Mrs. Stevens, a name deeply beloved in the town, gave Bible lessons in a little room off Kirkgate, near the station, and there he constantly attended. “ I do not suppose any one was ever more beloved than she,” he said in after years ; and when he preached in 1872 at the parish church after its restoration, he recalled the “ most gracious presence, inseparable from the history of this place, not to be forgotten ; the commanding eye, and noble figure ; the sweet and most eloquent voice ; the wonderful hold on Scripture in the spirit and the letter ; the marvellous industry

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that poured forth book after book, illustration after illustration, all the time teaching continuously and continually ; nursing the sick, comforting the dying and the sinner, guiding the little ones, foremost in every good work ; all with a zeal, a power, an energy that made her a very exception to all the rules that bind the life of Englishwomen, and withal the most sympathetic, the most kindly, the wisest counsellor we ever knew."

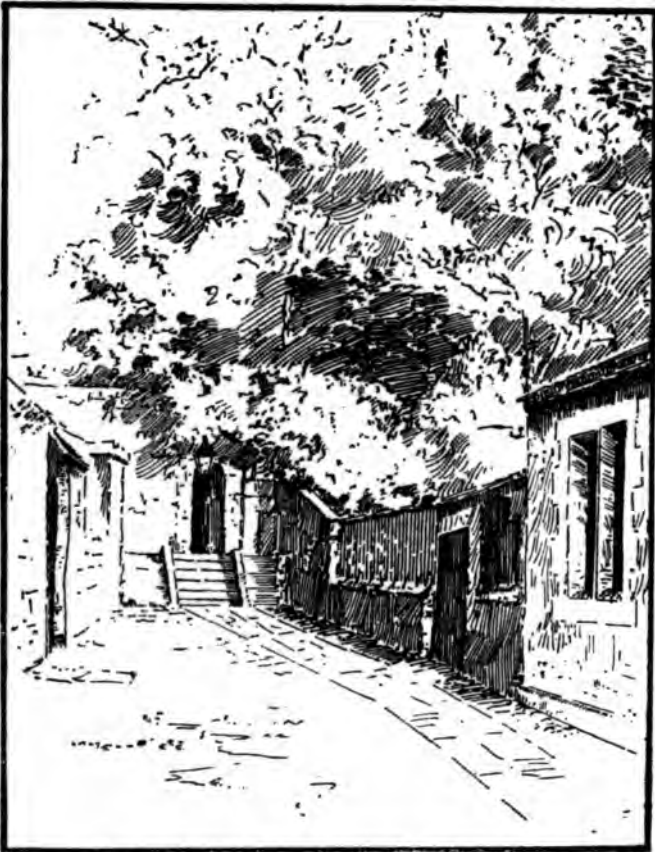
When he was an old man he showed to his cousin Miss Hunter all the letters Mrs. Stevens had written to him when he was a boy, neatly tied up with white ribbon ; and she tells me that he seldom came to Knaresborough without saying, " Let us go round by the old schoolroom," and he would stop and look long, and say, " There I first learnt my texts of Scripture."

Mrs. Stevens was a relation of the Vicar, the Rev. Andrew Cheap who was, in the same sermon in 1872, commemorated as " the most venerable form and kindly face, and gentlest, simplest heart we ever knew, from whose mouth first we heard the word of life, and in whom first we saw reflected the graces of the Gospel ; most honest, most straightforward, uncompromising, but most sympathizing, genial, most able in deep simplicity."

The religious influences of Knaresborough in the first half of the nineteenth century were of the school which did so much for England in the eighteenth century. All the popular religion, indeed, as the Bishop said in the last years of his life, ran in that groove, and a noble if restricted influence it was. " I began life," he said in 1899, " in a centre of Evangelical energy ; a real school of life, narrow it may be, even slightly Calvinistic in its attitude of dogma, but most devoted, generous, studious ; too much self-contained to be uncharitable, and placidly recognizing its position as a true and faithful guardian of souls, although not the only one : on the whole in a minority of influence, but not ambitious, thoroughly pastoral, given to missionary and school work quite in advance of common opinion, and above all things devoted to the study of the Bible. I have often thought that, if I had had time to write a history of that time and neighbourhood, I could have drawn a picture that would put more modern pretensions to shame, both as to work and as to spirit."

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The influences of Ripon were not so gracious. The grammar school was then held in a small building below the cathedral churchyard at the south, where now the choir school is. Grim memories of savage discipline in a sort of Dotheboys Hall are



THE WAY TO THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, RIPON.

preserved in the *Phases of My Life*, by Dr. Pigou, Dean of Bristol, who was a schoolfellow of Bishop Stubbs. The Dean says that his master told his father "he does all I tells him": no doubt he would have said the same of Stubbs. But the religious associations, as the Dean remembers them, were not cheering: a dreary service in the cathedral church, rival schools glaring at each other—and "the day we dreaded most was

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Saturday, a day of preparation indeed for the Sabbath. On Saturday we had to say and then parse the Gospel for the following Sunday. What associations some boys must all their life afterwards have had with the appointed Gospels! and with some of the sayings of our Blessed Lord! I have seen boys made to stand up on a high stool, where they could be better reached, and coat and trowsers cut to ribbons over the 'Gospels.' How little did masters of those days, gone like a dream of the past, realize the effect of such incongruous and painful associations! How inevitably certain portions of God's Book would cleave to the memory, not for their high and holy teaching, but because of the flogging which accompanied them!"

But now we may continue the Bishop's own reminiscences. It was characteristic of him that he never dwelt in memory on the severer, sterner side of life. His remembrances were kindly and humorous, even when they could not be wholly happy.

"At fourteen, I went to the Grammar School at Ripon, then under the hand of the Rev. W. Plues, formerly scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, a favourite pupil of old Tate of Richmond, and a very able master. Under him, Ripon School had been a considerable boarding school, and with Durham, Richmond, Sedburgh, Giggleswick, and S. Peter's, York, he had educated the sons of the most important gentry and nobility of the North. When I went there in 1839, the boarding houses were closed and it had become a simple town school, from which, however, boys went in their succession to the Universities. There, as might be expected, I had to begin my school life over again, and that through the classical curriculum only. The class in which I was placed was beginning Virgil and the Greek Testament, and the editions used were those which we had inherited: I at all events used the books which my father had used before me. For composition Bland's Verses and, I think, Ellis's Exercises were the manuals, from which we were led on through Kerchever Arnold's books and Kenrick's exercises for three or four years. The regular Grammar was the Eton Latin Grammar and the Charterhouse Greek Grammar supplemented by some laborious and very useful MS. commentaries of the Head Master's composition which each boy in the form had to transcribe,

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and which contained, I believe, a good deal of the grammatical results of the old Richmond teaching. On Saturdays and Mondays we had Scripture lessons, and, as we advanced, some careful teaching in Roman and Greek History, starting from Goldsmith, and getting on gradually to Niebuhr. The Head Master worked from better editions of the classics than we were able, of course, to purchase, such as Heyne's Virgil, Mitscherlich's Horace. He also gave us the results of his reading Buttman's *Lexilogus* and Dammi's *Lexicon*. The discipline depended largely on the cane and the rule of fasting. School hours were rigid—7 to 9 in summer, 8 to 9 in winter,—10 to 12.30, 2 to 4, with two half-holidays in the week. Any boy who was late for prayers or committed any offence below the discipline of the cane was kept in school during—"

Here there is a gap. The MS., in the writing of Mr. Holmes, from the bishop's dictation, goes on: "Extraordinary blunder in my translation of Acts viii. 26, which caught the old Dean's eye and greatly amused him, that I made my first step towards Christ Church in Oxford. He prepared me for confirmation,¹ and as long as he lived showed me constant kindness. In these circumstances I went on until on Bishop Longley's recommendation I began on the higher classics. We had passed through Dalziel's *Analecta* and into Herodotus, Thucydides, Horace and Juvenal, Porson's four plays, five [books of] Homer and Virgil. I think we had to commit to memory from 50 to 100 lines of the poets every day, and so worked through the whole of Horace and Juvenal and very large portions of Homer and Virgil, as well as of the Gospels in Greek. The Composition probably was the weakest point, although immense pains were taken with it. We also worked at a rather difficult English Grammar, Arnold's, I think, Butler's *Ancient Geography* which occasionally still gives me the nightmare, with a little arithmetic, algebra, and Euclid. The home lessons were not heavy, and consequently, under the pressure of strong necessity and some ambition, I had been able out of school to work through the whole of Herodotus, a good deal of Thucydides, and several plays of Aeschylus. I was not introduced to Sophocles until I went to Oxford."

A few letters of this period survive. Here is one of them,

¹ He was confirmed in 1840.

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addressed to his aunt, Miss Henlock, of whom he was very fond.

RIPON,
July 12, 1841.

MY DEAR AUNT,—

I hope you are very well, and that your genealogical pupil has found you a good pedigree. You will be glad to hear that Lord Howick is thrown out of Newcastle, Mrs. Bruce says the queen's very mad at the blues and threatens to dissolve Parliament again, that, however, would only make matters worse. Our Examination was on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last. The first day we had to be examined in St. John in the Greek Testament, and to translate Acts viii. 26-40 without a Lexicon. I had only one mistake, instead of putting "towards the south," in the 26th verse, I put "to the slaughter house." The Dean laughed at it, and said if it had not been for that mine was the Best. We had Grecian History that day too. The second day we had English Grammar and Horace. We had to write down the 12 ode of the 1st Book without dictionaries, but we had done that before—and to translate some Virgil. On Saturday Arithmetic, the first book of the Iliad and Ancient Geography, and Latin Exercises. When we had done the geography the Dean said that Morrel and I had answered the best; and so we broke up. The day that Sir Ed. Sugden and Mr. Pemberton were here Robert Bruce and Poole and I went to take a petition for a holiday on the Nomination day. We got one.

I have got Rollin's Ancient History. If you would like to read it I will send you it. I have not finished it yet myself. . . . Poor Lord Morpeth will have to stretch his mouth somewhere else now. I liked Lord Milton better a good deal. He seemed to be a gentleman, which Lord Morpeth did not. The Blues were very ill behaved to him. Mr. Wortley could not speak, and Mr. Denison told them they were the worst behaved people they had met with. Lord Morpeth said he should wish to follow his friend Lord John Russell. He has done so, for they are both the fourth on the Poll. Lord Morpeth, however, told the people that Lord John was at the top—slight mistake, but you can't believe a word the monsters say. . . . I was very

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much obliged to you for your letter. I hope you will answer this soon as it is a very large one.

I remain your very afft. Nephew,
W. STUBBS.

The sturdy politician of sixteen retained his sacred Tory principles throughout life. He was learning, it would seem, at Ripon to base them on the history to which he was becoming more and more devoted. Ripon itself, the picturesque old city of narrow streets, perched on the high hill overlooking the Ure, has a story that goes back to the seventh century. S. Wilfrid of Ripon is one of the most famous names in early English history. The cathedral church owes its rebuilding to Roger of Pont l'Evêque, Archbishop of York, who was the bitterest of Becket's foes. For long the archbishops of York had one of their chief residences in the city; and when the new see was created in 1836 it did no more than revive in a new form an ecclesiastical organization which had a continuous existence as long as any in the land. The old jurisdictions still survived, some of them still survive, and the archbishops of York still nominate justices. The town's old motto still meets one at every turn,—“Except the Lord keep the city, the Wakeman waketh but in vain”—and the horn, as in ancient days, sets for the people the hours of nightfall and sunrise.

Born amid the romantic surroundings of the King's forest of Knaresborough, and receiving training of the years which are most fruitful in a city so famous in the history of England, there need be no wonder that young Stubbs soon began to study the history seriously for himself. His earliest training in original work was found in the old courthouse within the enclosure of Knaresborough Castle, where the rolls were kept. Among these in his holidays he was constantly at work. He learned to find his way about medieval documents, and so laid the solid foundation on which he was afterwards to build so firmly. His neighbours came to look to the studious lad as one out of the common. As an old fellow-townsmen of his said to me the other day, he was not “one o' them that writes for writing's saake.”

In 1842 William Morley Stubbs died, at the early age of

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forty-two. His widow was left with six young children, and she had a hard struggle with poverty. At Ripon the Rev. R. Poole, then Vicar, and his family, were constant friends. Through him the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. C. T. Longley, took up the fortunes of her promising son, and he remained a faithful friend to him through life. Within two months of the boy's father's death the Bishop obtained for him a nomination as a servitor of Christ Church, Oxford, from Dean Gaisford, for 1844.

A fortnight later young Stubbs writes—"November 8, 1842. I went to call this day on the Bishop. He received me very kindly, and asked after 'my mother.' When I thanked him [for his interest in regard to Christ Church], he said that it was certainly a very good thing for me, and worldlyly speaking the best thing that could happen to me, that I should have the same advantages as the first men in the kingdom, and with the Lord's blessing he hoped I should succeed. He then asked me what I had been reading. I gave him a paper on which I had set down the classical subjects for the last two years. He asked me if I had any taste for mathematics. I said 'Very little.' He recommended the first three books of Euclid, as 'either they or a treatise on Logic must necessarily be sent in for the Little go.' He said also that Herodotus would be one of the first books I should require, and that I must pay great attention to parsing and government especially, that quality was more requisite than quantity, and that men who read and sent in books for a first class often were put in the 4th or scarcely mentioned. He said that he would mention to Mr. Plues that I was going to Oxford and that he himself would examine me in about a year, that I must keep up the first 12 books of Homer as they would be necessary, and asked me what I was going on with next."

In April, 1844, the future Bishop of Oxford first entered Christ Church. He did not come into residence till the next year, on January 17. His first term's battels, it may be worth noting, were £2 17s. 7d., and the room rent was £2 2s. The table allowance came to £2 os. 6d.; so he only had to pay £2 19s. 1d. He kept every term till the end of Lent term, 1848, and he took his B.A. degree on June 7, 1848.

The present Dean of Christ Church writes thus as to the position of servitors in general and Stubbs in particular—"Servi-

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tors were at this time men who came up to the University *in formâ pauperis*, and they formed a class in a college as distinct as that of the noblemen. The servitorships were bestowed on persons who were unable to support themselves, with a view of smoothing their way into the ranks of some profession ; and candidates for them would have to satisfy the authorities that they were poor and deserving, but not necessarily that they were capable of high honours. Thus there was no presumption in those days of exceptional intellectual distinction in a servitor. It was, then, to a place of this sort that the future Bishop was admitted at the instance of Bishop Longley.

“ On his matriculation he became the pupil of the Reverend George Marshall, then Censor, whom the Bishop had afterwards the pleasure of nominating to an honorary canonry in Christ Church. His rooms were on the top floor of No. 1 staircase in Peckwater (*Peck*. I. viii.)—the staircase in the middle of the west side. They were not the most attractive rooms. The window of the sitting-room comes behind the triangular pediment at the top of the building, and the inhabitant can see nothing except the sky. But here Stubbs dwelt, as he expressed it to the present writer, ‘ in the strictest seclusion ’ all his undergraduate time. In those days there was nothing monstrous in abstaining from athletic exercises, and it is probable that the expense of such things was greater than a poor man could afford. We must therefore picture Stubbs living a rather lonely, but no doubt a keenly observant, life in College, and spending the most of his time in extending his knowledge. There are not wanting signs that he was well known to his contemporaries as a man of learning. It is on record that the Dean (Dr. Gaisford) recognized the fact and unbent so far as to Latinize or Grecize Stubbs’s name to Stobæus. In those days, Bachelors of Arts acted as Sub-Librarian ; they sat in the Library during the hours when it was open and assisted persons who came for books. It was an opportunity for a man who cared about reading and knowing books. Dean Liddell once told the present writer that he owed more to having had the freedom of a great Library than to anything else ; and we can well imagine the use Stubbs would have made of his time in the Library of Christ Church. It was on one of the occasions when he was in the Library pursuing his studies

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that the Dean saluted him, in sportive vein, as 'our Stobæus.' The Dean did not unbend far enough to make Stubbs a student—a position which the future Bishop greatly desired—for there was an unwritten law that no servitor was ever made a student. But it should be said that there was probably more in this than simple adhesion to immemorial custom: the studentships were of very small value, and would have been scarcely possible to a man whose circumstances justified his taking a servitorship.

"Nor was it only the Dean who discovered his learning. There was a rule in Gaisford's time that all members of Christ Church should attend a course of lectures in Natural Science before they were presented for their degree. It embodied a great ideal, but was not always fully realized in practice. Stubbs was known to be regular and attentive at this course, and so messages were sent up to his secluded rooms, 'Mr. X's compliments, and would Mr. Stubbs oblige him with the loan of his notes?' 'Thus,' said the Bishop, describing this practice, 'my views on the steam-engine had quite a wide circulation in College.'" So far the Dean of Christ Church.

On May 17, 1844, the Bishop of Ripon was able to report to Mrs. Stubbs a very favourable view of her son. "The Dean has already Latinized his name, and calls him 'STOBÆUS'; and as the said personage is a *very favourite author* with Dean Gaisford, I think it augurs well for the youth."

He was, at once, it is clear, a favourite with his seniors. But it must not be thought that Stubbs was unknown to his contemporaries either in the House or outside it. The late Lord Salisbury told me that he was well acquainted with him as an undergraduate; and the present Dean of Durham, Dr. Kitchin, wrote thus to me on April 11, 1903—

"I first made friends with the Bishop when we were undergraduates together at Christ Church in 1846. He and Spencer Stanhope and I formed a class of three, reading Differential Calculus with 'Dr.' (Rev. E.) Hill in College, and I said to myself, 'What a shame that we should work together, and that just because Stubbs is a servitor we should keep him at arms' length.' So I broke ice, 'without being introduced' (it shows how green I must have been!), and asked him some

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question, and from that moment an unbroken friendship began—though my ‘views’ were bitterness to his ancient Whiggism. In undergraduate days he kept his humour to himself. Never was so timid a soul, or so grateful. He felt his isolation, and did not dare to make advances, and the most striking quality in him was his amazing memory. I never knew any one,” he adds, “more grateful for kindness.”

Undoubtedly the Dean nods when he talks of Stubbs’s Whiggism. Never was a more convinced Tory, as his reminiscences have already shown; but doubtless the superiority of a young Radical of ’46 would make no nice distinction between Whig and Tory, both equally “obscurantist”—in more modern cant phrase.

Besides Dr. Kitchin, one at least of those who in later years worked with him was among his undergraduate friends, Chancellor Espin, who came to be so close a fellow-worker of his from the time of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, and especially from 1884, when Stubbs became Bishop of Chester, remembers him as a somewhat retiring undergraduate, not to be seen on the river, “a young man of few words and somewhat reserved habits, much immersed in his books,” well known for his ability and knowledge to a few close friends.

He was certainly a keen observer. In a note-book which he began as an undergradute, and which contains surely the strangest collection of memoranda, historical, theological, humorous, ever put together in one volume, he analyses the Oxford men of his day. There are fast men and reading men and slow men, and each of these classes contains gentlemen and cads. The fast are gentlemen who ride, who boat, who dress; and cads who drink beer and shout, and who give “beers.” The reading men are, if gentlemen (α), religious men, (β) the classical school, and (γ) infidels; and here the pedigree becomes rather complicated, and no distinctions of extreme nicety are drawn, but the result seems to be that under α we have High Church and Low Church, under β men who get £10 and men who don’t, and under γ “Rugby” and “Wadham.” If cads, the reading men are “those who smoke and drink over their Divinity.” Thus early was the Bishop’s life-long aversion from tobacco evident. Then come the slow men. Of these the cads are (1) those

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who wish to be thought fast, (2) those who wear dirty shirts, and (3) those who wear long hair, straps and shoes ; and the gentlemen are arranged in classes according as they are slow from ill health, or stinginess, or poverty, or music, or are *dilettanti*.

Young Stubbs was no exception to the rule which makes Oxford a transforming influence in the lives of men of strong character who become her *alumni*. He told, more than half a century later, how in his first term he "looked on at the break-up of the Tractarian phalanx, as it was called ;" he shared in all the excitement of the undergraduates on the famous "S. Valentine's Eve," when the Proctors—one of whom was to become his most revered and trusted friend—exercised their veto on the proposal to censure Tract XC, and well he remembered the shock to the Church and the dismay that followed. He was already, as an undergraduate, known to Dr. Pusey. "So I saw from the beginning," he said, "the working of the continuous life of the faithful men of the movement, many of whom I learned to know and love." And as a Yorkshireman he knew, and with admiration, the work of Dr. Hook at Leeds, and the parochial side of the Church revival in the North. Certainly there was no break in his religious development ; but amid the Oxford influences of his undergraduate days he came to realize, in its historical and spiritual majesty, the Catholic doctrine of the Church, and to look up to Dr. Pusey as "the Master." Side by side with his ecclesiastical interests, finding their richer setting in the awakened Church life of Oxford in the forties, now as always, his historical instincts were at work, and with them the literary interests which to him at least were an essential part of historical study. He belonged to the Architectural Society, which had rooms in Holywell Street, which, he said, "were possibly the school in which a taste for medieval history, at least, was insensibly acquired." He was for a time secretary of the Hermes, where Edwin Palmer, his life-long friend, and when he was Bishop of Oxford his Arch-deacon, first came to know him—"a very small and earnest and affectionate literary brotherhood, well to be remembered as a seed-bed in the growing time, not only of germinating ideas that spring and die with or without fruit-bearing, but

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of high sympathies and dear friendships that grow stronger and immortal by age." But most especially in Christ Church Library, where he first made acquaintance with Hearne and Dugdale and Prynne, where Dean Gaisford took him unawares at his note-book with "amused and approving surprise," the foundation of the chief study of his life was laid. Of the course of his more strictly academic studies, of the "collections" he had, and of the residence he kept, there is exact record in his own clear hand—a list which extends from the days of his matriculation to the day of his election as Fellow of Trinity, two days after the class list in *Lit. Hum.* came out. He attended the lectures of Marshall, Osborne Gordon, Jelf, Liddell, Conybeare, and others, and his collections were never less well marked than "*satis bene.*"

Mr. Hill, afterwards Rector of Sheering, Essex, when he wrote a testimonial for him in later years, noted the diligence and painstaking perseverance with which he had devoted himself to the uncongenial subject of mathematics. The custom of reading for double Honours was then almost universal among those who studied at all seriously; and Stubbs conscientiously worked at his mathematics, and got a third class.¹ For classics he had the private coaching of the Rev. J. R. T. Eaton, Fellow and Tutor of Merton, who wrote warmly of "the soundness of his judgment, remarkable care in mastering the details of the work before him, and his unusual breadth of information," observable when he was an undergraduate. Dean Gaisford's continued interest is shown in this letter from Bishop Longley to his mother. It is undated, but it was probably written within two years from the time when he began to reside at Christ Church.

MADAM,—

During my recent visit to London I had an opportunity of seeing the Dean of Christ Church, and of hearing from him

¹ One of the Bishop's sons tells me that in later life he always used to speak as if he were very fond of mathematics, and adds, "when some misguided folk thought I was going to be a mathematician he rather urged me to take them up seriously, and told me it was an inherited taste, and I have some recollection of his telling me that he would have got a First in Mathematics if he had had enough money to buy the books."

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such a report of your son's excellent conduct and diligence in his studies, that I cannot deny myself the Pleasure of communicating the same to you. The Dean spoke warmly and cordially in his favour, and assured me that your son did full credit to the Character and Recommendation which I gave of him at his entrance. The Dean is evidently interested in his behalf ; and it will be a source of unfeigned gratification to me, if the result of his Career at Christ Church should be such as to answer your expectations, and to place him in a Position in which he may make some return to you for your Parental care of him.

I am, Madam,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

C. T. RIPON.

PALACE, RIPON,

Whitsunday Eve.

Dean Liddell was a student when Stubbs matriculated, and remembered (in 1865) that he was "one of a number of persons who have since become distinguished—Lord Wodehouse, Mr. Dodson, M.P., Mr. Ward Hunt, M.P., etc.," who attended his Aristophanes lecture, and that "he gave full promise of the industrious and conscientious devotion which has since been so fully proved by his books." In 1848 he was placed by the examiners in the first class in classics (*Literae Humaniores*). In the same class were his life-long friend, Herbert W. Fisher, student of Christ Church, W. H. Karslake of Balliol, Richard Ogle of Lincoln, Edward Palin, Fellow of St. John's, Edward St. John Parry of Balliol, and William Stowe of Wadham ; while in the second were his friends John Collyns and George Ward Hunt, students of Christ Church ; in the third William Foxley Norris, scholar of Trinity, and in the fourth William Dunn Macray, Bible clerk of Magdalen, with both of whom, both as parish priests, and the second also as scholar, he was to have much association in later life.

Among the first congratulations which reached his mother must have been this letter from Bishop Longley, to whom he owed his introduction to Oxford—

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DEAR MADAM,—

I cannot refuse myself the gratification of offering you my sincere congratulations on your Son's deserved success at Oxford. It has pleased God to grant you that which in its true estimate far surpasses all that Rank or Wealth can bestow—the gift of a son whose virtuous and consistent conduct has entitled him to the respect of those who know him, while his Talents and Industry have won for him the highest honour, &c., which the Classical Student at the University can attain.

I have heard from him this morning that he is a Candidate for a Yorkshire fellowship at Magdalen College, and it will give me sincere Pleasure to be in any way instrumental towards the accomplishment of his wishes in this respect.

Believe me,

My dear Madam,

Yr. faithful and obedient Servant,

PALACE, RIPON.

C. T. RIPON.

June 19, 1848.

While young Stubbs felt so warmly what he owed to his first friends—"I never knew any one more grateful for kindness" (to quote again Dean Kitchin's words): "it was almost a religion in him that the old Dean of Ripon had recommended him to Gaisford"—he never forgot that he owed most to his mother. In 1846 she had lost his only brother, Thomas, who had always been a delicate child. One of her daughters had gone out as a governess, partly to help in her brother's earlier education, and—as her niece, Miss Hunter, writes to me—the mother, "a good, brave woman, had passed through deep trials and reverses of fortune, but bravely she turned her powers of mind to account to work for her children." A very handsome woman she was, "quite a picture" she is described as being in the black dress open at the neck, with net kerchief, and tulle cap, which she always wore; and photographs of her in her beautiful old age show a striking resemblance to her son. Her fondness for her clever boy was warmly returned. He always called her, after the fashion taught to children of his day, "Mamma"; and when once she laughingly said "I think 'Mother' would be better,"

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he replied, "No, I could not say 'Mother'; you have always been 'Mamma.'" She lived to see him Bishop.

One of his oldest friends, Canon Yates of Cottingham, writing to him in 1884 on her death, said—"The event carries my thoughts back many years to my schooldays, and the great kindness your mother always showed me rises up fresh again in my memory. I am glad she lived to witness your present elevation, often predicted in a joke that was yet felt to contain a possible truth in those days, when the 'learned Stobaeus' gave promise so well justified since."

Two days before she died (she died at Aylesbury, where she had lived for some years, on June 8, 1884), at the first Embertide he had as Bishop, he travelled all night to see her again, and once more—his cousin tells—held her tenderly in his arms. She passed away on the evening of his first Ordination. His sisters were already gone. Eliza (Mrs. Gwynn), born in 1827, died in 1878, and Mary Anne (Mrs. Hills) in the same year; and the two who had not married, Isabella, born 1832, died 1852, and Frances, born 1836, died 1877.

But to return. Bishop Longley's letter to Mrs. Stubbs suggests that her son sought a fellowship at Magdalen. It might naturally have been supposed that he would have been retained at his own College. Indeed, as Dean Liddell wrote, "he would (I believe) have been presented with a studentship, in acknowledgment of his industry and merit, but that a matter of form prevented it." It was not till many years later that a servitor was first elected student of Christ Church. "An unhappy custom (which I endeavoured in vain to break through, and which has since ceased) prevented," wrote Dr. Pusey of Stubbs in 1865, "his being made a student of Christ Church, to the great regret of many of us." It may, however, well be said here—as it will appear later on—that he never ceased to speak of his indebtedness to Christ Church, or lost an opportunity of expressing his affection.

On June 19, 1848, he was elected probationer Fellow of Trinity. He became actual Fellow on June 25, 1849.

The Bishop of Ripon wrote two letters of congratulation on the class and the fellowship, "the due reward of your unwearied industry." "It has pleased God," he wrote on

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June 20, "in a very singular manner to bless your efforts, and I am sure you will feel that such signal marks of mercy should humble you and lead you to devote yourself with undivided love and obedience to the service of your God and Saviour. I shall continue to take a peculiar interest in your progress through life."

As Fellow of Trinity, Stubbs filled the place made vacant by the marriage of Edward Augustus Freeman, who became his life-long friend.¹ At the Advent Ordination he was ordained Deacon by Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. His note-book shows that he threw himself ardently into two studies, the study of theology and the study of the past history of his College. Early Church history was analysed and digested by him with the minute accuracy which marked all his work. The English Prayer Books were epitomized in parallel columns; the succession of English bishops was investigated, the prelude to the first great study of his life; and lists of Fellows and scholars were entered, the charter of Mabel, Abbess of Godstow, 1285, to the prior and convent of Durham was copied from the Tanner MS. in the Bodleian, and the passage in the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* relating to Durham College was set down in the book. Though he held his fellowship at Trinity only two years, he made several life-long friendships while he was there. There are few still alive who can recall them, but one at least I have the privilege of printing here. It is part of the memories which the Rev. William Wood, D.D., now Rector of Rotherfield Greys, has been kind enough to give me. "I came up to Oxford in 1847 as a Scholar of Trinity, and Stubbs was elected Fellow in the following year. Freeman had just resigned his Fellowship on his marriage. In those days in most Colleges there was a certain proportion of the Fellows who were averse to any change, while others (among the Juniors generally) were anxious for Reform, but on the old lines of Church principles. The latter, it is needless to say, were mostly High Churchmen. Indeed, the division was less political than ecclesiastical. Stubbs cast in his lot with the Juniors. I saw a good deal of him at that time, but there

¹ This often repeated statement is not strictly accurate. The Rev. H. E. D. Blakiston, Fellow of Trinity, writes me that there were two Fellowships vacant at the time, to one of which Stubbs was elected.

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is little that I can recall with clearness. One expedition I made with him to Boarstall on a Sunday. He was engaged to take the services there, and we drove in a little pony-carriage. When we had just left the town, he surprised me by quoting the first line of the *Medea*—

“‘*ἔιθ ὦφελ’ Ἀργεῦς μὴ διαπτᾶσθαι σκάφος Κόλχων ἐς ἅαν.*”

“‘Well,’ I said, ‘what then?’

“‘Why,’ he answered, ‘we should not have been driving to Boarstall’; and then proceeded humorously to argue in the fashion of Herodotus, that the raids and counter-raids of Io, Europa, Medea, etc., had lived on in their effects all through history till they had affected us and necessitated our drive.

“In 1850 Dr. Ingram, President of Trinity, died. The election of his successor took place in the long vacation, and Stubbs wrote me an amusing account of the proceedings in verse—the only time ever I knew him to indulge in it. [We shall have many other examples later on.] A Ballad reached me headed ‘A Lay of Ancient Oxford, *not* by the Rev. J. M. Neale.’

“It begins—

O men of England, stay and hear
Your untaught minstrel tell
How your forefather Churchmen from
Their place and station fell,

and goes on in mock-serious strain to describe the rallying of the opposing factions at the Election, how the Seniors would have chosen one of themselves, while the Juniors

Could not bear that Trinity
Should fall so very low :
That all the spirits famed of old
Should have so small regard
As Williams, Copeland, Freeman,
Claughton and Guillemard :
Great Guillemard the Proctor
Who once, with wisdom stor’d,
Thwarted on a religious point
The Abominable Board.

One of the old Fellows who was known as a sportsman is described

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But now no more can Wilson's rooks
Feel your unflinching shot,
The fish along the banks and braes
Of Isis have forgot
The hand that once unerring threw
The deadly barbèd fly,
That swung the hook, that dodged the net,
That saw the maggot die.

"The ballad, which runs on for more than two hundred lines, is too personal to be quoted at length, but it is an amusing illustration of Stubbs as quite a young man, and ends with a characteristic

"L'ENVOY

- "Hermes stole the staff of King Apollo,
Young Apollo's sceptre he did take,
But he gave it to the true-born poet
Mingled olive-wand and twisted snake.
- "Still those twisted serpents had no poison,
Aesculapius gave them to his sire,
And the healing drugs the wand dispenses
Nought but health and happiness inspire.
- "For the true-born poet's lightest fancies
Mingle bitter truth with golden peace,
And the man who takes offence at trifles
Should be numbered with the veriest geese!
- "Take thou heed, to whom I send these verses,
That they meet no hostile Fellow's eye,—
If they do, take thou the consequences,—
Thou'rt the guilty party and not I."

Here I may add to Dr. Wood's reminiscence that in the famous note-book which I have already mentioned once or twice, the whole ballad is written, and I think there is no reason why I should not say a little more about it. The contest evidently aroused very keen feeling in the mind of the young and serious Fellow. He felt deeply that bitter division between "the old and lazy and young and earnest blood." Then the old men chose the pleasant, not the good—

They chose the Friday feast day,
And the evening spent in wine,
And chapel made a muster roll,
And one continuous dine.

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It was the baneful "Liberalism" of the day that did all the mischief—that

Made our Oxford fall a prey
To that foul Chevalier,
Who Bunsen hight, with Arnold's might,
And Puritanic zeal
Struck the first blow, that broke the strength
Of England's Church's weal.

The candidate whom Stubbs feared was then Bursar, and with him he predicted "a tyranny of port": the candidate whom he supported was afterwards Bishop of Rochester and first Bishop of S. Albans, a man universally admired. "Haddan good at need, and wonder-working Wayte," with Meyrick and Stubbs and Hickley, "both in parochials great,"

Thought that Cloughton, great in love
And in Parochials too
Would be the man for Trinity,
And so the clamour grew.

But it was the Senior Fellows who came up from the country that decided the election in favour of the Rev. John Wilson; and Stubbs thought this was from the prospect of the best College living—

It's no secret I find, so I tell you the mind
Of those men so many of days,
For no one would vote for his junior, lest
Himself should lose Rotherfield Greys.
And Wilson we chose with his jolly old nose,
And a very good fellow is he,
If he'll stick to the right, in the Bursar's despite,
And set poor Trinity free.

The election was on September 23, 1850; but before this Stubbs had ceased to reside at Trinity. Early in the year he had known that the College living of Navestock might be his. He was earnestly set on serving God in the active work of the ministry. He applied to Bishop Wilberforce for his advice, and received this answer—"I have weighed the question you put before me with all the circumstances you detail to enable me to decide; and taking them all into account I cannot

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hesitate to say that my advice to you would be to give yourself to the work of the ministry and accept of Navestock. May the blessing of our God and Father go with you to the work."

He asked too the advice of Bishop Longley, who replied—"The bent of your own inclination being to devote yourself more exclusively to the work of the ministry than you could do as College tutor, I should recommend you to look upon that as a leading of Providence; for we cannot be mistaken as to the source from whence all good counsels and all holy desires do proceed."

On May 26, 1850, he was ordained priest at Cuddesdon, and the next day he was presented to the living. His first Sunday there was June 16. By taking Navestock he vacated his Fellowship after the usual time of "grace."

With that a new life began. In it, if the personal records and memories are fewer, the letters that have been preserved are much more numerous. The next years marked the advance of great powers to maturity, and at each step new friends were made as new work was begun. Youth ends when a man leaves Oxford, whenever that be. In some sort those who remain still keep their youth, half in affection perhaps, and not always in its most pleasing aspect. To the outside world at least the academic mind, in academic religion and academic Radicalism alike, is still at least half childish. Stubbs passed away early from all the childishness. But before he went there is one happy memory that may be revived, the record of that characteristic Oxford undertaking—a Long Vacation reading party. It was in the summer of 1849, the year after his degree, that the young Fellow of Trinity took two pupils to the romantic neighbourhood of S. David's. It was the beginning of his life-long friendship with his future colleague at S. Paul's, Henry Parry Liddon. Thus the present Dean of Christ Church shall introduce the story.

"Liddon and others found themselves in presence of the Final Schools, and not too well prepared for the fray: so they organized a Reading-party and asked Stubbs to come with them and coach them. This party was very near bringing Stubbs's career to an untimely end. They went to S. David's, and were in the habit of bathing from the rocks there. Stubbs ventured into a deep pool, with 'more heroism than discretion,'

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Liddon used to say : he got into difficulties, and Liddon plunged in and hauled him out, thereby affecting considerably the history of two English dioceses."

The reading party then described consisted of John Burd, of Christ Church, H. N. Oxenham, and Liddon, and they began their residence at S. David's on Friday, August 10, 1849.

Stubbs kept a record of their doings in a mock sixteenth century chronicle of the "Abbat of the Monasterie of Sayncte Nonne, Confessoure, and Mother of Sayncte Davyd," of the coquinarius (Liddon) and the prioure (Oxenham). It tells how they attended the services in the Cathedral Church, heard Mr. Dean preach "ane shadye sermon," and "dydde notte lyke y^e behavioure of ye people which neither kneele nor stonde uppe as prescrybed by y^e ordynalle," met Freeman and his wife, and Basil Jones—it was the time when Freeman and Jones were busied, as they were for many years, in the investigations which resulted in their monumental *History and Antiquities of S. David's* (1856); how the Lord Abbat did often reproach his companions for their late hours and commend his own early bedtime "by y^e ensample of y^e holie saynctes which dydde rise and go to sleepe with y^e sunrise : whilk habit (albeit it peradventure dydd arise from a wante or lacke of lyghte artifycialle) is greatly to be commended and verie desyrable to be restaured"; how he did say of a very bad sermon of the Dean's that it "came in at one ear and went oute at y^e othyr"; how he "dothe grateley and from his sowle abhor, detest and abjure cardys and all kind soche vayne thynges"; how he "dydde go to cricket, a straunge pastime methynketh for so reverende a man, yet some people doe says how that mie Lordde doth wear twayne faces under one hoodde. But thys it is gretely to be hopyd is one fausse calumpnie"; how at the Precentor's they had much discourse concerning "Oxenfordde, and Father Puseye, Brothers Liddell and Scotte their Lexicone"; how they did bathe in the sea nearly every day, and how on Sunday, September 30, "mie Lordde Abbat was well nighe drowned but Mr. Coquinar dydde hymme pulle oute"; how many Oxford men came and went away; how they played with boys on the sands and dined with Cathedral dignitaries in their stately residences; how all the money was spent and my

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Lord Abbat had no more ; and how finally all ended on Saturday, October 6, when all had gone their several ways homewards.

Such memories as these, of hard study and warm friendships, the young priest took with him to his country parsonage.

Manhood

II

Manhood

I. COUNTRY PARSON, 1850-1866

Broad meadows burnished with the summer sun,
Old churches peeping over the hilltops,
Cross crowned among the cedars—and below
The water mirror casting to the sky
A blue and placid reflex of itself
Clouded with sunny wavelets. Is not this
As fair a portion of my Master's garden
As e'er was blessed in Eden? Who am I
To till and keep the souls that surely draw
Some inspiration from the scenes they dwell in?

There is a fairer land, but still e'en there
The form that charms us here will not be gone,
And we shall praise our Lord in meadows green
And in well-watered gardens; and perchance
Those fields of Paradise and gardens fair
May bear a likeness nearer than we think
To this our earthly Home. O doubt not, man,
That what can draw the Atheist soul to praise
Bears for the child of God some inner word
Of promise.

THUS in his note-book the new Vicar of Navestock set down his first impressions of the place where for seventeen years he was to be the minister of Christ.

In the autumn of 1850 he settled down in his new home. His brief diary shows year by year the record of work undertaken and carried out. Thus, in the first six months he preached sixty-four sermons, and in the winter he began a night-school; in 1851 he started a Sunday evening class for boys, and began daily morning service at 8, and preached 105 sermons; in 1852 he began Evensong also, first at 4.30 (April 5), and later on at 8 o'clock, wrote ninety-two sermons and preached

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one hundred and four times ; and in the same year travelled abroad for a week—Amiens, Paris, Chartres. In 1854 he travelled abroad again, and for but ten days. On June 1, 1852, his sister Isabella died, and he writes “ *Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei.*” Year by year the brief record tells of good parish work done, often of more than a hundred sermons preached in his own church, of scanty holidays, some abroad—for the first time to Italy in 1858—some in his old county.

The tale of quiet parochial work is soon told. How careful and how deeply earnest it was, the Bishop’s addresses on pastoral visitation would suffice to prove.

But there was nothing save its extreme regularity and conscientiousness to differentiate it from the work of any other country parson. Daily the two services were said, though the church stood a mile from the vicarage. The usages were, says Dr. Wood, who often visited the Vicar of Navestock, “very simple and old-fashioned : no surpliced choir, no services after dark.” The Rev. F. A. Friend, Vicar of Belper, who was at Navestock in those days, adds some words of remembrance of a happy friendship there of eight years. “He was a most diligent parish priest, a most diligent visitor, in his wide scattered parish, a most excellent preacher, and beloved by the people.” Especially, he says, was Mr. Stubbs loved by the children ; and he observes that the literary work he did was carried on, without neglect of his duties, by routine—all the morning in his study ; all the afternoon visiting, “which was his constitutional walk” ; and evening, newspapers and reading. He left on his people the memory of a “thoughtful, kind, genial man,” not too much above them to be a sharer in their life.

It was at Navestock that he met his future wife, Catherine, daughter of John Dellar, who at the time taught in the village school and came with the children to the daily services. They were married on June 20, 1859.

As the letters which remain deal almost entirely with public matter of historical or religious interest, and as the comments will naturally follow them, it may be well here briefly to say that the pedigree drawn out in the Bishop’s beautiful handwriting shows the birth and death as infants of a daughter and two sons, and the birth of those who survive,—one daughter,

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Katharine Isabella, and five sons, William Walter, Launcelot Henlock Ascough, Lawrence Morley, Wilfrid Thomas, and Reginald Edward, the youngest who survives being born in 1876.

Parochial work was the first, the never-neglected duty ; but during the seventeen years of his incumbency the foundation of the historical study in which the chief fame of Stubbs consists, was laid. The first book was the result of early interests and of long research. It was begun, the author wrote in 1897, at least as early as 1848 ; the early note-book shows traces of preparation for it ; and the writing was definitely started in 1855. Two letters from H. P. Liddon, which unite the Oxford days to the new life and studies, may fitly introduce it. They were written from Oxford in 1851. The names are those of the old Christ Church friends, of the reading party, and the young followers of the Tractarians.

CHRIST CHURCH,
Friday.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

Would you kindly tell me what kind of papers are given in the Johnson Theological Scholarship, for which Collyns tells me you were a candidate ? Are they Church history, Bible history, Butler, or a little of each ? Benson¹ thinks that they are mainly historical ; Collyns not ; and it is an object to ascertain precisely the nature of the examination before implicating oneself. Oxenham will try for the Oriel fellowship—he is reading hard for it. Shrimpton, with whom he lodges, describes the late hours to which as of old he is addicted in glowing language. The anti-Tractarian howl has somewhat subsided—Lord John's Ministry will die a natural death before long—and provided always that Lord Ashley be kept out, we cannot have a worse successor. Pennell and Wilson are at Shoreham. Barker has given up Sandford, but is in a calm state of mind at present. Benson is working Cowley with unparalleled energy. He preaches extempore there twice a week. *Occasionally the parishioners are relieved by a discourse of Collyns ! Will you present my respects to your

¹ R. M. Benson, still student of Christ Church, the founder of the Society of S. John the Evangelist, Cowley.

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sister, whom I had the pleasure of seeing in the autumn ? and believe me to remain with best wishes to yourself,

Affectionately yours,

H. P. LIDDON.

Stubbs's reply received the following answer, when Liddon had won the scholarship.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

Tuesday, April 8, 1851.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

It has, I fear, seemed very like gross ingratitude in me to have delayed thanking you so long for your kind letter. The information you gave me was practically very useful. I only began to read about a fortnight or ten days before the examination. And you will be curiously affected to learn that I have been successful—a result which was announced yesterday afternoon, and which struck me as specially odd and inexplicable. However, I acquiesced therein with great presence of mind, the more readily, when I learnt from Haddan this morning at Marshall's breakfast that Phiner of Balliol was my most formidable rival—I feel certain that, independently of less important considerations, I can command your sympathy in the initiation (such as it was) of the embodied idea. And, seriously speaking, my dear Stubbs, I hope to be able to thank you personally during the Summer at some time or other, for much, whether in the way of communicated method or otherwise, received from yourself, to which I consider myself indebted for the result. Accept my sympathy in your contemplated ecclesiologism. Just at present I can offer you nothing more substantial, as I should be unable to get into the West of England : hereafter—indeed next term—I will send what I can.

Between Bennettite and S. Saviour's subscriptions and the ordinary amount of "what-shall-I-do-this-Lent?" suggestions from other Tractarian quarters, the Puseyite world is generally on its last legs.

By the bye, what a smash at St. Saviour's !¹ People are

¹ See Liddon's *Life of Dr. Pusey*, vol. iii. pp. 355–368.

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shrieking with excitement: specially the wicked. *Quare fremuerunt*. In spite of all this Pollen¹ will be Proctor.

Ever affectionately yours,

HENRY P. LIDDON.

P.S.—In the *Xtian Rem.* of this month the article “Athos” is Edwin Palmer’s—the quotations from his journal.

It may be well, in passing, to note in regard to the last part of this letter, that the difficulties at S. Saviour’s, Leeds, would be felt especially by Stubbs, because of his close attachment to several of the persons concerned. He was a follower of Dr. Pusey and the Tractarians; the Rev. Charles Gutch, the brother-in-law of his friend Freeman, was one of those who came forward to support the parish of S. Saviour’s; and Bishop Longley, his friend and patron, was chiefly concerned in the “smash” which occurred. Stubbs must have felt what Liddon afterwards expressed: “that if Dr. Longley had exhibited towards S. Saviour’s that same discriminating judgment which characterized his gracious sway as Archbishop of Canterbury, much bitterness might have been avoided, important controversies settled far earlier, and the Church of England might have been spared serious loss.”

The “contemplated ecclesiologism” of Liddon’s letter was the *Registrum sacrum Anglicanum*. Of the origin of this, his first published work, its author thus spoke when he prepared the second edition for the press—²

“I have, I believe, naturally that strong instinct for the investigation of continuities and coincidences which leads me to the study of chronology and genealogy for the pleasure of

¹ J. H. Pollen, Fellow of Merton College.

² In its obituary notice *The Times* spoke of *Hymnale secundum usum Sarum*, 1850, as Dr. Stubbs’s first publication. Mr. Falconer Madan, who has most kindly helped me, can find no evidence of this, nor can I. Mr. Madan writes—“I have asked Parker, the publisher of that *Hymnale* (1850). He only knows that Charles Marriott was the chief editor of all those little Littlemore books, printed by Masson. The preface is by Marriott, and the selection of hymns is almost certainly his. Whether he employed Stubbs to copy out some of the hymns depends upon private information. The publisher’s books disclose nothing of the kind, and I have nowhere seen the suggestion. Parker says Marriott was very scrupulous in acknowledging the aid of helpers.”

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exercise, an instinct that was favoured by the circumstances of early home education and local association ; my first attempts in the direction of research were the collection and arrangement of dates and dynasties. This book is an illustration of the passion and something more. . . . It was founded on the examination of the Records of the Church preserved in the Episcopal Registers of the several Dioceses, in the collections formed by Henry Wharton and Dr. Ducarel at Lambeth, in the manuscript Chronicles in the Bodleian, the British Museum, and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and in the treasures of the Public Record Office." The diary shows how year by year the study was conducted as occasional holidays could be taken ; in 1855 for example—" May 8, first visit to Lambeth Library ; May 29, Chichester, for registers ; June 12, Rochester ; July 2, Canterbury ; 4th, Winchester ; 5th, Salisbury ; 6th, Wells ; 7th, Lichfield, and home on 9th." In 1856 the registers of York, Worcester, and Hereford were consulted.

The book is "an attempt to exhibit the course of episcopal succession in England," and it "was offered as a contribution to Ecclesiastical History in the departments of Biography and exact Chronology." It may be said, briefly, that it has become an indispensable assistance to the student of English History. Its extraordinary accuracy, and the width of knowledge which is shown in the list of authorities, in print and manuscript, are the merits which are most conspicuous. Perhaps no other English book in the early, or middle, nineteenth century did so much to teach, and illustrate, the importance for sound historical study of exact chronological work. It would hardly be an exaggeration to call the labour involved in it immense ; and it was labour which there seemed no likelihood would receive reward. Another clergyman had written a laborious book : that was all the world knew about it.

But it started its author on the path of medieval history with the equipment of a first-hand knowledge of very many of its original sources. In modern phrase, the scholar had trained himself not only in history but in palaeography and diplomatic. No one who read medieval history in the early Victorian period knew the ground as did the compiler of the *Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum*.

Letters of compliment of course were received from persons

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of importance, more or less qualified to judge of the value of the work. Bishops generally sent thanks but said nothing of the book. Newspaper critics were a little puzzled by something unlike what they were accustomed to. Those who knew little of the subject did not always say nothing. One instance will suffice. Dr. Stanley, then Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, thus characteristically acknowledged the gift of the *Registrum*—"I have to thank you for your work on the English Episcopate which I find on my arrival, and which I have no doubt I shall find a useful work of reference. Are you correct in making a succession of Bishops at *Ramsbury*? I have always understood that the old see at that time was Sonning."

The publication of the *Registrum* serves to introduce a long series of letters to Freeman. There is one earlier, which I will insert here. The subject referred to at the beginning is the arbitrary action of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors at Oxford in putting out a notice stating that the list of books recommended by the examiners in the school of Law and Modern History was "without statutable authority." Freeman was extremely indignant.¹

NAVESTOCK,

November 8, (1857).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you for your note and for your letter to the V.-C. What on earth did they put out that proclamation for without giving you notice—the old V.-C. did the same thing about the Moderations examination some years ago—what was the cause? I thought the selection so very good.

Strawberry Hill is Lady Waldegrave's. She has done it up very nicely—indeed splendidly, and in as good taste as the architecture of the place allowed, that is, perfect inside, and outside as bad as could be. With regard to Gilbert Folliot I do not know, I am ashamed to say, which is the contested Epistle. A great many of them, however, might belong to any body else as well as to him. I saw Earle at Oxford the other day—He said his *Chr. S.* was nearly ready, but had been retarded by something in His Eye. Have you seen Buckle on

¹ See Dean Stephens's *Life of E. A. Freeman*, i. 216-19.

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Civilization, Vol. I? There are to be ten. I do not believe in the Philosophy of History, and so do not believe in Buckle. I fear you will make me out a heretic indeed after such a confession. Have you ever in your researches met with or heard of a MS. History of Abingdon written not later than 940—it is referred to by Wharton in His Addenda at the end of the *Anglia Sacra*. Wharton was not a man to be imposed on by a later MS., and in fact, from what he says about it, the MS. must have at least claimed to be of that date. But it is possible that he had not seen it himself—only quoted it from extracts by some other man. It is not in Corpus C. Library, nor can I find it in the Old Cotton Catalogue. It is possible that the reference may be to some remarks in the margin or back of copies of the *Chronicle*, but I have never examined them, believing that all was in print that claimed to be so old. If you ever fall in with it let me know. Kind regards to Mrs. Freeman, and

Believe me

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

The four letters which follow are all more or less concerned with the *Registrum*. I may say here that after his boyhood, and until he became Bishop and learnt better ways, almost all the letters of Dr. Stubbs are without the year-date. I have done my best, sometimes I fear on little more than conjecture, to date them, but I cannot hope in every case to have been correct in my guess. All I have to note here is that where the year is inserted in brackets it is supplied by myself.

NAVESTOCK,

April 13, (1858).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have asked Parker to send you a copy of my Book, which, if you have not received, I hope you will this week. I think you will give me credit for painstaking, however lightly you may estimate the result. All Chronological minutiae are the pebbles of the concrete in which the foundation of the stories must be laid—there is a Baconian Simile for you. If you

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should have an opportunity of saying a good word for it I am sure you will—what I am particularly anxious to have understood is that it is a work of original research—not a *rechauffé* of Godwin or Le Neve. That it is so you may see by comparing any one sec. in either of the Books with the corresponding entry in mine. Excuse this hurried note from

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

April 18, (1858).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I will send a copy of my book to the *Guardian*. I have corrected one or two *misprints* strictly typographical, and one doubtful conjecture at page 64, the twelfth line from the bottom, where Evreux ought probably to be *Ebron* or *Hebron*, as the B. of Evreux is said to have fallen in the Armagnac Massacre.

I ought to apologize for not having put S. David's in the list of authorities, for I did collate my list with yours—but as the results we had come to were very nearly the same it did not occur to me to quote it. The same is true of a vast number of MSS. which I have gone through—nearly every Historical one in the Museum Library. The reason why there is no reading in the book is this—I had prepared an essay, twenty pages, and very *exact* in tracing the several steps of papal assumption in England—but the delegates rather objected to it, and as the writing was rather of Haddan's suggestion than my own I did not feel any pain in retrenching it. The list of Legations and of the Palls were appended to it, and as I thought they might be useful, especially in unravelling the mysteries of King Stephen's reign, etc., I retained them. As for the list of suffragan Bishops—it is by no means complete in the account of the several men, but does, I believe, contain almost every one of the persons who were suffragans. I have said that it is taken from Wharton's Collections, but this refers only to the *names*—the particulars regarding them are of my own picking up. The Saxon part, though it has not been done before, is merely straightforward calculation from Charters, etc. I beg you will admire my *notation* in the use of

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the X. Thanks for your kindness and kind regards to Mrs. Freeman, from

Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM STUBBS.¹

NAVESTOCK,

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

May 22, 1858.

Thank you for your note. I am quite ready to leave my blemishes for your Treatment. Do you see what the *Literary Churchman* has done me the honour to say of me: first to impute to me an object which I carefully abstained from referring to; secondly, to say that the work was very easy to do; thirdly, that I ought to have upheld a view of the Ancient British Church which I entirely oppose; fourthly, to abuse me for not making an Index, which could have been of no use; fifthly, to accuse me of shirking such questions as the Nags Head business, about which the reviewer seems to have an idea that it requires consideration; lastly, to patronize me, after quite ignoring anything praiseworthy in the book itself? I did not want praise from the *Lit. Ch.*, but to be patronized without any merit is rather a grind. However, I write to you to ask whether you have seen the new Record publication of *Lives of Edward the Confessor*. One life I am sure will rejoice your heart—it is the last one—the rest are valuable only in a philological point of view. I am sorry to see that the philological side of things is to be kept so exclusively in view in these publications. For, interesting and important as it is, it is not History—but Tho. Duffus Hardy tells me nothing but the Philological will go down and the Books must be made to sell. The Camd. Soc. vol. of *Ecclesiastical Documents* is sold at 1s. 6d. Shall I see you at Oxford on Trinity Monday?

Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

June 10, 1858.

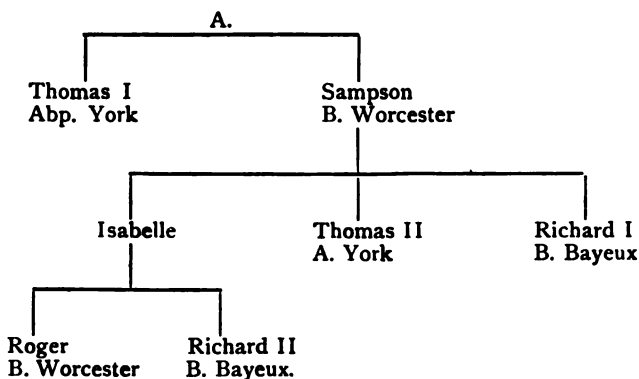
I write to thank you for your handsome treatment in the *Guardian*. I am very much obliged to you. I now see, which I did not do before, why you found fault with me for quoting

¹ A letter from Freeman in reply to this is in Stephens's *Life*, i. 241.

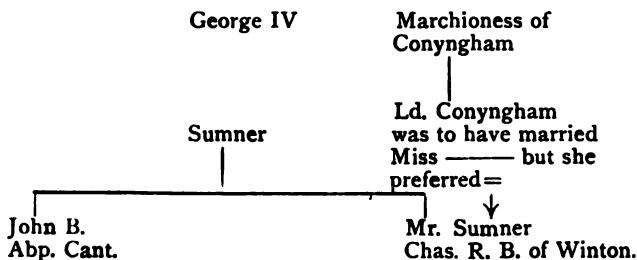
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Mr. Williams of ——— in preference to Basil Jones. I only quote him for the names of certain Bps. of *Caer Leon* who very likely never existed, and not for S. David's at all. For S. David's I am not responsible myself, and do not see that it differs much from Jones. About Roger Fitz-Count—he was the Son of Count Robert of Gloucester by Isabella of Dover, who was the daughter of Samson, Bp. of Worcester.

The pedigree stands thus—



I think that is the pedigree —there is something about it worth looking at in *Notes and Queries* for May—which I have not got. I think it brings in Abp. Thurstan and Owen of Evreux as well. I am not sure about their pedigree. Perhaps Isabelle was a dau^r of Richard I of Bayeux, but if you feel any interest in it you can look at *Notes and Q.* Altogether it furnishes us with a singular parallel, in point of Patronage, with what went in George IV's reign—as thus—



This is most likely scandal.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

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The next letter again alludes to the review, but tells also of one of the few holidays which the Vicar of Navestock allowed himself. He preached 101 sermons in his church that year, so he may well have felt that he deserved a change. On Tuesday, June 22, his diary shows, he arrived at Paris; 23rd, Epernay, Nancy; 24th, Mannheim; 25th, Stuttgart; 26th, Augsburg; 28th, Munich; July 2, Tegernsee; 4th, Innsbruck;—and so on.

NAVESTOCK,

July 29, (1858).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I found your note, when I got home last Friday, and should have answered it on Sunday had not your Encomiums in the *Saturday Review* made me so nervous. I have been taking a long holyday, and although I began with Augsburg and Munich, did not confine myself to Bavaria. At Munich I met some nice people, with whom I went on to Innsbruck and through the Tyrol by Botzen and Trent to Verona—thence to Venice and Milan, over the S. Gothard and down the Rhine to Cologne. A very good five weeks' work, I think. I was astonished with Milan; much more taken aback than I was at Cologne, which I expected, and admire more and had not so good a view of. But of all places Venice. I never imagined anything so beautiful. I had very fine days there. Verona did not come to expectations raised by Ruskin. The situation of Trent struck me as far more beautiful and imposing. But the Amphitheatre and the Churches at Verona, indeed the Architectural Beauties are incomparable for interest. By this you will see that I missed Nuremberg, which was the one place I started to visit. However, I shall hope to go there another time. When I shall get my visit paid to you, I do not quite see: we are beginning to talk of getting my Sister's wedding in hand now; but I will write before I come. Have you seen the new Record Volumes? Brewer's promises to be interesting: not so the others. Kind regards to Mrs. Freeman, in which my sister joins,

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

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NAVESTOCK,

October 19, (1858).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I got home all right by ten o'clock, much better for your kind Hospitality and entertaining company. I met Cutts at Shore-ditch Station, which broke the monotony of the journey. "Second Love" was mine—please to consign it to the place appointed for all Railway books. I am still very angry at the *Literary Churchman*, for, not content with their review, they have actually given a leading Article on Suffragans to a reprint of an old Book, the greater part of which had been twice printed before, though neither the Editor nor the reviewer seems to have known it: without mentioning either my list, which contained fifty times the information, or Henry Wharton's either, which, though a mere catalogue, is still of first-rate authority.

Please to remember me very kindly to Mrs. Freeman, and give my best love to the children,

And believe me

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

I met a man on Friday who believed that Charles I imported the Star Chamber from Scotland. He was an Australian and squinted.

NAVESTOCK,

December 21, 1858.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have been so busy with the wedding and so sleepy after it, that I have had really no chance of answering your last letter to any purpose; and besides, have been examining Brentwood Grammar School. In the last occupation I stumbled on one or two Historical facts equal to any you ever educed at Oxford. Who was Stephen Langton? He was Abp. of Canterbury and beheaded for conspiring with Ralph Flambard against William 2. The Battle of Bosworth Field was in 1861—Wolsey was the only person not slain. Alexander the Great built S. Petersburg, which was then the capital of Russia—Moscow is now—He also collected a very large library, which was destroyed by the Romans. Perhaps your little

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party may appreciate these. In regard to the question about the unpublished *Chronicles*, I should divide them thus—

1. Monastic Historians, such as William Thorne in the *X Scriptores*, Elmham's *History of S. Augustine's*, just published, and the *Chronicle of Abingdon*. These consist of little else than charters strung together with the slightest string of History, and that of course not contemporary. They are valuable to local antiquaries, but have no immediate bearing on history, very little even on the History of Manners or Philology. All that are of any value being in the *Codex Dipl.* it was obviously unnecessary *to begin* by printing these.

2. The Monastic Historians, of the class to which the Annalists of the *Anglia Sacra* belong. These are in some instances abridgments of Matthew Paris, containing additional particulars either of early tradition or from contemporary notes. Others of them are the most meagre annals, but valuable for the History of men and events. Such are the *Annals* of Tewkesbury, S. Martin's, Dover, Lewes, S. Bennet of Hulme, Hagnebie, in the British Museum Library. They are valuable even when little more than Calendars; for contemporaneous information one of these, S. Bennet of Hulme, is to be printed under Sir H. Ellis' superintendence.

3. There are those who, following the model of William of Malmsbury, look more like Modern Historians, with less authority, less exactness and less accuracy—often a patchwork like the *Eulogium* with a little contemporaneous History towards the end. In general, the more pretentious they are the less valuable. I put in this class the lives of Henry V and others.

4. There are the Continuator, perhaps the most valuable of the whole, because generally independent of one another. These are the Continuations of William of Newborgh, by a monk of Furness; that of the *Polychronicon*, by John Malvern of Worcester; the Monk of Evesham, printed by Hearne, and an immensity of others.

5. There are others which come under none or more than one of these divisions. The *Annals of London* (MS. Add. B.M. 5,444), and John of London in Heralds' College, which will come under either (2) or (4); Taxter printed as a Continuation of Fl. Wig. and a continuation of Taxter also in Heralds' College. There is the *Liber Memorialis* of Bishop

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Spenser, a sort of universal Treasury of information, and containing one or two particulars of History, and a wide class of annotations, collections, and memoranda. Now of these the New Record Commission publishes, as you know, only those which I am inclined to think least valuable. The *Fasciculi Zizaniorum* and *Monumenta Franciscana*, with your pet tract on Edward the Confessor, are all that have come out of any pretence to be contemporary. Capgrave is of the lowest grade of No. 3; the *Eulogium* little better, and a vast deal of rubbish therewith. What can be the good of Richard of Cirencester up to 1066? In the list there are of good books Pecock, *The A.S. Chronicle*, J. Oxenedes, which are good. Of the two French ones I know nothing by the names under which they appear: possibly they are valuable—the others seem to me to be waste.

I dare say by looking at Macray's book you will find more, especially of the Continuators.¹ But what should have been done, was Print *Hardy's Book first*, and then everybody will know what is to be done and what ought to be done first. Until that is done people generally are in the dark, and a man may waste months in looking for things which after all may not exist, or which everybody but himself knew before. Hardy knows more of books of the kind than any man alive, and it is a most extraordinary thing that His book, which should have been the first to appear, is a year or two in prospect yet. Either he has not the arrangement of the Books as people suppose, or else he must be preparing the public mind to value his book, by making us buy a vast lot of waste paper beforehand.

Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Freeman and the children. Do go and live near Stroud. Mary Anne and Walter Hills, and Hills of Jesus and his wife, who is Wood's sister, have all gone to live at Painswick, close to Stroud, and I should have a chance of seeing you sometimes.

Yrs. very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

From the year 1859, when he married—and indeed from before that date—until 1866, the life of the Vicar of Navestock went on with little variation. What little there is to tell

¹ i.e., Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain and Ireland, of which vol. i. appeared in 1862.

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of it may be briefly told, before the letters of the period tell their own tale.

Occasionally he took pupils. The most distinguished of these was Mr. Algernon Swinburne. He came at the end of 1859, to read Modern History especially, during the last part of his time as an undergraduate at Balliol. He was a pupil of Mr. Jowett—"who is not the tutor I had selected for him, and hoped he would have been with," wrote his father, Admiral Swinburne—and who described him as "in some respects the most singular young man I have ever known," and was apparently much distressed in the presence of genius to which he was unaccustomed. "He has extraordinary powers of imitation in writing," he declared, "and he composes (as I am told) Latin mediaeval hymns, French vaudevilles, as well as endless English poems, with the greatest facility." Mr. Jowett deplored the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite artists, and considered that no good—scholastically—could come of him "unless he can be hindered from writing poetry."

After other observations which sufficiently displayed his want of sympathy, Mr. Jowett concluded with the following "sentiment"—

"I incline to believe that the greatest power that older persons have over the young is sympathy with them, especially as they grow up towards manhood. If we don't allow enough for the strange varieties of character, and often for their extreme, almost unintelligible unlikeness to ourselves, we lose influence over them, and they become alienated from fancying that they are not understood."

In spite of the "extreme, almost unintelligible unlikeness" between Algernon Swinburne and Benjamin Jowett, the young student was most warmly and appreciatively welcomed at Navestock, and the memory of the association was on both sides a most happy one. Stubbs always spoke of his pupil with kind and affectionate regard; and the distinguished pupil has written to me (August 3, 1903) as follows—

"I do not think I ever received a letter from Bishop Stubbs—indeed I am sure I never did. But it would be impossible for me to say with what cordial and grateful regard I shall always remember him. His kindness was as exceptional as his other great qualities. I am sure no young man who ever had the

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honour to be his pupil—however little credit the pupil may have done him—can remember his name without affection as well as admiration.”

Besides the parish and the pupils the Vicar of Navestock had many other interests. He was keenly alive to the ecclesiastical troubles of the day, and, as ever, would not let his friends or his opinions suffer without standing up for them. At the time of the “Papal Aggression” and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, he had been but a short time in Essex. As his old friend Dr. Wood says, many otherwise sensible people lost their wits: Lord John Russell, looking for a safer enemy to attack than the “Aggressor,” succeeded in turning the popular indignation against the High Church clergy. “Excited meetings were held in consequence to denounce the traitors, at one of which Stubbs stood up bravely in their defence, and (such was the madness of the moment) had to be pulled down by his friends.”

He had known Dr. Pusey when he was an undergraduate, and through his friend Arthur Haddan, Fellow of Trinity, had still kept in touch with the University. In 1865 the connexion bought him into correspondence with the leader of the Tractarian party in Oxford.

The first association of Stubbs with Dr. Pusey in later life seems to have arisen over the question of the Oxford University election of 1865. On May 21, 1852, *The Times* had published a declaration by members of Convocation expressing dissatisfaction with Mr. Gladstone's conduct as a burgess at the University. A counter-declaration deprecated the bringing forward of a third candidate, to oppose Mr. Gladstone, at that time: this was signed by Mr. Stubbs. At the general election in 1865, Mr. Gladstone stood again for his University, at a time when there was very strong feeling against him as a member of Lord Palmerston's Ministry. It was then that Dr. Pusey wrote to Mr. Stubbs the following letter.¹ It is undated, but the postmark is July 6, 1865. It is very similar to one written to the Rev. R. W. Randall, afterwards Dean of Chichester. The allusion to the canons refers doubtless “to the manner in which a proposed alteration in the

¹ See Liddon's *Life of Dr. Pusey*, vol. iv. pp. 198--9.

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canon about Sponsors was first submitted to the Convocation of Canterbury."

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

MY DEAR SIR,—

A friend of mine tells me that you would probably not be unwilling to hear from me about Gladstone's election. I see your name in a list supposed to be hitherto neutral. You will have seen, perhaps, that I was deeply interested in his election, and that on the ground of personal confidence, formed on a knowledge of him since his undergraduate days. We cannot, of course, expect that he or any other statesman will fight all the battles of the Church in our own way. Many of us would not fight them in the same way ourselves. But when we know that a person has himself a true personal, loyal faith, and a love for God, His Church, and His truth one is sure that all will come right. Lately, too, we had much reason to be grateful to him for gaining for Convocation the leave to debate on the canons, which, before his political weight was felt, would have been altered without consent of the Church. On the Court of Appeal, too, his plan seems to me the most spirited and most practical which I have seen. It would be an ill day for Oxford if it should snap the relation which has bound us with him these eighteen years.

Yours faithfully,

E. B. PUSEY.

This letter was the beginning of a connexion which ripened into deep and affectionate regard when Stubbs returned to Oxford, in 1866, as Regius Professor of Modern History.

In 1860, in the country Stubbs stood forward in Church matters. The savagery of the Roman and Romanizing dispute was felt in Essex, and the vicar of Navestock preached on June 10, 1860, a sermon on 2 Kings x. 16: "And he said, Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord," "with the intention of strengthening the hands of the incumbent, who had expressed a wish to stand aloof from the bitter controversy." It was a strong appeal against identifying personal opinion with zeal for God. "Men take their opinions ready made," he said, "and stand up for them as if they loved them for the truth's sake, not from mere

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habit. Some are led by a newspaper, some by a friend, some by mere opposition ; very, very few care for truth. I need not caution you to be careful how you form opinion ; it would be of no use. No man knows that he has the duty or chance of forming an opinion till he has formed it. The only use of warning is as to the way in which you support them. Many a good principle is wrecked in bad hands, and many a rotten measure carried by the perseverance and temper of its supporters. May God direct you in all opinions, and teach you the good and right way in religious things, as well as in all public and private matters ; but above all things to show love and charity one towards another."

Remarks so charitable fell ill on the ears of excited partisans. The sermon was construed as a personal attack upon the "Committee of the Branch Protestant Reformation Society" established in Brentford. Stubbs published his sermon, and, like the chaplain in *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, was able to show that it was written and preached before the aggrieved persons were heard of. "I may add," he said—one may imagine, with that sort of "twinkle" which became so familiar to his friends as the years went on—"that I have such a horror of all committees as would effectually prevent me from consciously exposing myself to their irresponsible animadversions."

Throughout the time he was busy as a Poor Law Guardian and in Diocesan matters, especially as a Diocesan Inspector of Schools, and he was much trusted by the wise and beloved Bishop Cloughton. His historical studies were unbroken. He edited Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, and added a valuable Continuation of his own. In 1861 he edited from the Cotton MS. Julius D.6, collated with the Harleian MS. 3,776, the tract *De Inventione Sanctae Crucis nostrae in Monte Acuto et de ductione ejusdem apud Waltham*, with an account, showing his powers of close and exact investigation, of the foundation of Waltham Abbey. In 1862 he contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* a paper on the Bishops of Man and the Isles, based in the first place on Professor Munch's edition of the chronicle (Christiania, 1860) ; in the same year a letter on a charter relating to the Canons of Waltham ; and in later years letters on Bishop Savaric of Wells, on Lambeth degrees, and on the foundation statute of the Provostry of Wells. In 1861 he

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read a paper on the foundation and early *Fasti* of Peterborough to the Archaeological Institute, which was afterwards published in their journal, and in 1862 a paper on the "Ecclesiastical History of Worcester in the Eighth Century" was read for the same body and published. In 1865 he wrote an extremely interesting and valuable letter to a Russian friend on the Apostolic Succession in the Church of England. This was published in 1866. All these papers ought certainly to be collected, with other writings, even less known, of their author, and placed in the hands of the public.¹

As a scholar—and perhaps of all his intellectual interests the historical was the keenest—Stubbs was always anxious for better opportunities of study than were possible at Navestock. When Archbishop Longley was moved in 1862 from York to Canterbury he applied to his old patron for the post of Librarian at Lambeth, made illustrious by a long line of distinguished men, among whom the last was Dr. S. R. Maitland. There was for some time a considerable difficulty as to the position of the Librarian, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners being apparently unwilling to make arrangements satisfactory to the Archbishop. Stubbs, however, received the appointment on October 15, 1862, and from that time he attended in the Library twice a week. There he was able to study subjects which he afterwards made fruitful; for example, he no doubt laid the foundation of a masterly speech delivered in 1898, and of a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1887 on the same subject, when he was instructed by Archbishop Longley in 1863 to search in the Library for any documentary evidence bearing on the joint action of the Convocations of Canterbury and York.

The few letters from Archbishop Longley that have been preserved are concerned chiefly with the Library, with the Archbishop's wish that Mr. Stubbs should continue Librarian, when the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were called upon to make new arrangements (1866), and with the candidature of Mr. Stubbs for the post of Principal Librarian of the British Museum on the death of Panizzi. This was at the end of

¹ For a list of these and similar writings see Bibliography at the end of this volume.

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1865, and though the candidature was unsuccessful, the testimonials [from a number of eminent scholars showed how great a reputation as a scholar he had already acquired. In 1862 he had stood for the newly-founded Chichele Professorship of Modern History at Oxford, and the difference between the testimonials presented then and three years later shows how much he had advanced in the knowledge of the prominent men of the day. Those who wrote in 1862 were generally, it would seem, not well acquainted with the subject to be professed or the man to profess it: in 1865 the man was recognized as among the first scholars of the day. Among the many witnesses it need hardly be said that the most enthusiastic was Freeman. From a testimonial which shows great knowledge and judgment, one sentence only shall be quoted. It is the most complete description of the man that could be given in a few words. "The same unvarying love of truth which distinguishes his intellectual, distinguishes also his moral nature."

Though in 1862 and 1865 his wishes were disappointed, Stubbs had already embarked on what was to be really the most important work of his life,—the application to English medieval documents of the scientific methods of Continental scholars.

A great service was rendered to all Englishmen who glory in the history of their country when in 1857 the Master of the Rolls submitted to the Treasury his famous proposal for the editing and publishing of original materials for the history of the kingdoms from the invasion of the Romans to the reign of Henry VIII. Before this the sources of English history had been made accessible only through the labours of private individuals, scholars of devotion, but often of eccentricity, or societies not always well managed and generally of uncertain vitality. The recognition of a national obligation gave a new inspiration to the study of English history. The strict limits that were laid down for the editors, the control generally, but not always, vigilant, that was exercised over their labours, secured good workers and good work. It is true that there was sometimes a "Twiss travesty"—as Stubbs wrote in a letter that reflected somewhat cleverly on one famous "hash"; but the general level of achievement was high.

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Stubbs was an early applicant for work under this scheme. He was answered that editors had already been chosen for all the work that could be undertaken ; and it was not till 1863 that the ablest of all the editors was at last employed to prepare an edition for the Master of the Rolls.

It is interesting to observe what such editing involved. In the first place, it required the treatment of the text of an author as scholars had long treated the text of an ancient classic. The collation of manuscripts, the careful investigation of origin, authenticity, possible corruption, recension, interpolation—these were the bases of the preparation of an edition. The Master of the Rolls proposed “ that each chronicle or historical document ” should be “ treated in the same way as if the editor were engaged on an *Editio Princeps*.” He suggested that the editor should in every case “ give an account of the MSS. employed by him, of their age and their peculiarities ” ; and a restriction at first imposed, as to the nature of the notes that might be appended, was gradually relaxed as editors established a customary method which exactly satisfied the needs of scholars. Many able men and sound scholars were numbered among the editors of the volumes from the first. Freeman was himself—though but once, and that nearly twenty years later than his biographer, Dean Stephens, states—among them. Luard and Brewer and Shirley have left work that must remain indispensable to students : and among the survivors of those who first set so high the standard is Dr. Macray, active and vigorous as ever. But unquestionably the greatest of them all was Stubbs. He combined the qualities which are so rarely conjoined in such an undertaking. He had solid and extensive learning ; he had a sober judicial mind ; he was skilled in palaeography ; he had a genuine enthusiasm for medieval studies, theological as well as historical ; and he was unwearied in patience. In the result he was thoroughly at home among the early English ; and he might have lived, his readers felt, at the Court of Henry II.

The first work undertaken by Stubbs was the *Chronicles and Memorials* of the reign of Richard I. The *Itinerarium* appeared in 1864, the *Epistolae Cantuarienses* in 1865.¹ The long

¹ For a full list of Stubbs's contributions to the “ Rolls Series ” see the Bibliography at the end of this volume.

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series of contributions to the work was not ended till 1889, but something as to the work now begun may well be said now by anticipation.

Of the introductions themselves as Stubbs wrote them, briefly it may be said that they were the fine fruits of years of toil and of an extraordinary aptitude for medieval studies. The author had an absorbing passion for historical studies. While he delighted to trace the working out of great principles, he yet loved a fact as a fact—a genealogy, an obscure date, a complicated chain of cause and effect. He knew medieval theology and law. He saw the ways of courts and armies, of judges, bishops, merchants, as one who had lived among them. And his was no view derived from others' researches. He had read the manuscripts, fixed the readings, investigated difficult passages, for himself. His conclusions, when he came to them, were based upon as thorough study as man ever gave to any subject that concerned the life of man. The introductions to the "Rolls Series" were the summing up of the work of years. They went near to being the final word on every subject with which they dealt.

The rescue of the memory of the great Archbishop Dunstan from the ignorant abuse of Protestant controversialists, and the equally unhistorical defence of Roman hagiologists, was one of the first and greatest services which Stubbs rendered to our national history. It was a service comparable to that performed by Professor Brewer to the reputation of Cardinal Wolsey. It was even better deserved, and it has been as widely accepted. It is only necessary to turn to a school history of some thirty years ago and compare it with one written recently to see the difference that has come over our view, and in some measure, at least, to estimate the service that was rendered to the cause of truth.

Stubbs showed what was true by sharply criticizing what was false, as well as by setting forth a plain tale from authentic sources. We have learnt what Dunstan was from passages such as these—

"The early and more trustworthy writers connect the memory of Dunstan with no cruel or barbarous asceticism. The evidence of the laws does, I think, confirm the testimony

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of the Lives. Dunstan is a constructor, not a destroyer ; a consolidator, not a pedantic theorist ; a reformer, not an innovator ; a politician, not a bigot ; a statesman, not a zealot. His merits as a scholar, an artist, a musician, a cunning craftsman, are a part of the contemporary picture which ought not to be disregarded. His zeal for education is a far more authentic trait than his zeal for celibacy. His vindication of the law of marriage can never be regarded as a blot by those who know anything of the state of society, especially in the royal houses of his day ; or consider the strange way in which religion and courtly adulation could be combined when the uncorrupted body of a king like Edgar was believed to work miracles. Yet this has scarcely been fairly recognized. Dunstan's zeal for the purity of marriage is acknowledged as a matter of merit when it was exercised against the corrupt Papacy ; yet because by the command of the Witan of the kingdom he draws a wanton boy of fifteen from the dangerous society of a girl whom it is unlawful for him to marry, we are told that ' a young king was persecuted and dethroned by the insolence of monkery exciting a superstitious people against him.' There must be a sacredness, it would seem, about the very sins of kings."

There he was twitting Hallam, strangest of all pretenders to impartiality where any Churchman or Church question was concerned. A few pages later he turned to, or turned on, Milman, who, as a Churchman himself, might have been expected to know better. The passage is a long one, but we could hardly find another more characteristic. It was his summing up of a long investigation, very patiently conducted, very clear in its criticism, very exact in its collection and estimate of evidence, very generous in its acknowledgment of the good work of others. Thus he concluded—

" I shall not attempt to draw a minute character of Dunstan, for the materials before us afford too small data to make it possible to do so with any definiteness. But I think we may, from the language of the first biographer, the letters of Abbo and the other writers included in this volume, get a glimpse of the man, truer if fainter than the fancy portraits drawn by

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later writers, who have seen no mean between indiscriminate adulation on the one hand and the most hateful detraction on the other. Dunstan has been represented by a very learned recent writer as a man whose life was 'a crusade, cruel, unrelenting, yet but partially successful, against the married clergy, which in truth comprehended the whole secular clergy of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom.' 'Dunstan was, as it were, in a narrower sphere, a prophetic type and harbinger of Hildebrand. Like Hildebrand, or rather like Damiani doing the work of Hildebrand, in the spirit not of a rival sovereign, but of an iron-hearted monk, he trampled the royal power under his feet. The scene at the coronation of King Edwy, excepting the horrible cruelties to which it was the prelude, and which belong to a more barbarous race, might seem to prepare mankind for the humiliation of the Emperor Henry at Canossa.'¹ For this invective there is not in the writings of contemporaries, or in any authentic remains of Dunstan's legislation, the shadow of a foundation.

"What Dunstan did at Edwy's coronation he did by the order of the assembled Witan of the kingdom. The cruelties which are said to have followed are asserted on the authority of Osbern and Eadmer, the earlier of whom wrote nearly a century and a half after the death of Edwy, and depend on no other testimony. If they ever took place at all, they took place during Dunstan's exile, during the war that preceded the election of Edgar. Such at least is the statement of Osbern, who is the sole witness, Eadmer's additions in his *Life of Odo* resting on no evidence at all. The charge of persecuting the married clergy is as baseless. We have no means of judging what proportion of the secular clergy was married; the secular clerks who held monastic property were married, and the same evidence which proves their marriages proves also how lightly the marriage tie sat upon them. But against these it was not Dunstan, but Oswald and Ethelwold, who took measures of reform which are represented as persecution, and which were, no doubt, severe and indiscriminating. In this Dunstan, as I have already remarked, takes only a secondary part; he does not remove the clerks from his own cathedral churches; his sympathy with the monastic movement is only to be

¹ Milman, *Latin Christianity*, vol. iv. p. 25 (ed. 1867).

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gathered by inference from the fact that he did not oppose it.

“As to the married clergy in general there is absolutely no evidence whatever ; and here is the most astounding amount of assumption. It is scarcely to be believed that our canonists, in discussing the date of the little ecclesiastical legislation that belongs to Edgar’s reign, have determined that it does not belong to Dunstan’s pontificate because it contains enactments against the married clergy. Yet Dunstan became Archbishop as soon as Edwy was dead, and beyond a doubt inspired whatever ecclesiastical law was made in that reign. In fact the only laws which can with any probability be ascribed to Dunstan are altogether silent on the point. We know that when he was a young man in minor orders he intended to marry, and it was the taking of monastic vows that showed his renunciation of the design. It is the enforcement of monastic discipline, not the compulsory celibacy of the clergy, that is the object of the clerical reforms ; and in this Dunstan only partly sympathized. As for the charge of trampling on the royal authority, it may be dismissed in a word. Men’s views of what constitutes vice may differ, but any rule that condemns Dunstan condemns John the Baptist also ; and if any error on the side of severity is pardonable, it is when the rebuke is addressed to the vices of princes : why is Dunstan to be blamed for that which is the glory of Ambrose and Anselm ?

“But, in truth, the career of Dunstan was no anticipation of that of Hildebrand : it was the very counterpart of that of Gerbert, the student, the practical workman, the wise instructor of a royal pupil, the statesman, the reformer, and the patriot.”

It is a fine vindication ; but finer still are those magnificent pages in which, with the patient assurance of the scientific investigator and the sharp decisiveness of the judge, he weighs the character of the royal race of Plantagenet, and then brings to the bar of history the name of Henry Fitz-Empress, one of the greatest of them all. It was in the Chronicle of Benedict of Peterborough that he found the occasion for this brilliant analysis. Thus J. R. Green, in the *Saturday Review*, wrote of the editor’s work—“Valuable as such a chronicle must necessarily be, the extracts we have already given prove how

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much Lord Romilly had added to the worth of his gift by his good sense in entrusting its editing to the one scholar in England who is pre-eminently fitted for the task. The terse, pregnant notes which some apparent relaxation of the older rule of the Series has allowed Professor Stubbs to add to the text, the bibliographical research of the first preface, and the elaborate picture of the character and policy of the Angevins which occupies the second, are all equally admirable. Such a note, for instance, as that in which the very puzzling chronology of the home transactions in 1191—transactions whose political importance has hitherto been unnoticed by our histories—is definitely cleared up, and indeed the whole of the brief comments with which Mr. Stubbs has accompanied the annals of the reign of Richard are of the highest value. It is, however, in his sketch of the character of Henry II that the editor has evidently put forth his fullest powers, and it was precisely to such a character that his own intellectual temper enables him to do justice. His mind appears to be pre-eminently fair and judicial, and in the adulation and caricature of Peter of Blois, Gerald of Wales, and Ralph the Black, there is an admirable field for judgment and fairness.”

The character of Henry II is introduced by a sketch of the characteristics of the Plantagenets. As a study of heredity alone it is fascinating. As a moral judgment, based on fullest knowledge and widest charity, there are few worthy to be set beside it in all English historical writing. Thus it begins:—

“A careful reading of the history of the three centuries of Angevin kings might almost tempt one to think that the legend of their diabolical origin and hereditary curse was not a mere fairy-tale, but the mythical expression of some political foresight or of a strong historical instinct. But, in truth, no such theory is needed: the vices of kings, like those of other men, carry with them their present punishment; whilst with them, even more signally than with other men, the accumulation of subsequent misery is distinctly conspicuous, and is seen to fall with a weight more overwhelming the longer their strength or their position has kept it poised.

“It was not that their wickedness was of a monstrous kind; such wickedness, indeed, was not a prominent feature in the

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character of the medieval devil ; nor was it mere capricious cruelty or wanton mischief. Neither were their misfortunes of the appalling sort wrought out by the Furies of Attic tragedy. Of such misery there were not wanting instances, but not enough to give more than an occasional luridness to the picture. Nor was it, as in the case of the Stewarts, that the momentum of inherited misfortune and misery had become a conscious influence, under which no knightly or kingly qualities could maintain hope, and a meaner nature sought a refuge in recklessness. All the Plantagenet kings were high-hearted men, rather rebellious against circumstances than subservient to them. But the long pageant shows us uniformly, under so great a variety of individual character, such signs of great gifts and opportunities thrown away, such unscrupulousness in action, such uncontrolled passion, such vast energy and strength wasted on unworthy aims, such constant failure and final disappointment, in spite of constant successes and brilliant achievements, as remind us of the conduct and luck of those unhappy spirits who, throughout the Middle Ages, were continually spending superhuman strength in building in a night inaccessible bridges and uninhabitable castles, or purchasing with untold treasures souls that might have been had for nothing, and invariably cheated of their reward.

“Only two in the whole list strike us as free from the hereditary sins : Edward I and Henry VI, the noblest and the unhappiest of the race ; and of these the former owes his real greatness in history, not to the success of his personal ambition, but to the brilliant qualities brought out by the exigencies of his affairs ; whilst on the latter, both as a man and as a king, fell the heaviest crash of accumulated misery. None of the others seem to have had a wish to carry out the true grand conception of kingship. And thus it is with the extinction of the male line of Plantagenet that the social happiness of the English people begins. Even Henry VII, though, perhaps, as selfish a man as any of his predecessors, and certainly less cared for or beloved, seems to open an era during which the vices of the monarchs have been less disastrous to their subjects than before, and the prosperity of the state has increased in no proportion to the ability of the kings.

“And yet no two of these princes were alike in the constituent

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proportions of their temperament. The leading feature of one was falsehood, of another cruelty, of another licentiousness, of another unscrupulous ambition ; one was the slave of women, another of unworthy favourites, one a raiser of taxes, another a shedder of the blood of his people. Yet there was not one thoroughly contemptible person in the list. Many had redeeming qualities, some had great ones ; all had a certain lion-like nobility, some had a portion of the real elements of greatness. Some were wise ; all were brave ; some were pure in life, some gentle as well as strong ; but is it too hard to say that all were thoroughly selfish, all were in the main unfortunate ?

“ In the character of Henry II are found all the characteristics of this race. Not the greatest, nor the wisest, nor the worst, nor the most unfortunate, he still unites all these in their greatest relative proportions. Not so impetuous as Richard, or Edward III, or Henry V ; not so wise as Edward I ; not so luxurious as John or Edward IV ; not so false as Henry III, nor so greedy as Henry IV, nor so cruel as the princes of the house of York ; he was still eminently wise and brave, eminently cruel, lascivious, greedy, and false, and eminently unfortunate also, if the ruin of all the selfish aims of his sagacious plans, the disappointment of his affections, and the sense of having lost his soul for nothing, can be called misfortune.”

And this is but the introduction to a searching investigation of the aims, the temper, the character of Henry II as it revealed itself in the tangled sorrows and crimes and successes of his masterful and unhappy life. The constitutional historian, the ecclesiastic, the moralist, have their judgments foreshadowed ; and then follows a minute collection of all contemporary references to the character and the habits of the King, out of which the “ rough, passionate, uneasy man ” emerges, clearly set in the light of day ; and at last we reach the conclusion that, while there was in him not one of the elements of real greatness, the times and the man together gave to the world a figure of conspicuous importance, a link in the chain of men who made England what she came to be. “ He was the man the time required. It was a critical time, and his action and policy determined the crisis in a favourable way. He stands with Alfred, Canute, William the Conqueror,

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and Edward I, one of the conscious creators of English greatness."

When we examine masterly portraits such as these we might well think that he who drew them would hardly excel in work of other kinds. But the interest of these introductions to the Rolls Series Chronicles lies at least as much in their variety as in anything else. The way in which a long series of complicated events is summarized and made vivid, the analysis of interest and motive and personality, make the drier of decades live again in bright relief. Stubbs could not only describe a Dunstan, a Henry II, an Edward I, or a Richard Cœur de Lion, with that suppressed fire of intuitive sympathy that comes from an intimate understanding, but he could unravel the most perplexed point of archaeology, the most difficult problem of manuscript in origin or comparison, could summarize tendencies and elucidate systems of law, with as sure a touch as that with which he seemed to have dashed on the colours that painted a warrior or a saint.

In truth it was the width of his knowledge and his sympathy which makes the past of England live in these pages as it had never lived in books before. "Was there ever such a man?" says Dr. Jessopp in a letter I read as I write down these words. Those who read and re-read what Dr. Stubbs wrote must echo what he says.

Whether it was feudal law and the Assize of Jerusalem, or monastic exemptions and the struggles of archbishops and monks, the principles emphasized by Magna Carta or the foreign policy of a great king, the writer has equally examined the question in all its bearings, sifted the authorities, massed the evidence, looked before and after. And it is not only great issues that interest him: he is never more at home than when he is tracing out the history of some manuscript, the details of some family history, or the local peculiarities of some district, or corporation, or village. Years later he described his recreations as "making pedigrees and correcting proof sheets." No man ever more enjoyed the delights of a minute accuracy that was never self-assertion or pedantry.

Typical of his work in this aspect are passages in which he illustrated the duties of a dean of S. Paul's in the twelfth century. The survey of the chapter estates undertaken by

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Ralph de Diceto soon after he was installed gives opportunity for the insertion of a matter of personal interest, for the parish referred to was one of which Stubbs was incumbent—

“Of the character of the visitation the report on Navestock may serve as a specimen : ‘*Ecclesia de Nastocha est in dominio canonicorum et reddit eis lx. solidos per manum firmarii ; et solvit nomine sinodaliū xii. d. ; de denario beati Petri iii. solidos quos colligit sacerdos et solvit. Et habet in dominio de terra arabili xlvii. acras, in bosco xl. acras, et defendit eas versus regem pro quater viginti acris. Habet etiam decimas plenas totius villæ et de dominio tertiam garbam.*’ The case of Navestock might be a good illustration of the wisdom of the dean’s suggestion that the farm of the manor and the rectory should not be in the same hands. S. Paul’s held the two together until the Reformation, when the two were finally divided ; but long before that, probably, the eighty acres of glebe and wood which belonged to the church had been lost among the lands of the manor ; the vicar holds now about twenty acres, and the rectors possess no land in the parish.”

And there is a special appropriateness, too, in the details of Ralph’s work in the domestic economy of his cathedral church, the regulations as to the servants or virgers (as Dr. Stubbs always spelled the word) or residentiary canons, or festivals and festivities. Was he thinking of some canons whom he remembered, when he wrote that the canons of Ralph’s day were “all great and rich men,” and that they recognized the duty of hospitality as only second to that of Divine service ? He too was a canon of that great church, the successor to the “grand world-famed cathedral” of the twelfth century. Passages such as these, where present interests supplement and illustrate the past, were scattered through the volumes ; but always there was wise reticence. The writer knew well how serious effect may be marred by too free a use of wise saws and modern instances. But personal reference, rarely employed, is a recognized instrument of the literary craft. In this, as well as in greater matters, the author of these introductions was a master of the art of letters.

And there is again and again the trick of telling phrase,

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summing up in sharp distinction the end of a discussion, or an analysis, or a contrast—

“Saladin was a good heathen, Richard a bad Christian ; set side by side there is not much to choose between them ; judged each by his own standard there is very much. Could they have changed faith and place, Saladin would have made a better Christian than Richard, and Richard, perhaps, no worse heathen than Saladin ; but Saladin’s possible Christianity would have been as far above his actual heathenism as Richard’s possible heathenism would have been above his actual Christianity.”

Or, again, in the character of John, whom he knew more intimately, one cannot but feel, than did Green, who called him not only the most ruthless but the ablest of the Plantagenets, or than Miss Norgate, who in her monumental life of him, will not depart from the words of the master whom she so loyally honours—

“What marks out John personally from the long list of our sovereigns, good and bad, is this—that there is nothing in him which for a single moment calls out our better sentiments ; in his prosperity there is nothing that we can admire, and in his adversity nothing that we can pity. Many, most perhaps, of our other kings have had both sins and sorrows—sins for which they might allege temptations, and sorrows which are not less meet for sympathy because they were well deserved ; but for John no temptations are allowed to be pleaded in extenuation of his guilt, and there is not one moment, not one of the many crises of his reign, in which we feel the slightest movement towards sympathy. Edward III may have been as unprincipled, but he is a more graceful sinner ; William Rufus as savage, but he is a more magnificent and stronger-willed villain ; Ethelred the Unready as weak, false, and worthless, but he sins for, and suffers with, his people. John has neither grace nor splendour, strength nor patriotism. His history stamps him as a worse man than many who have done much more harm, and that—for his reign was not a period of unparalleled or unmitigated misery to his subjects—chiefly on account of his own personal share in the producing of his own deep and desperate humiliation.”

COUNTRY PARSON, 1850-1866

Perhaps those who read for the first time this eminently characteristic work of the greatest of our historians since Gibbon are as much impressed by the literary skill of the writer as by his learning and the minuteness of his accuracy. It is, indeed, as a man of letters, no less than as an historian, that Stubbs is revealed in his work for the Rolls Series, and no life of all those that have been told these last twenty years, from Chaucer to Browning or Arnold, bears more distinctly the mark not only of the knowledge of books, but of the love of literature. The man who did this noble service to English history must remain, in his wisdom and patience and sympathy, one of the greatest names in the record of English letters.

Thus in the years at Navestock the foundation of a great work was being laid. At the same time one "historic friendship" was being cemented, and one begun. Of all the friends whom Stubbs drew around him the warmest and most enthusiastic was Freeman. In some points they were alike, in some conspicuously different. Both were certainly lovers of Truth rather than partisans. It was that which made their work so different from that of other writers of their day ; and no pains were too great, they felt, to discover it. Both had a deep attachment for the English Constitution as they understood it : it was not a theory or legalism to them, and they never wearied of jesting at philosophers' and lawyers' views of history. Both, too, had a deep attachment to the English Church as something more than the greatest of English institutions. The *Life of Freeman* showed the happy mixture of humour and learning and force that won him the love and admiration of his friends. His bluff, gruff mannerisms of which people talked concealed from no one of intelligence his true and kindly heart. He seemed to those who knew him the incarnation of English doggedness and power and sincerity. With him the friendship had lasted since the days when the one succeeded the other at Trinity ; but with John Richard Green, the impulsive, warm-hearted, highly-strung Stepney priest, Stubbs's friendship was of later growth. How it began, and how the three men were linked together, it is only possible to tell in Stubbs's own words.

Thus he told the story when he gave his farewell lecture at Oxford in 1884—

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

"I am tempted to modify the excessive dryness, as the Edinburgh Reviewer puts it, of my discourse, by telling the story of our first introduction to one another, chiefly because it has been made the subject of a myth which has made us both a little, or not a little, ridiculous. Some of you, I dare say, remember a paragraph which went the round of the September papers years ago, and told how two persons, a stout and pompous professor and a bright ascetic young divine, met in a railway carriage ; how the burly professor aired his erudition by a little history lecture on every subject of interest that was passed on the road, and how each of his assumptions and assertions was capped by an answer from the ascetic divine which showed that he knew it all and knew it better. The professor at last, exasperated by the rejoinders, broke into a parody of the famous address of Erasmus, 'aut Morus aut Diabolus,' substituting for 'Morus' 'Johnny Green.' Could this be true ? It was in 1863 that we met : I was not yet a professor ; he had not begun to wear the air of an ascetic. We were invited to Wells, to a meeting of the Somerset Archaeological Society, to stay with a common friend whom you will have no difficulty in identifying. I was told, 'If you leave the station at two you will meet Green, and possibly Dimock,' the biographer of S. Hugh, whom I knew already. I knew by description the sort of man I was to meet ; I recognized him as he got into the Wells carriage, holding in his hand a volume of Renan. I said to myself, 'If I can hinder, he shall not read that book.' We sat opposite, and fell immediately into conversation. I dare say that I aired my erudition so far as to tell him that I was going to the Archaeological meeting and to stay at Somerleaze. 'Oh, then,' he said, 'you must be either Stubbs or Dimock.' I replied, 'I am not Dimock.' He came to me at Navestock afterwards, and that volume of Renan found its way uncut into my waste-paper basket. That is all ; a matter of confusion and inversion ; and so, they say, history is written. Well, perhaps a friendship between two historical workers may be called a historic friendship, and, to be historical, should gather some of the mist of fable about its beginning : anyhow it was a friendship that lasted for his life, and the loss of which I shall never cease regretting." ¹

¹ *Lectures*, 3rd edition, pp. 432-33.

COUNTRY PARSON, 1850-1866

We may now turn to the letters which belong to the years 1859 to 1866. They are all to Freeman. Those to Green that have been preserved come later, though the friendship began three years before Stubbs returned to Oxford as Professor.

NAVESTOCK,

March 2, (1859).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have heard no more of my review since I sent the completion of it to Scott. I fear it has proved too hard reading for a first number. If I get it back I should like to send you the piece about Hingeston and Stevenson. What a long time we have to wait for the Waltham Abbey Report! I have got a theory to reconcile the dates of the foundation charter and consecration which explains all difficulties about Archbishop *Kinsi*. I wait, however, till I have seen whether you hit on the same. I am very sorry for your disappointment about Bownham; I wish you would have come to Havering or to Chigwell. There are some very nice houses at the latter place and a good air, near London, etc. The *local* Society (not the neighbourhood) is not good; hence few people stay long there, but there are some very nice places, and for a studious person quite delightful. It would not, however, do to buy a place there: for a time you would like it. I went to Painswick last week and saw a little domestic felicity; and I have been at Haddan's as well. We are going to propose to edit Wilkins's *Concilia* for the University Press—with additions and notes. I am not very sanguine about our success, as it will be such a huge undertaking, but if they would pay one reasonably, I should like the work very much, and Haddan is such a lynx-eyed critic that between us I think we might manage to do it well. I have bought a *Monasticon* and am getting it up—do not laugh. With kind regards to Mrs. Freeman and the little party,

I am

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

[This letter is a reply to that printed in Freeman's *Life*, 244-46.]

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

NAVESTOCK,

May 19, (1859).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

How shall I begin to answer all the questions contained in your letter? First I agree with you that there must be something very queer about the Bentley Article. I am sure it was grammatical and that it expressed what I had to say; but if Scott thinks the manner detestable—and he is a man who thinks right and says what he thinks without euphemism—why, it is detestable—and if it is in your hands or likely to come into them please to abolish it. I am sorry that any part of my discomfiture should seem to come upon you who were my sponsor.

With regard to your March Article, I agree with most of it—I should say with all, but as I have not got it by me to refer to, I had better not commit myself. I do not see how you could hurt the Hebdomadal or other feelings by it—the argument was from patent facts, and the general treatment most healthy for a school in its infancy. Still I do think that mere general readers would not much enter into it. Will they make Hingeston an examiner?

Your article on Palgrave I read when I was at Lanrumney and read it again yesterday. It was stupid in Reeve to cut out the bit about Rolf and Ethelstan. A man must in writing such a critique as yours give some proof of his right to criticize. The whole weight of authority with which he speaks should not be the mere blue and buff binding to which editorial complacency reduces it. There should be internal evidence too. And this internal evidence will be at once most interesting to the writer and least so to the reader—although if it be wanting he will soon cry out against the writer as dogmatic and conceited. There was enough, however, in the Article to prove your right to cut up the book.

I am glad you have got the Record Books. I cannot quite understand Thorpe's note about them—does he mean to call them glorious in the same sense in which he calls Palgrave's style unrivalled? I wonder who are the clique that are against him. Is Brewer in it, do you think? I think if I were you I should not exalt Brewer unduly—his work is not equal to Shirley's: it is superficial and rather bumptious. Still it is far ahead of Hingeston and Co.

COUNTRY PARSON, 1850-1866

The Waltham *Transactions* are not yet come to hand—by the bye about friend Cutts—the other day there was an archaeological meeting at Stratford—some queer remains had been found the week before at Ockendon. Walter Field, who is a very good Roman-pot-man and a very nice fellow, read a paper on them—proving them to be Ancient British. Cutts and his allies pooh-poohed the notion on the strength of a luminous article in *The Times* of the day before making them Roman and ignored poor Field. It seems that Field himself wrote the article in *The Times* and gave his second thoughts at Stratford. *O Tempora!*

Thank you for the extracts from Lambert. I do not see what to make of the three Kings at present.

As for the War, I cannot help my wishes being for Austria—I cannot bear the French and their detestable emperor, or the wretched Italians either. I like the Austrians as Germans and go in for Maria Theresa. As for the Imperial family, their despotic and bigoted character comes in quite as much from the French house of Lorraine as from the Hapsburgs. I did not mean to say that there was an analogy between Francis Joseph and Barbarossa—but that the present disputes are lineally (though perhaps illegitimately) descended from the ancient ones. Of course the present emperor represents in the Milanese the Spanish Hapsburgs, not the Empire—still, Charles V could not have made it an hereditary possession for Philip II if he had not got it as an Imperial fief lapsed—and it would not have lapsed but for the French wars of Louis XII and Francis I—nor have been a fief at all but for the struggles of the Old Empire—that was what I meant—but set me right. I have none of your *penchant* for the French as a nation; in relation to Italy they have always been most selfish, unscrupulous enemies, sacrificing her interests to their own and in the most cowardly manner urging the poor wretched Italians to revolutionary measures which they themselves would not support, which brought ruin on the Italians and left them scot-free. Their manœuvres have provoked the Austrian rulers to measures which were foreign to their nature, as one can see by comparing their admirable management in their German States with their conduct in Italy—and as it is to the first French Revolution that Italy owes her revolutionary politics, it is to the

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

same that Austria owes her unenviable position in Lombardy. As for the Sardinians, I confess to having admired Carlo Alberto and to extreme contempt for Victor Emmanuel. The one tried to do his best for Italy when the whole of Europe was disorganized and open for a new and more liberal arrangement of government and territory—the latter makes himself a catspaw for the worst tyranny in the world, by the side of which Austria is angelic.

I fear you will not admit any of this, so, to bring us together again, I will say that I liked your speech at Wallingford and am ready for the Ballot ; I do not, however, believe that the Carlton Club is a bit worse than the Reform : I have lost all respect for Bright—I never had any for Lord John. Please to remember me kindly to Mrs. Freeman. I wish I knew of a house that would suit you, but I do not.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

June 5, (1859).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have been so busy examining little Boys that I have had no time to write, and I have not done yet, but take time to congratulate you on having walked into Hingeston in the *Saturday Review* ; to some purpose, I shall hope.

Have you got the Waltham Report ? I have not, but it is ready—for it is reviewed in the Colchester paper of yesterday—I should rather say mentioned, as all that is said is that the Papers were lucid and interesting.

I was rather disappointed in the *Liber Albus*, but still it was real and original. I suppose it would suit many people who do not care about the more Historical Materials. I imagine that the sale of the Books is very limited—they seem to have given up advertising them.

I met Raine the other day—he is a famous Northumbrian Antiquary. He is bringing out the Fabric Rolls of York Minster, of which he showed me the proofs. He is doing it admirably well ; I think it will interest you both Historically and Architecturally. He was not aware of the Fabrics Roll at

COUNTRY PARSON, 1850-1866

the end of your and Jones's *S. David's*, which is, I believe, the only similar thing printed.

Thank you for your comfort about my Article; fortunately I know Scott and am quite content to take blame from him—besides, he is a man who always says as much as he thinks, so that when he says the style is bad and the matter is good I am quite humble and pleased.

I have spent a subsidy in newspapers trying to get some idea of what is going on in Lombardy, but it is very difficult to do more than strengthen one's conviction that the French are liars. I think I agree with you pretty nearly on the merits of the case. One cannot wish the Austrians better than to be well rid of Italy—but would such a result lead to the freedom or to the enslaving of Europe? In the meantime much that is said in favour of neutrality amounts to no more than “we will not help Austria,” for no one is mad enough to think we should help France.

To-morrow is to be an eventful day according to the Newspapers. I wish that things would settle down.

Please remember me kindly to Mrs. Freeman. I wish I knew a house that would suit you.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

On June 20, 1859, the Rev. William Stubbs was married to Miss Catherine Dellar.

NAVESTOCK,

September 25, 1859.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have been thinking that it is a long time since I heard anything of you save in Print, and now the fact of seeing our article in Bentley conspicuous for its absence in the new programme, gives me an opportunity of recommencing correspondence. I think it would be a good thing if you could get the unlucky thing back from them; for not to speak of the periodical shock to one's self-complacency that it causes, there are some things in it which I should be glad to work up for other purposes. I want to know whether you are still at Lanrumney, and who reviewed the *Transactions* at Waltham

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

in the *Saturday Review*. I am sure I am grateful, and I think the Society ought to be grateful to me for getting them such an advertisement, and excuse my annual 10s. 6*d.* for the future. By the bye, your friend Mr. Wright, who was chairman you remember, always inquires particularly after you and Mrs. Freeman. Our great folks are down here. I had the honour of preaching a sermon on Dr. Smethurst to the Duc



NAVESTOCK CHURCH.

and Duchesse d'Aumale the other day. Have you seen John of Oxenedes, by Sir H. Ellis? If he has rendered the general text as faithfully as he has the clerical errors, it is well done—but I wonder at so old a man undertaking any such work—for the MS. is extremely small, fine, beautiful writing. I wish I could have an hour's chat with you about things.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

COUNTRY PARSON, 1850-1866

NAVESTOCK,

November 3, 1859.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Yesterday night in looking through one of the Record Reports I came on an abstract of a cartulary of Battle in which is a Survey of Sanglake, in the reign of Edward I.

I return the Gentleman's with many thanks. I see the Saturday Review praises Dr. Vaughan's book. I do not believe that a Dissenter could write a History of England. You will say I am uncharitable; but first, it is not a want of charity to suppose a person incapable of doing so, and secondly, the determination of the Dissenters to see nothing good before the Reformation is so obvious in all that they do, that I have begun to wonder that they allow that our Saviour lived before it—as certainly they believe the Bible was written about that time. One must not expect that one's forefathers were anything but rascals in such people's opinions. I suppose they had none of their own.

In another of these reports is an extract from a letter of 1197 from the Court of Rome stating that the Pope had made the King of Germany King of the Romans.

The pupil of warlike propensity has got a commission in the 80th, so he will be able to cultivate his genius. Kind regards to Mrs. Freeman. I have heard of Botley—did not the Lyses live there?—and that it is a nice place.

If you get a little book sent from Newcastle-under-Lyne look at it, for there are some pretty pictures (Melbourne Ch.) in it as well as valuable Historical memoranda.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

November 19, (1859).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

On reading over what I have written I think I had better not send it, but wait to see what next month brings forth, and in the meantime I can look at the Waltham Cartularies and see whether any of the earlier charters give any hint of the progress of the building. The part you did not understand was a

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

reference to E. G. B.'s idea of the priesthood ; is E. G. B. *Burges* ? I send you a little *bijou* from the Standard. I am glad that you think with me about that Record document about the K. of Germany. Still, it is a marvellous thing that the handwriting of the MS. should not have enlightened the Keeper of the Records—probably the catalogue was made by some clerk. I am going down to Ramsgate on Monday to stand Godfather to one of my new nieces. I wish I knew any place near here that would suit you : there is Ditchleys near here to let, a nice house, but very old and not to be sold.

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

December 8, (1859).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have been waiting to look through the MS. *de Inv. S. Cr. Waltham*, before writing to you, and it was so amusing that I have copied out the chapters that follow the printed part. It does not, however, make any mention of any building or destruction or restoration of the church. The Canons' Houses were burned in the year 1144, at which time it is clear the church was perfect, but there is no clue to anything more.

I am afraid it will be quite impossible for me to meet you either in London or at Waltham next week, for I am going to Haddan I think at the beginning of it, and to Oxford on Wednesday, and if I do not go to Burton before I must go after the end of it and stay at home before. I think you would be much amused with the Waltham MS. I send you Harold's Epitaph and some other verses at the end of the Harleian copy. I think that possibly the first six lines should come after the other, but here it is as it stands.

Versus circa tumbam Haroldi Regis.

Macte Pater Patriae meritis insignis Harolde
Parma, pūgil, gladius, Te tegit hic tumulus—
Qui cum rege truci mundi subducere luci
Classica non trepidas quae vehit hic Boreas.
Omen at infaustum tua signa retorsit ad Austrum
Nam tua fata scies in nova bella ruens—
Hic mausoleo fortis requiescit Haroldus
Qui fuit Anglorum gentis Rex Inclitus olim,

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Cui favor imperium species natura potestas
Contulit et regnum, dans cum diademate sceptrum
Dum pugil insignis proprias defendere gentes
Nititur, occubuit Francorum gente peremptus
Hujus nobilibus successibus invida fata
Quem nequeant salvare necant fraudemque sequuntur.

Not worthy of the subject, I think, and strangely like the Georgian Era of Versification, but the MS. is early in the thirteenth century and so they are probably genuine. I enclose Parker's letter, which I had from Cox. I should much like to hear what he says this month about Waltham, and also Scott's opinion. Is there any chance of your being at Oxford? Have you got a House?

Yours very sincerely,
WM. STUBBS.

J. M. Kemble, my pattern scholar, says that Judith, the wife of Ethelwulf and Ethelbald, on her return to the Continent eloped with Baldwin of Flanders, by whom she became the mother of Matilda, wife of Wm. the Conqueror. So anybody can make mistakes.

SETTLE, YORKSHIRE,
January 3, 1860.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I got your letter just before I left Navestock, and so must answer it without authority. I had, however, looked through several of the books to see whether S. Thomas was called Becket by any writer of his own age, and could not find it so. The subject of surnames at that date is unsettled, as I think for the most part the surnames themselves were, except in the case of families of note. There is a case of the two Bishops of Lichfield named Pectie, Pecthe, or Pecceth, you remember them, in Latin Peccatum, and no doubt answering to our English name Peckitt, the man who painted the new windows in New College. These were not men of great family, and yet had a family name. The others whom I remember—Herve, surnamed Cruste, perhaps from his temper or because he was not crumby, and Ralph Luffa of Chichester—were probably nicknames. The two immediate successors of S. Thomas had no surnames at all. Roger of Bishopsbridge is of Pont

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

l'Evêque, no doubt. About Barbarossa I cannot tell you anything: I should think that the name would only appear in that form in an Italian Chronicle—and that if you find him called Rubrae Barbae, or anything of the kind in the Latin ones, it was strong evidence that his contemporaries gave him the name. I hope if you review Robertson you will pitch into him for giving such a catchpenny name to his book—*Becket: a Biography*; it quite hindered me from buying the book, which I dare say is a good one. I shall be glad to hear that you are settled in a House at last. A happy New Year to you all, from yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

SETTLE,

January 14, 1860.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you for your kind note. I am glad you like the ABs. of Canterbury.¹

I saw the *Gentleman's Magazine* before I left home. Here I have been reading Worsaae's *Danes in England*, an old book I think—did you ever read it? I was much disappointed in it. Also I have read the new Book about Carthage, which may be all true, but reads funny. We are going to York on Thursday, and on home on Saturday. I am sorry to say that my wife is so much done up with the journey down here that I think we must put off coming to see you until the weather is warmer. It was bitterly cold, and now the Hills are covered with snow still. Many thanks for your kind offer of a ticket for the Architectural Lectures. I am afraid it would be quite useless, as I never can find time to stay all night in London. Pray remember me kindly to Mrs. Freeman and the little party.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

January 15, 1860.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have written to Scott. I return you his note with thanks

¹ Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops*. There is some further correspondence, undated, about some rather severe criticisms on the book.

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for the trouble you have taken—I have looked through Capgrave again. Hingeston's Chronological notes at the side of the page exhibit an ignorance of the first principles of the subject—confound regnal years in such a way as to mislead one entirely; and lastly, to prevent your supposing it carelessness, shows that he is perfectly ignorant of having made a mistake. See all the reign of Henry IV, and more especially Archbp. Scrope's Martyrdom. I have read your letter about reform. I do not think I do quite agree with it all.

I am expecting Wayte to spend a day or two with us. I am glad you are coming back to England. I shall look for Bownham in my Camden's *Britannia*. Kind regards to your circle, and best wishes for the new year from

Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

January 21, (1860).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I am not quite clear as to the point that you want to ascertain about Thomas Becket, the son of Mr. Becket of London, as Alban Butler calls him. Is not the passage of Fitz-Stephen, that Gilbert came originally from the same neighbourhood in Normandy with Archbishop Theobald, clear proof that he was of Norman descent? If I knew exactly what your point is, I might find something. I wish you could get the unlucky article from Scott and destroy it, for it weighs upon my conscience dreadfully. I enquire everywhere about a house for you, but can hear of none in this neighbourhood. It has been the fashion so much of late to pull down, rather than let houses stand empty.

Did you see Haddan's pitch into Wiltesch's *Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Geography*, in the *Guardian*, in reference to English places?

Painswick Court, which you mention, is a very nice house and good grounds, but the neighbourhood must be dreadfully dull: Hill lives in Painswick town, and there is Stroud not far off, but the place itself seemed to me quite dead. I have still a *Gentleman's* of yours, which I will return when I have any

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stamps. I have been visiting the tombs of my ancestors like the Scythians. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Freeman, and

Believe me, yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

March 1, (1860).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

About the Rymer—the Hague Edition, which is priced very cheaply in Kerslake's Catalogue, is the most handy and has a good index. Newman, in Holborn, showed me a copy the other day for which he was asking £12 12s., and said that the Book was rising in price. The Record Edition can be got for four or five pounds, but it only goes to 1399. It has, however, indexes to each volume, a vast number of additional documents, and a great number of mistakes which, however, would not mislead a careful reader. Talking of mistakes, will you please correct one of mine, in *Registro*, p. 47, A.D. 1282? "Civita Vecchia" should be "Orvieto."

The Pertz is so scarce a book that I can find out nothing with regard to the price: the copies seem complete as far as the publication has gone. Luard's Edn. of Bartholomew Cotton for the Master of the Rolls seems to me very well and sensibly done. I ought to have written to thank you for the *Builder* and *Gentleman's Magazine*. I do not know whether that was the conclusion of the whole matter. Parker appears very positive and not to understand what *petitio principis* is: and I am further disgusted with the contumelious way in which he treats the dear old Canon. Has Burges written a book about it or what? Some anonymous person has given £550 towards the Waltham Restoration. I saw your letter in the *Guardian* this morning: I fear there is no such luck.

The review of Morris and Robertson in the same *Guardian*, I was very glad to see, although I have only had a glimpse of the Book itself.

I quite agree in your notion of what Thomas was, and that he was the man for the time and place. Contrast him with S. Edmund, who seems so much more amiable and conscientious and unworldly, and yet with so weak a king as Henry the Third came off only a little better than the Martyr. I

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fear it would be of little use to propose the Editing of the *Becket Papers*—as the whole thing is so evidently in the hands of a clique; still, the Master professes to be glad of a good offer, and if you will propose it I should be glad to join. I hope you will be comfortably settled soon. Where is Somerleaze, and how derived?

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

March 10, 1860.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you very much for Burges' pamphlet—how very pretty his little views are! Have you seen Mr. Francis' advertisement in the *Guardian*? Don't you think Sir E. Bulwer both as a Hertfordshire man and a Harold authority ought to give handsomely to Waltham?

I have not written to the Master of the Rolls. I thought it best to get back the poor little Article from Bentley before I wrote. I applied to Bentley, but have had no answer. Would you if you still think it worth while writing to the Master to propose, just say what we propose to edit—all Gilbert Folliot and John of Salisbury's letters, or only those bearing on Becket and his business? You see the Lives and the letters would fill several volumes, and to do the whole would be a larger undertaking than they would be likely to accept.

There is a new Volume, *Brut y Tywysogion*, by your friend Williams ab Ithel. I should like to have his preface well looked into. I know nothing about it myself; do you? I hope the Pertz is a good one, and that Somerleaze is a big place to hold it. I hear from one of my parishioners, who is a Somersetshire man, that it is a very nice place, and I am sure I shall like very much to come and see you. I suppose you will be near Mr. Dickinson and Sacheverell Johnson. I almost think that you would have a better chance than I, with Hardy and the Master. I have been in communication with the former about Wilkins' and the Record Transcripts of *Concilia* mentioned in the *Monumenta*. I did not find him propitious, though polite as on former occasions—still if you like I could

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try. Is the Waltham battle really at an end? Who will edit the *De Inv. S. Crucis* for the *Gentl. Mag.*?

Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

March 21, (1860).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I sent the Article to you. I was much amused with your improvements of it: I do not think it would be advisable to try to bring it down any lower, it would make it so very long and in order to get in anything about the new volumes you would have to curtail what is already short enough about the older ones. But you know better than I do. To the Master of the Rolls you write at Rolls House, Chancery Lane. I do not know that it is necessary to address him as "Your Honour" except in Court. You should give as short and scientific account of what you propose as you can; but Hardy is the man who really decides. I have not got Giles's Edition of the S. Thomas things—but I doubt not that they are ludicrously bad; still, the poor man was rather a small creature for Robertson to come down upon: Robertson having got about as much more than his deserts as Giles has got less than his. I hope you will arrange so as to get to Waltham for the opening—I hardly think, however, that friend Francis will have much of a stir—probably preach himself. Do you know who gave the large donation to the restoration?

We are still an acephalous or autocephalous Church in this Diocese: fearing King Stork—

Yours very sincerely,

WM. STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

April 10, (1860).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have been prevented by a Ministerial Crisis (domestic) from writing to you. I return Sir John Romilly's letter. It is possible they may be fettered by an uncertainty about their grant of money, but it is certain that they are determined not to go beyond their own circle of Editors, and to let them edit

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what they like. I cannot think that Sir J. Romilly can know much about the trash they have printed—and if Hardy inspires his communications his line has always been, as it seems to me, polite obstructiveness. I wonder whether the very learned party was Robertson. If it was, I can chuckle over his rejection. Is Somerleaze from Somer—*quasi* Southmere or South of the mere, or South of the Sea?—did the Somersaetas settle South, or in Summer? (Dorsaetas are watersiders; Magasaetas are not May-settlers.) So that Tennyson is right in calling the Bristol Channel a *Summer Sea*. I suppose *leaze* is the same word as *leas*, as in Broadleaze—which was Maskell's place. I have often puzzled about Somersets, etc. Have you read Carlyle's *Frederick*? I hope you will come this way if you can and let us go to Waltham together. Wishing you awell through your fitting, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

May 31, 1860.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have no news about Gemini yet, so you must be patient—and if I have none before Monday I am afraid I shall not get to Oxford. Nor have I any general news except that another volume of Hingston is out—I have not got it—it is letters. I have got Froude and read it through with great pleasure. I like it better than the former volumes and think that there is a good deal of truth in his views of the chief characters. He mauls Cardinal Pole pretty considerably, but I think it is the cheapest thing to do, as Gardiner and Bonner both come so much better out of any examination than he does. What a horrid appointment of *K. M. J. L.* I suppose that it is on the principle of putting the worst man in the best place, so that you have all the good ones trying to show how much better they are, and so benefiting the world. Who are you going to vote for for the Sanscrit Professorship? I am afraid you had a baddish day at Waltham: it rained cats and dogs here. When do your wanderings end?

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

[See *Life of Freeman*, i. 320.]

NAVESTOCK,

August 15, (1860).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have not got yet either the MSS. from Parker nor the *Gentleman's Magazine* from Cox, so I cannot yet form an idea of an opinion on them. If you are sure that Lutegarsbury was the name of Montacute it will settle the question. It seems to rest on the testimony of Leland, who may as likely as not have taken it from our MS. But of course the farther Montacute is put from Waltham the more time you have to kill Canute and Harold and get Hardicanute drunk at the wedding. I am afraid the Melbourne chantries are of too late date to suit your Theory that they may have formed a college or fraternity so early as to affect the construction of the church. Is it not possible that it may have been intended for a Monastic church and in the troubled times (as Middleham did long after) came to grief before any foundation was effected? Can you tell me anything about Cloveshoo?

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

Come to the Essex Archæology—Sept. 27. Colchester.

NAVESTOCK,

November 30, 1860.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I shall be very glad to join in editing anything that falls in my line for the Master of the Rolls and will write to Mr. Dickinson to say so.

About the Council of Frankfort I have found most of what I wanted in Mansi, but if you can give me any authorities besides the letter of Charles the Great to Elipandus, for the presence of English Bps. at the Council, I shall be much obliged.

Can you find for me in Pertz, in what year Hildebald (who died 819) became Bishop of Cologne? or the dates of Offa's transactions with Charles?

Grosseteste's letters are very dull, most of them, but I should

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not mind that if they would give us them to do and the money afterwards.

Yours very sincerely,
WM. STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

January 24, (1861).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I am afraid that when I wrote from Settle I forgot to tell you that we shall be most happy to see you in March, but I hope you took it for granted. Thank you very much for what you have said for us in the reviews. I grieve to say that the Dean sins against light—especially in the matter of Harold's coronation, and he really has read Fl. Wig.—though perhaps in a crib, and worked up original authorities, although you might not think it.

It is very fortunate that we did not come to you last week, for ever since I got home, except on Sunday, I have been in bed. I have just sent off the proof of *Waltham*. I am afraid you will think the preface pedantic, but if it is it is the nature of the beast. I have been writing to Dickinson about Capitular Masses—and the question turned into what were Chapter-Houses used for, to which I cannot give an answer, nor I think he—probably to get cold in, as affording numerous opportunities for draughts. I was in the York one on Friday. . . .

Yours very sincerely,
WM. STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

February 10, (1861).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you for your note, which must have crossed mine by which it is in part answered. I shall be glad to see you either before or after the 20th of March, but Holy Week begins on the 24th, and I shall have service and a sermon to write every day, so that if it is the same to you in other respects, I should see more of you if you come before. I do hope to be able to go abroad this year, but as I believe I am going to be Promoted to be a Diocesan Inspector of Schools, I cannot go before July and probably later still.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

I return your Dickinson's note, which I do not quite understand, but it is no matter.

I shall be glad when the *Waltham* book is out. If all is right to-morrow I shall go and give a last look at the MSS. By the bye, I could not get Munch, they have him not in the Museum. I must say that on reading Montalembert's letter I thought his theory at least as likely as the other, but I think it very possible that more information may turn up, so that I could not compromise myself by giving a decided opinion. It is very unlikely that it was a hereditary surname; indeed, I should think out of the question.

Benedict's *Life of Henry II* does not begin till 1170, so there is no Becket there. If you look at Migne's Lanfranc or Giles' (last Epistle) you will find him signing a charter as Thomas de Londoniis, and in Ellis and Dugdale you will find him as Thomas of London, among the Canons of S. Paul's. Unfortunately, the charter in its present state is a most absurd forgery—but the second example would prove to Robertson that even a Protestant forty years ago could call him so.

S. Edmund's barber seems to have hit on a new purpose of giving his hair not for the tyranny, like the people in Herodotus, but for the superstition. Where did you find the story? I had a note from Hook last week—he does not say a word about either of the reviews, but I think he thinks Church wrote the *Guardian* one. Do not mention this.

Yours very sincerely,
WM. STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

April 21, (1861).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you much for your note about B. Elfwold. The date 1058 for his death was fixed on the evidence of Florence of Worcester and William of Malmesbury.

F. Wig. says that B. Herman of Ramsbury, taking sulks, went into exile to S. Bertin in 1055 and returned in 1058.

W. Malmesbury (*de Pontif.* 2), who gives the account of Elfwold's death, says that Herman's return from S. Bertin was owing to a rumour of Elfwold's death, and that thereupon he received the entire Sherborn Bishopric.

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This would seem clear enough, but the evidence of the Waltham Charter and another, C.D. 801, which, misled by Kemble's date 1055—it should be after 1062—I had overlooked, is equally clear the other way.

Either we may suppose this Elfwold to have been another person—and there were one or two loose Bishops flying about about this time—or that Herman, who was an unscrupulous person, had interest enough to get him put out of His See in 1058, though he was still living in 1062. There were several unprincipled changes in the Bishops during Hardicanute and Edw.'s time, which it was impossible for me to note down briefly, and which are only hinted at or mentioned by the way in the *Chronicle*. William of Malmesbury one would think good authority for the history of Wiltshire. Herman was anxious to establish His See at Malmesbury. Any other mistakes or discrepancies you find, I shall take it as a kindness if you will send to me.

Remember me to Mrs. Freeman, and believe me

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

April 28, (1861).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I think the two charters together are enough to prove that Elfwold really was alive as late as 1062. In the Waltham Charter the names are placed with one exception in order of seniority—which is rather unusual—and Siward of Rochester is omitted. Had Elfwold occurred anywhere else than at the head of the bishops I should have inclined to the belief that he was an error for Siward (both Charters are printed from transcripts). You identify *Elwin* with Ethelwin of Durham, and *Elfric* with Ethelric of Selsey, I suppose. I have not seen your list of Bishops who were at Waltham with Kinsy—but I imagine, from the fact of Kinsy's consecrating the abbey, that the event must have been before 1058, when Stigand received his pall and certainly began to exercise Metropolitan Power. You will have noticed that Malmesbury speaks of Elfwold's death as a *Rumour*. The testimony of the other charter, I

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think, must be conclusive. The date 1055 in Charter 801 is perhaps the date of the original grant of land—the charter being a grant of immunity. I am sorry you have so bad an opinion of William of Malmesbury. What do you think about the consecration of the seven Bishops by Plegmund? It is just improbable enough not to have been invented, and—yet sufficiently improbable to be discarded. Do let me know of any more questions that arise.

Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,
May 8, (1861).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I received your note just as I was starting for the Isle of Wight, from which I returned this evening. I am very much obliged to you for your kind criticism of me—and for the page of quotation. I should like to get the *Chroniques*—do you know the name of the Publisher? Nutt's men could not tell me anything about it, but made me buy a book on the Basque country, as a dessert to which I have borrowed of Meyrick *The Vestiges of the Gael*, which I have not seen—but which I like so much as to be very sorry that I have not taken the same view as the writer in other things. The names of the Bishops present at Waltham are set down in such a gossiping sort of way, that I could not form any argument from them—I think, however, that the case of Elfwold is sufficiently made out by the Waltham Charter. Whilst on the subject of corrections would you alter 1227 *Apr.* 25 into 1227 May 9—that is, 7 Cal. Maii into 7 Id. Maii. The mistake is not mine, but the *Ann. Wigorn's*—(it is at page 39), the reference in the last column is correct. Now then for Giso. I hope you will not be horrified when I tell you what perhaps you may have discovered, that the Authority of the Wells Canon is no other than Giso Himself. It is a sketch of his life written in the first person—extant in an old Bath Cartulary in Lincoln's Inn Library—and published by Hunter in *Ecclesiastical Documents*, Camden Soc. Probably you have the book—possibly not, so I will return your kind extract by another. I should like very

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much to get to see you—but at present am full of *school-examining*, of all painful things.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

“Huic predicto Dudoco *ego* successi ego, G. Hastaniensis incola ex vico S. Trudon.—A.D.I. 1060” . . . a little above Giso has stated that in Duduc’s time “Haroldus vero tunc temporis dux Occid : Saxonum, non solum *terras invadere*, verum etiam episcopalem sedem omnibus hiis spoliare non timuit.” Further he proceeds after mentioning his own succession—“Haroldum etiam ducem qui ecclesiam mihi commisam (spoliaverat) nunc secreto nunc palam correctum, pari sententia (i.e. excommunication) cogitabam ferire. Sed defuncto R. Edw. A.D.I. 1065, cum ille regni gubernacula suscepisset non solum ea quae tulerat se redditurum verum etiam ampliora spondit daturum. Praeoccupante autem illum iudicio divinæ ultionis, post victoriam qua potitus est de equivoco suo Regi Norweyensium 21a. die, separato exercitu, contra Wilhelmum D. Norm. qui jam meridianam terrae ejus plagam invaserat, arma corripuit, et mense 10^o. regni sui cum duobus fratribus suis et maxima populi sui strage occubuit.” This, however, is a very different account from Godwin’s. Godwin was himself connected at one time with Wells, and wrote a little memoir of the Bps. printed by Hearne, fuller than that in the *De Presulibus*—but his additions to the above look very like embellishments.

Your two Articles in the *Saturday* are worthy of all thanks—*Jove* and *Caesar*, I see, divide your heart.

NAVESTOCK,

July 14, (1861).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have been very busy all the week and have left your letter unprincipledly unanswered.

I have looked in Hugh Candidus, but there is next to nothing about Croyland in him. The Waltheof Memoirs I have not seen nor knew of their existence. The forger, whoever he was, probably had original documents to work with—may as likely as not have had fabric rolls, etc. Moreover, there is no defining

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precisely where the genuine contemporary history begins and the forged ends ; but taking any fixed point for the commencement of the genuine—it must have been a continuation of an earlier genuine now lost or incorporated in the forgery. I suppose there is no doubt about the last Continuation being genuine—it begins 1447. The early parts as they are now were plainly unknown to the Croyland Biographer, MS. Vesp. B. xi. Therefore I think the date of the forgery must fall between 1427 and 1447 or 1469. Riley (who edited Bohn's *Ingulf* and who is going to preach on Ingulf at Peterborough—being also one of Sir J. Romilly's editors) thinks that the forgery of the Charters took place in 1415 : so that the first half of the fifteenth century, and not the thirteenth or first half of the fourteenth as Palgrave thought, may fairly be assumed as the date at which the histories took their present form. I shall be very glad to look at your paper—but I am going into Hampshire on Thursday—Rev. F. V. Thornton's,

Chilton Rectory,
Micheldever Stn.,

to stay until Tuesday 23rd. I shall not be able to get to Peterborough before Wednesday, 24th. Will you let me know where at Peterborough I shall find you and if you know inns, what inn to go to ? I wish that I could have gone on the Tuesday, but I cannot, and shall have to run away again on Friday at the latest. *Sic vos non vobis.*

Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,
June 15, (1861).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have written to Haddan about B. Thorpe's letter and will answer it when I get his answer. I saw Earle on Thursday—he seems to have not a very high opinion of B. T.'s powers.

I have heard from Rawlinson himself this morning ; judging from his note, he does not seem to have any knowledge of your standing. Also I have heard from Venables that the subject of my paper will do. Cox spent a day with me a fortnight ago—and the next day thieves broke into the church and stole my surplices.

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It is very hot here, and we must begin haymaking generally on Monday. Let me hear as soon as your mind is made up. Pray, remember me kindly to Mrs. Freeman and the children, and

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

WM. STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK, ROMFORD,

June 19, (1861).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I return B. Thorpe's note to you. I have answered it to him after consulting Haddan. I hope you are not very much disappointed about the Camden, or at least that you will comfort yourself for it with the knowledge that it would certainly have involved a great sacrifice on your part. I think better of Rawlinson than you do—but cannot imagine why or on what grounds Gordon is standing. I thought when I heard that he was doing so that you would have stood a better chance.

About Turketul I intended to say my say at Peterborough, but what little information there is is patent. I should believe all that Ordericus says of him—he was Abbat of Bedford (*Chron. Sax.*), and was expelled from that place (see *Chron. Eliens.* Ed. Gale.)—may have been Abbat of Ramsey—(v. *Chron. Eliens.* also), unless Ramsey in the passage is a mistake for Crowland—*Ravens eye Crow* land. He never could have been a Chancellor and all that there is about him in Ingulf seems to be lies. There was a Chancellor in Cnut's time, I think, and two or three in Eadward's, but not before, and Chancellor might mean anything.—Haddan is very much afraid of B. Thorpe ; he makes such blunders.

I wish I could get time to get my paper written out.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

August 6, (1861).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Your friend Lexoviensis was Jacques d'Annibaut, Cardinal

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of S. Susanna, brother of Marshal Claude d'Annibaut, servant and friend of Francis I, of whom much in de Thou. He was Bishop of Lisieux, 1543 or 1539; i.e. his predecessor resd. in 1539—he was cons. after that date; the predecessor died in 1543 or 1558. Cardan was in England in 1552, and then drew a Horoscope of Edw. VI, giving him a long life. He left England the same year and went through several States and cities, among which was Besançon to Milan, Italy, arriving at Milan in January, 1553. In 1553, July 6, Edward VI died, thereby belying the Horoscope. In 1555 Cardan published a revised Horoscope, containing the mention of Henry VIII quoted by Froude, which C. says he received from the B. of Lisieux at Besançon—so it could not be the former B., as he died in 1543, long before Henry VIII, nor the latter, who only began in 1559. . . . This is a pretty demonstration. . . .

I have persuaded Kate to go with me, so we are off to Switzerland for a month.

Yrs. very sincerely,

WM. STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

September 14, (1861).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

We got home on Thursday very tired, but all the better, I think, for five weeks' run. We passed through Paris, which was almost as hot as the Archenemy described—we saw him there opening a Boulevard; Troyes, where there are some fine churches; Basel, Lucerne, Bern, Interlaken, Zurich, Munich, Ratisbon, Nürnberg, Bamberg, Würzburg, Frankfurt, Mainz, Köln, Aachen, and Lille. The German churches are very astounding to my mind. Four towers and two choirs—the monumental effigies of Prince-Bishops in Marble and Bronze—strictly Gothic—standing up along the walls wonderfully stately and grand. Bamberg I suppose you know—Würzburg is almost as interesting—Ratisbon with a beautiful Cathedral and an old Monastery that still belongs to the Irish Roman Catholics, having been founded for the Scotch in 1068. The monuments of the Abbats are on the walls and they are all

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good Scotch names—Maxwell, Baillie, Stuart, and so on down to the present time.

At Aachen they were digging up their friend Karl's vault, but the Commissionaires bothered so that we missed seeing the most important things. I wonder whether Parker has been through those cities. I should think that Ratisbon, Nürnberg, Augsburg, Bamberg, and Würzburg gave a perfect series of perfect German Town Architecture from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century. The palaces the Prince-Bishops built themselves quite stupefy one to look at. I hope that Froude was at last satisfied about the Lexovian Bp. How is Federal Government getting on?

It is pleasant to travel with Germans, for they are most of them well up in their own History and worship their old Kaisers. I saw at Bamberg Cunigunda's small-tooth comb. It was as large as half a dozen currycombs—I hope she took it with her to her coronation—at least if Aachen was troubled in those days with the same enemies that bit me. Give my kind regards to Mrs. Freeman, and believe me

Yours very sincerely,

WM. STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

October 11, (1861).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you for your letter: Cutts asked me to ask you to ask Mr. Babington whether yew trees once decayed have a power of reproducing themselves, in fact growing a new inside. He knows somebody who knows a yew tree that he could get into as a boy, but which is now quite filled up with young wood. Perhaps you will ask the question for him, and whether if it be not true it is a popular or only a local superstition.

I have got Dr. Hook's Becket. He has studied both your articles, and quotes the *Saturday* as well as the *National* as a learned anonymous author. He adopts *Becket* as the historical name, as I expected. He follows Robertson more closely in detail than I should have expected, but I suppose that R.'s scheme of Chronology, etc., is sound. His view of the Martyr is neither yours nor Robertson's nor Monro's, nor, I should think, anybody else's—certainly not mine—but a

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singular Erastian view that takes its own measure of every person or act and maintains its own conclusion, by Hook or by Crook, for I cannot look on it as straightforward. So far I am disappointed in it—but I can do nothing to mend that. Do not say anything about this to any one. It is very likely the true view, as it is as rugged and inconsistent with itself as any man Becket himself could be ; and truth is stranger than fiction.

I do not exactly see my way into Somersetshire—my wife is irremovable at present, and I have got a lot of business things to do. Still, I do not like the idea of not seeing you till Spring. However, some opportunity of getting away may turn up, for you are too far off to come to for two days. Is there any chance of your being in London soon ?

Please to remember me kindly to Mrs. Freeman, and believe me

Ever yours sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

March 18, 1862.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

(1) Abbat Thurstan was appointed to Glastonbury in 1077 or 1078.—*Chr. Sax. ad.* 1070.

(2) David I, K. of Scotland, who died in 1153, married Mathilda, dr. of Waltheof and Judith.—See *Orderic Vit.* viii. 22.

(3) Lucy, dr. of Alfgar, appears in the pedigree of the founders of Coventry in the *Monasticon* from a MS. of Ussher, and therefore may only be taken out of Ingulf—or may be right. Certainly Orderic when he describes the family of Alfgar, *Lib.* IV, c. 4, does not mention her ; perhaps as she was buried at Spalding Mr. Dimock might tell you something about her. There is an account of her in the *Peterborough Chronicle* in Sparke which is older than the forgery of Ingulf. She was thrice married, the last time in the reign of Stephen, which would make her rather an old bride. I have not been able to look at MSS. about her, but I think the evidence is rather in her favour. Still, for a sister-in-law of Harold to be marrying again in 1135 or later seems rather Helenic.

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I have got Lanfranc's letters, at least Migne's edition of them, and can get you the Gale out of Sion College if you want it.

You will howl over my testimonials.¹

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

November 21, 1862.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

You would be glad to hear that I am to be the Librarian at Lambeth, if you have heard it : if you have not, you will. I shall want a curate to help me to do all my work. I suppose by this time you will have finished the first volume of *Federal Government*, and I may congratulate you upon it. How is it that proofs *never* come the day one expects them? I expect there is some radicalism at the bottom of it. Parker has sent me a letter from Jenkins of Lyminge in answer to his in last month's old *Gent*. He must be either a very learned man or a great humbug, or both. For he finishes by saying that Parker had better have read up Migne's *Patrologia* before writing about Architecture : as if one or ten men could do that in a lifetime without softening of the brain. I spent a very pleasant week at Cambridge with Haddan, reading MSS. He has routed out enough Gildas almost to make another book. Fancy Archbishop Thomson! Can you give me any authority for calling William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, *le Gras* or *de la Grace*? I see that Jones in the *History of S. David's* calls him so. My wife joins me in kind regards to you and Mrs. Freeman, and

I am

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

April 21, (1863).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Neither your conjecture nor Mrs. Freeman's, as to my crisis, exactly hit the state of the case, though both were approximations. . . . I hope; however; that all concatenations

¹ For the Chichele Professorship of Modern History at Oxford.

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may be successfully arranged by the time of your visit—or you may find yourself *minus* a dinner and *plus* a Godchild. I cannot hear anything about Waltham—in fact it is a foreign land to us—but I remember Francis expressed his intention of preaching himself at the opening, and, if that is the case, I should prefer going there the day after. I have not seen either the *Gent*: or the *Nat*: and should like very much. When I was at Wells I saw Dean Johnson, and indeed went in an omnibus with him. I noticed that at S. Cuthbert's he did the Dean, i.e., sat in a pew as a layman, and cut the Cathedral in the afternoon on the plea, I suppose, of looking after S. Cuthbert's. I should think a penny bank would be just the thing for him to wink at. Think of their making that horrible Goode Dean of S. Wilfrid's Minster! It puts me more out of patience than all the Bishops.

Yours sincerely,

WM. STUBBS.

(This is an answer to the letter in Freeman's *Life*, i. 297–99.)

NAVESTOCK,

May 12, (1863).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you very much for your letter. I did not know that Einsiedeln was going; perhaps Haddan was there last year, but generally learned men from Oxford means people who have not got through their Little-go or are connected with the Evangelical Alliance. I am glad you took the correct view about that statute. I think that Non-residents are far better judges of results than residents, and if Oxford is to be judged by results, why, I like the men who passed under the old system better than the Balliolized idiots who get classes under the new, and so should vote for going no further from the old system than is done already. If men won't work, why should they, and why are the good to be sacrificed for the bad, and a good man deprived of an honourable first class that men who are only bribed to work may be honoured with a dirty little first in Nat. Phys. or whatever it is?

I am nearly half through the first volume of King Richard. I

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am sorry to say that since you went away the *Saturday Review* has had a strong influx of corruption, taking up everything evil and abominable and displaying shocking ignorance about the Waldenses and other humbugs. I saw Cox for half an hour a week ago : he is moving into a smaller House, which will be a great comfort to Barlow I should think. Do you ever go to church (English) in Switzerland? I wish you would get up a few middles on that subject against the Colonial Church Society, and propose Meyrick for Bishop of Gibraltar. I have been reading *Federal Government* in the evening ; it is very nice and good, all but where you go against Austria and for Italy, etc. The *Home and Foreign* thinks you will not know so much about Medieval History as about Greek. What a great deal reviewers do know, and yet how very much they do not know ! I suppose it is all sham. I was in hope that experience of Swiss imposture wd. have opened your eyes to the evil of republican institutions, at least so far as the morals of the people in money matters are concerned, but after your letter about F. J., I fear you are incorrigible. There is no news, except shipwrecks. You know, I suppose, all about Gladstone's discomfiture. Do you go in for those horrid Poles ? I think not, so I will not abuse them. I hope you will get this note at Berne ; but I suppose if not it will be forwarded. Give my kind regards to Mrs. Freeman.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.,

August 31, (1863).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you for your note which has set my mind at ease. I do not at all intend to spare you a visit from me, and propose if all is well to come to you next Monday. I shall have to come here first, but can get away from Paddington by any train after one o'clock. If you will let me know whether you approve of this and what train you can meet me at, I shall be much obliged to you. I must come home on the Friday. How long does your Meeting last ? About *Arnost*. I forgot to answer your question. William of Malmesbury says that Siward died of a broken heart directly after the Conquest ;

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

but some interloper of Florence has foisted that into the text. That Siward was alive in 1052 is clear from his signature being attached to a council of that year, and I think there are other signatures as late as 1074. The date of Arnost's consecration is from the Latin Edn. of the *Chronicle* and the *Life of Gundulf*. There is no doubt about it. I am glad that Dimock has got this living of Bamborough, it is a very good one, and he is a very good man for it : orthodox and hard-working and a large family. How did you like Raine's *Archbishops*? I did not trace your hand in the review of it. By the bye about Giraldus—you know that Brewer is a Pembrokeshire man, and has been working on *Giraldus* since 1843? He does not seem to show much special knowledge about him in the Preface.

My kind regards to Mrs. Freeman, and believe me

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

I only got your letter dated the 26th this morning . . . it is better to direct to Navestock.

NAVESTOCK,

April 28, (1864).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I was glad to find from the S. R. that you were enjoying yourself in your usual way, and congratulate you on the weather you have had since you started. Here we are very quiet, now we have got rid of that Garibaldi.¹ I do not think that Gladstone or Lord Shaftesbury were either of them sensible enough to have sent him away for political reasons. I believe that for once they both spoke the truth when they denied that—but it was what they should have done. I am not quite sure whether the sight of the creature has not rather damped the ardour of some of his admirers. His demeanour is described as theatrical and affected to the last degree; this may partly have been owing to his being tired to death. Great crowds of the working (i.e. drunk and disorderly) classes attended him everywhere; on Saturday having held a meeting to celebrate their profound ignorance of Shakespeare, some of them pro-

¹ On Garibaldi's visit, see Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, ii. 108-113.

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ceeded to get up a demonstration against the Government on Garibaldian principles, denouncing Pam, etc., as traitors to liberty—and were dispelled by the police. The defeat and resignation of Bob Lowe is probably known to you. I am inclined to think that he is an injured man, and that Lingen ought really to have been made to resign. Anyhow, the latter must be a shabby fellow, as there is no doubt it was his doing—but if a man undertakes to be responsible, he must respond. We do not hear who is to be Bp. of Peterborough; some people say Hook: I wish it might be. I heard from Cox and Barlow this morning. Cox on his usual topic (do not say I said so) and Barlow on a visit to us next week. We have got a bit of the *Concilia* in type at last and I feel like a man who has begun to build a Cathedral or like the old woman who bought a raven to see whether it would live a hundred years. Will you be home by Trinity Monday? I think I shall be able to get to Oxford for the day; and shall hope to meet you and hear your experience.

I am afraid you will think that I am a dull correspondent; however, there is nothing in the *Guardian* or anywhere else of any interest; so I shall look for something from you.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

June 24, (1864).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thanks for your note and the papers. I did not know that Cureton was dead until Wednesday night, and at the same time I heard that the Archbishop and Gladstone had asked for the Canonry for Ernest Hawkins, who ought to have it. One Lake is, however, said to be likely.

I am sorry I did not divide my preface more distinctly, but I took pattern from Hardy's prefaces, thinking myself on safe ground.

Queen Charlotte of Cyprus and Jerusalem left her kingdoms to the Duke of Savoy and his *successors in that duchy* for ever. Louis Napoleon has got the duchy, I need not say who will get Victor Emmanuel. Of course I knew when I wrote that you

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would fire on it—and took counsel with Green whether or not I should leave it, but he agreed with me that you would like to have it left—and so now you can excite L. N. to a war with Turkey for his claims to Jerusalem, and when he has got it he can give it to the Pope.

About Παρρωης Ρωμανας I had great searchings of heart, but ended by giving what I think the writer meant although it is Πόρρω από. I think I took a good many contingencies into consideration before committing myself to it. I dare say it is wrong; things generally are that bother one.

Benedict of Peterborough is the scarcest of Hearne's books and almost impossible to procure. The one I used was lent me by John Mayor from S. John's Library.

I saw Hook on Wednesday. He dined at Lambeth, and I had a long talk with him. I have some more things to say, but I must write my sermon.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

January 17, (1865).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

All times are equally convenient to you.

∴ all times are alike.

But

All times are equally inconvenient to me.

∴ also all times are alike.

And Things which are equal to the same are equal to each other.

∴ All times are alike to both.

∴ Your time is my time.

Q.E.D.

I think, if you see no objection, we might go most at ease as soon as Parliament breaks up: then His Grace will go down and I shall be off duty.

I have heard from Edwards this morning and shall write to accept. Will you write and tell me directly, what books I

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must get up; what I must know and what I must know something about, and what I need not know anything about?

I feel very great and thank you kindly for magnifying me.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

August 4, 1865.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have waited before writing to you to get certain botherations off my mind. I have not succeeded yet in getting any one to take my duty for the two Sundays in August, but that I trust I shall get done to-morrow, when I am going to send my schoolmaster up to hire a substitute. The other was about the train by which we should start.

There are only two trains through from London to Aachen, one at 8.35 p.m. and the other at 7.25 a.m. It would be impossible for us to get to London on the Monday early enough for the Morning train, and very difficult to get there on the Sunday evg. early enough for the Evening train. I think therefore that our best plan will be to go up to London on the Sunday Evg., and if we fail to catch the night train, go to bed at the *London Bridge Hotel* and be ready for the 7.25 on the Monday Morning. When will you come here? Let me know, that I may send to meet you. . . .

I shall not take more than a knapsack, and certainly not very voluminous works. If I want an introduction I must go as Bibliothekar, if there is such a thing.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

We come now to the period when Stubbs was to return to the University. It was announced that Mr. Goldwin Smith was about to resign the Regius Professorship of Modern History. On this Stubbs wrote to Freeman—

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NAVESTOCK,

December 23, (1865).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I am sorry to hear that the righteous Man is going to resign ; I think he should hold on until he can secure a good successor, and that that will be you. It would be painful to have Froude and worse still to have anybody else. If you do not, I think that Owen should. I am not going to stand for any more things. If I am not worth looking up, I am not ambitious enough to like to be beaten. The reason why we got through the schools so soon was that the class men now come before the pass men and there are no honorary fourths. I am afraid I was unable to say a word for Bryce, as I really saw nobody but Digby and Boase who took any interest in the thing.

I have no present idea of the answers to your questions. I fancy the History of Scotland is in the most admirable confusion and that Cornwall has no history at all—like the outlines of the Countesses in Mr. Mantalini's reminiscences. I am so busy that I have no time to say more than to wish you and yours a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I have not seen Earle's *Chronicles*. About the Picts I think it is of no use trying to come to a conclusion—the other points might possibly be decided. The Cornish kingdom probably came to a full end about 930, I think, but I do not know: 926 is given as the year of submission to the Church of England. See Chron. ann. 926. Mr. Pedler says that Huwal or Huvel was the last king: he signs down to 949 and died about 950.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

It was some time before the vacancy took effect; there were no signs that Stubbs was to fill it. He seemed indeed to be settled at Navestock with no prospect of removal; and his work there continued to be warmly recognized. On January 1, 1860, Bishop Claughton wrote to him thus—“Though the clean bill of health which I pronounced over Navestock needs no qualification, it may be satisfaction to you to have the same under my hand. I admire the system and devotedness with which you work, and heartily bid you Godspeed through the New Year and many more to follow it.”

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The next letter to Freeman is :—

NAVESTOCK,

January 1, 1866.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

A happy New Year. I am afraid there is no chance of my coming to see you just now, nor can I very well ask you to come here, seeing that you might come into competition with a new baby. The Devonian Compact is, I suppose, the "ordinance respecting the Dunsætas," Thorpe, *Anglo-Saxon Laws*, p. 150. It is also printed in Lambard—but I think you have Thorpe. It is, however, uncertain whether it really belongs to Devonshire at all.

I omitted in my last letter all that I had to say. I am very glad that you are bringing out a book on Conquest. You speak of Henry II as the property of Johnny Green. I am afraid that I must give my view of him in the preface to Benedict of Peterborough,¹ on which I am at work now. I do not think anything has been done about the British Museum more than was done in July : it is only that the things have at last got into the newspapers. The *Guardian*, as it always does, carefully omitted my name as a candidate. We now hear that Layard is to be the Government candidate, and I suppose he will have it ; at least the headship of the department. I do not mind, especially as there is now the prospect of Lambeth being properly endowed.

Mr. Pedler's book is on the Cornish Episcopate. I do not think it would be of any particular use to you, but if you would like it I can send it by book post.—Hemming's *Cartularium* is the Worcester Chartulary printed by Hearne, on wh. my paper at Worcester was founded.

Horner the son of Horner was in our schools and got the best first, and a very good one too.

About Lothian I do not know exactly what period you are thinking of, so cannot look into the question ; but if it was the final cession to Scotland, was it not when Rich. I released the king from his feudal dependence ? I write in ignorance, but I think Richard restored Roxburgh and Berwick to William

¹ See above, pages 63-64.

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the Lion at that time. You will find the charter in Hoveden. About the Picts I *vehementer ignoro*. About Ethelred's dealings with Normandy in 991, see Lappenberg II, 153, and iii. 31 (Thorpe's edn.), where you will find all the references. I think the *document* given by Malmesbury is the *authority*. But probably you have looked up all this already.

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

I have not seen Earle's *Chronicles*. Thank you heartily for *John of Brengle*.

NAVESTOCK,

January 21, (1866).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

The son is in the category of *elval*: a Be-er, or if you like an Erbverweser (heir-forbeer); hereditary Grand Vizier or King of the Romans. He and his mother, whom he surprised by arriving on the fifth without any attendance whatever, are doing very well. I should have written to tell you before, but I have had so much writing, and I have had the rheumatism in my right arm. I have not seen Johnny Green yet, but his book for the Master of the Rolls is put off until another year. I am trying to do my Henry II by the light of Nature, not reading Palgrave or Lyttelton. You will be shocked at me, I fear, but I find that it is in writing prefaces as in Sermons, I cannot write without feeling that it is all my own as I go on. If I consult a commentary on any text, I cannot write a word on it. I should like to know whether you feel the same. I fear it is a weakness that it is now too late to get over, especially as I have such a difficulty in writing at all. When I have written my Preface I shall if I can get hold of those Books. How far does Palgrave come down? Please answer that when you write; I mean in the *History of the English Commonwealth*.

I do not quite see why you put down the Bull of John XV as spurious. It is an unlikely thing to forge. Jaffé does not put it among the forgeries. Nor do I see anything conclusive against it. The mention of *Leo* as Bishop of Treves might be explained by the fact that the name in the Bull was expressed by the initial, L. (the Archbishop of Treves was Ludolf, and a Ludolf was *scriniary* in 978, and may have been the same

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person)—or if the word was *Leo* (and Leo the Abbat of S. Boniface was legate in France in 995, and may be the person, Leo who was *scriniary* in 972) the description may have been added by Malmesbury. Certainly the Bull is mutilated as Malmesbury's Bulls generally are, but it may be genuine.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

February 11, (1866).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Sir Francis Palgrave's objection to that Bull *charter* would have been valid if Malmesbury was not in the habit of elucidating his documents by little interpolations. I do not think it any objection, that he should put in the number of the Pope by way of telling us which John it was. Really it seems so incredible that any one should forge such a thing that I am inclined to believe in it. I am reading Palgrave and am sorry to say that I do not believe in him. If the state of the English before the Conquest was such as he describes, I think the Conquest was a great improvement. Kemble seems to differ *toto cælo* from him, and although I suppose Kemble was just as much run away with by his own theories, I think there is much more sense in his notions; about land tenure, commendation, the relation of *Lords*, etc. Both, however, have in common utter absence of method and indexes. How are you getting on with the Conquest? I saw Green the other day. He seems to have got a comfortable place, and I am going to look at it as soon as I can find a day.

Do you really think very much of Earle's *Chronicle*? I do not think I shall get it.

We got the Christening over on Thursday—William Walter.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

July 1, 1866.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have been looking at the tract on the Northumbrian Earls in Twysden. I do not see why it should not be Simeon's—the

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date 969 is of course wrong with respect to Ethelred as well as Ealdhun. Have you compared it with the last long note on S. Dun. in the *Monumenta*?

The fact about S. Edmund's seems to be that the house was secular until 1020, when Cnut introduced monks from S. Bennet of Hulm—so at least the Register of S. Ben. of Hulm says, and this agrees with your reference to Florence.

I do not know what is the authority for Gytha's founding Hartland. It is only ascribed to Bishop Tanner, but he, of course, did not make the statement without good authority.

I do not remember any college of priests erected by Cnut, except the Assandun one; but his reign seems to be the epoch for the foundation of a good many. I say "seems" because I am not quite sure, but I think that most of those mentioned in *Domesday* must have sprung up during the period 1016-1066.

Yours in great haste, very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

It appears that a number of names were formally sent in by candidates when the vacancy at Oxford was announced. On July 28, 1866, Lord Derby wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury to ask if Mr. Stubbs, though he "is not among the avowed candidates," would accept the post, and whether the acceptance would be with the Archbishop's concurrence. On August 2 the Prime Minister wrote to Mr. Stubbs—"I have much pleasure in saying that though I have not the honour of your personal acquaintance, your high reputation is such as to assure me that in proposing to submit your name for the Queen's approval I am taking a step which cannot but be acceptable and advantageous to the University." The reply that Stubbs wrote shows with how undisguised a delight he accepted the offer. To Freeman he wrote first of all.

NAVESTOCK,

August 4, (1866).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have a piece of news for you with which I trust you will be pleased. Lord Derby has offered me the Professorship and I have accepted it: of course I have to wait for the Queen's

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approval yet. I have only just heard of it, and I think you are the first person to be made to share in my pleasure.

I had sent in no application, but last week had a letter from a man whom I know slightly to ask whether I would take it. On Saturday Lord Derby wrote to the Archbishop, whose note I got on Tuesday, and this morning has brought the offer.

I did not like to write to you before I had something like probability to go upon, but it is only a week since the subject was mentioned to me. I had thought at first of standing, but knowing that Hook, Hardy, and Brewer considered themselves in a manner pledged to you I thought it better not. I know, my dear Freeman, that you will rejoice for me as I should have done for you, but I really wish that I could have had my success without your being disappointed. How much the success (if it is to be one) will have been owing to you—to your kind encouragement, interest in my studies, and unstinting praise, I feel and shall always do most intimately.

This must be a secret until I write to you about it again, but I could not bear not to tell you to-day.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

A few other letters bridge over the time till Stubbs settled in Oxford.

NAVESTOCK,

August 16, (1866).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you very much for your two very kind letters, which have helped to restore my courage as much as anything. I am just now beginning to think that I may soon see my way a little more clearly: I think I shall give up Navestock in October and live altogether at Oxford. I have seen a house; the one that the Haddans lived in very much enlarged; which I think will suit us as to size and rent for the present. I am not so clear about the Library. I think that if I can make it pay I shall keep it for the present at least. As long as I am at work for the Master of the Rolls I must have a *πρὸς στῶ* in London; and if the stipend of the Librarian is to be increased without increasing his attendance I think I should have the

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benefit of the change. I should be very glad to see Green in my place if I give up—but there are others to whom I think the Archbishop would offer it before referring to me on the matter. . . . I think Raine would be on every account the fittest man, and if the Abp. should require a daily attendance and give £200 a year, I think that Raine would have it offered him. Do not mention this ; for if I can get £100 a year by it, I shall certainly keep it as long as I can. Who will come to Navestock I wonder ? I am sorry to hear of Cox's illness. I saw Wayte and Shirley at Oxford on Tuesday.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

August 26, 1866.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you for your cheerful letter. I have been so busy thinking about myself, Benedict of Peterborough, and Kilcolman Lodge, that the Manx kings quite passed from my mind. You will find all about the early ones I think in the *Chronicon Manniæ*, which is in Munch, and in Johnstone, and in Camden's *Britannia*. And about the latter ones in a good *Peerage*, and so far as I know, there only. About Aachen and Elizabeth I do not remember what you asked me ; but you will excuse me, I know, considering the fuss I have been in ever since. About Navestock the case is this—the living is worth £400 clear now a year, and a house. It involves the keeping of a manservant, carriage and at least one horse. It is a very dear place, coals 30s. a ton and meat and everything buyable in proportion ; but of course there is no house rent nor garden stuff to buy. Everything is dear because we are so near London.

Now at Oxford we shall have, I suppose, about £600 a year clear, and what else can be made by fees—out of which will come house rent and taxes, about £74. Burrows, who seems to be a practical man in such things, tells me that it is not an expensive place so far as necessary expenses go—and of course we must cut our coats according to our cloth. *You cannot imagine* how little time for real work I have at Navestock : at present only two mornings and four evenings in a week. At Oxford I shall certainly have the Vacations, and I reckon

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on being able to undertake more literary work if I can get it. I have asked the Abp. and Wayte, and both agree in advising me to give up Navestock, as best for myself as well as for it; if I keep it I shall lose my vacations, and have to keep up house, horse, and garden and servants, with a curate as well. I have thought a good deal about it and it seems to be one of the few cases in which pocket and conscience coincide. I hope I shall be able to keep my Rolls work, but it seems very uncertain whether I can keep Lambeth. I saw the Abp. at Addington on Wednesday: he wants me to keep that; but a good deal will depend on the Eccl. Commissioners. If I do give up I shall do what I can for Green, but do not tell him so, as there are so many influences to be considered and I should not like to disappoint him.

Yours very faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

NAVESTOCK,

September 21, (1866).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I was thinking it was a long time since I heard from you, but I see you are like William the Conqueror and the Danegeld—make up the arrears with a run.

I am sorry to say that the greatest part of my books is on the way to Oxford, so that I cannot refer to them now, but I will see what I can do about Heath's speech on Monday. In the meanwhile—I did not write again about Man because I found the answer to your question in Camden and supposed that you had done so too. The title of king seems to have been attached to the Lordship if the Lord chose to be crowned and call himself so: i.e. he might be king because he was Lord, not Lord because he was king; and none of the Stanleys, I suppose, cared to provoke the ruling powers by taking up his right. I cannot find as yet the charter in which William Malet is called the uncle of Ranulf of Chester, but I will not forget about it. About the existence of Lucy there is no doubt—in the Pipe Roll of 31 Hen. I she fined not to be obliged to marry again and for some of her father's lands. "*Lucia Comitissa Cert. reddit computum de 266, 13. 4d. pro terra patris sui.*" . . . "*et debet 500 marcas argenti ne capiat virum*

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infra quinque annos.” If, however, she was really a daughter of Alfgar she must have been able to confess herself over sixty and been free to do as she liked, according to the Assize of Jerusalem at least. There are some other Lucias in the world about the same time, as you will find from Stapleton’s *Norman Rolls*. I think that it is quite probable that French women marrying English men did take English names; so many of them have aliases, down to John’s first wife. Kemble’s asterisks are really of no use and mean no more than that he suspected the charter in question. The omission of the asterisk involves nothing—except that he had not examined the charter critically. Many of his marked Charters are genuine. More of the unmarked spurious.

I am greatly troubled about poor Riddell. I had such a nice note from him about three weeks ago, but in a very shaky hand. It told me that he was very ill, but of course I was not prepared to hear of this.

I return your budget except Mayor’s letter, which I will return when I have verified Heath.

I have not begun any Eloge on anybody yet.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

LAMBETH PALACE,

October 15, (1866).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thanks for your kind letter. I think that when we get to Oxford we shall look on ourselves as quite neighbours of yours and hope we shall be good ones. We began our migration on Wednesday and hope to get settled about next week.

How did you like your visit to Chewton? I should much like to hear your account of the adventure. I have not seen Johnny Green since his return from Somerleaze, which (Somerleaze to wit) I hope has done him good. I read your Article on S. Calixtus yesterday with much pleasure inasmuch as I found that we agree more than I expected, and with much pain because you have said so much that I have already in type for my *Benedict*. However, the readers of the *Saturday* and of *Benedict* are not likely to be the same people. I shall have so much work on my hands of all sorts until Christmas

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that I shall not if I can help it give even any inaugural lecture until the Lent Term begins. If I can turn things over in my mind until Christmas I can soon put them together on paper. At Oxford on Saturday I saw Wayte, who told me about the President's resignation; and that there are some hopes of David Thomas's taking Navestock. Besides this I have no news and have seen nobody except the flesh and blood to whom Gladstone wants to give votes and who swear and steal a good deal, at least when they are made up into builders. We leave Navestock on Wednesday, so until further notice you may direct me there. When I get settled it will be Kilcolman Lodge, North Parade, Oxford.

My kind regards to Mrs. Freeman, your *débutante* and all the rest.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

On October 17 the Stubbs family left for Oxford: on October 26 the Letters Patent were read in Convocation, and the new Professor took the oath. He adds in his diary a note which marks the beginning of a new connexion and the confirmation of an old friendship: "Provost of Oriel called: Haddan came to tea."

On November 25, 1866, he preached his farewell sermons at Navestock, in the morning on Acts xx. 25, in the evening on Acts xx. 32.

On the 27th he records—"Visited the whole parish and wished good-bye."

II. PROFESSOR AND CANON, 1866-1884

FOR seventeen years Stubbs had been a country parson ; now for eighteen he was to be an Oxford Professor. In neither case did the post exhaust his activities. At Navestock, with all his earnest parochial work, he was able to lay deep foundations of learning, to show the firstfruits of his historical study, and to actively fulfil the duties of Lambeth Librarian. At Oxford duties even more engrossing, if not wider, beset him ; and while he was still Professor he was also at one time a country vicar, and later he was Canon of S. Paul's.

Before he had well settled down in Oxford the death of his friend Dr. Shirley, who had been a fellow contributor to the Rolls Series and shared his interests in medieval history, left vacant the chair of Ecclesiastical History. Many expected that Stubbs, the foremost ecclesiastical historian in the land, would be appointed to fill the post.

S. GILES'S ROAD EAST, OXFORD,

November 28 (1866).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thanks for your long letter, which I have been expecting so long. It is very sad indeed about Shirley, but I imagine there has been little hope for the last month. I should like, you may be sure, to go back to Christ Church, but I see no symptoms of it for the present. I suppose Lord Derby will have no difficulty in putting in a good Divinity scholar like Liddon : the character of the chair has been hitherto rather Divinity than History—Shirley as we know was accidentally a good appointment, but it was very like an accident altogether. Plumptre is talked about, but I *do* hope that it will not be so. The Parkers have asked us to meet you at dinner on Thursday and we shall be glad indeed to see you. I have just got home

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from poor old Navestock, where I have been wishing the people good-bye, and am very tired. I am glad you like Fortescue : I wish you could have persuaded him to like me, but that is no matter now. The schools will be on all the time you are here, but I hope you will come and see us as much as you can. I fear we cannot offer you a bed this time, for one of my sisters and her little girl are here.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

The Prime Minister took occasion to reward political service as well as conspicuous intellectual power, rather than special qualifications, by appointing Mr. H. L. Mansel, Waynflete Reader of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, to the Regius Professorship of Ecclesiastical History. The appointment was known on December 26, 1866. "I do not think, nor does Liddon," wrote William Bright on December 7, 1866, "that Lord Derby will appoint any one known as a thorough High Churchman ;" and when the appointment was made he said, "I think we may be thankful. . . . He is a *very* able man, a good Churchman, and a Conservative."¹

Mr. Sydney Hall produced an amusing cartoon to celebrate the rather unexpected appointment. The Professor-elect, whose rotundity of figure the artist has emphasized by rather tight-fitting garments, is represented as dancing with Oxonia, a tall and beautiful young lady. Her crinoline appears likely to hamper the movements of her partner. The college cap which Oxonia has presented to Mr. Mansel—not a good fit, be it said—has slipped to one side, giving him rather a rakish appearance, which forms a strong contrast to the expression of his face. His features portray a certain amount of anxiety, as if the learned Professor-elect foresaw difficulties in steering his young charge. In the background behind an umbrella—the emblem of Oxonia's rejection of him—Mr. Stubbs is hiding his head, presumably either through grief at Oxonia's preference for another or that he may not show his glee at witnessing the clumsy gambols of his successful rival.

The artist's inscription runs as follows—"Nemo saltat

¹ See *Letters of W. Bright* (Medd & Kidd), pp. 268 and xxix.

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nisi insanior.' This slide must be rattled through the camera at a 'round dance' pace. In Oxford there is a figure in a cotillon where the lady sits holding a college cap and an umbrella. Her partner sets before her two gentlemen. To one she gives the cap and waltzes with him (Oxonia waltzes with Mr. Mansel, her chosen Professor of Ecclesiastical History). The other (Mr. Stubbs—not chosen) follows their gyrations with the umbrella up. We don't know what Mr. Stubbs is like yet, never having heard a lecture from him, so he modestly holds the umbrella down. Sometimes the cap don't fit, which causes great glee to the bystanders."

The University indeed "never heard a lecture" from the new Modern History Professor till February 7, 1867. Meanwhile the following letters.

LAMBETH PALACE, S. .

January 30, (1867).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you for your long letter and for the proofs of the *Conquest* you sent with them. I have taken the liberty of having the latter put in boards to facilitate reading. I am going to read eighteen lectures on Constitutional History from Tacitus to Henry II this term if I can get an assembly enough to warrant the proceeding. I have written them nearly all, and shall enjoy reading your book and comparing views, as of course it will be rather a discursive series.

Ruskin has withdrawn from the Poetry Professorship, and now Kynaston and Doyle are all in the field, but it is said that others may emerge before the day, so it is as well not to commit oneself. So far I am in favour of Kynaston, who is a very fine scholar. I am requested to tell you, by whom I forget, that Doyle believed Titus Manlius Torquatus to have saved the Capitol.

I am vexed about Cox, for I certainly never intended to forget to write to him. I am almost certain that I did write, and that he was ill at the time. But I had so many kind letters from people who said, *don't answer this* (sensible men like Pinder and Bartlett), that it is possible I did not do it.

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I do not know who is to succeed Mansel.¹ Mozley and Chandler are mentioned.

Berkley's speeches at the Penny Readings are chronicled in the Chelmsford paper—not in the *Court Circular*—that is *Duckworth's* province.

It is uncertain to whom the next turn in the schools belongs—the man will be either Watson or Burrows.

About the change in the form of charters—I have come to think that it is a sign of the tendency to feudalism that was working through from Edgar's time to the Conquest. Clearly all the folcland was under the Conqueror *Terra Regis*, and although the king before the Conquest would not alienate folcland without the consent of the Witan, I think that the infection of feudalism may have spread so far as to recognize Edward as the fountain of legal possession, and so the *mention* of the Witan was dropped. Whether Canute introduced the change or it was a gradual developing I do not know, but it is not unlikely that Canute, having to set matters on a right footing so many ways, did actually introduce a change in this. It is possible, however, that they are grants out of the king's own demesne—but I cannot bring myself to think so, unless the national lands had come to be supposed to be vested primarily in the king.

Ethelred's Coronation Service is surely printed in the *Glory of Regality*, is it not? I only know it from Maskell.

There is nothing in *Monasticon* I. 24, old Edition, about Godwin or Edward; it is all about Augustine.

Does *Compater Harald* mean any more than that he and William Malet were "gossips"?

You will find Stapleton's *Rolls of the Norman Exchequer*, 2 vols., published by the Society of Antiquaries, 15s., invaluable for Norman pedigrees, descent of lands in Normandy, and so on. It is I believe a thoroughly trustworthy book, but it is confusedly written. However, it has an index. There is *Codex Dipl.* for Normandy other than the four vols. of MSS. at the Rolls. These are very interesting but a great many that are connected with English kings are printed in

¹ As Waynflete Professor. For a time Mansel held both Chairs. Mr. Sydney Hall drew an amusing caricature representing him falling between two stools.

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the *New Monasticon*, that is the great repertory of all Charters. You probably have Madox's *Formulare Anglicanum*. The English ones in Rymer are few, but I think good specimens of most of the forms.

I am sorry to hear that the Master of the Rolls has been obliged to disappoint J.R.G. again ; but I believe it was possible to recommend only three new books, and to have taken him would have cut out either me or Dimock. I do not say that if either of us had been passed over he could have been taken, because there were six or seven other fellows in the same predicament. Mind this is confidential, and you had better not say anything to him about it.

Thank you very much for your good wishes. I wish the Inaugural was well over.

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

I have finished *Ben. Petro*. I *do hope* that you will like it. I confess to liking it myself.

The inaugural lecture passed off at least as well as most of such performances do. They are too often regarded as a sort of graduate prize essay, in which a certain number of fireworks are expected, and nothing is considered interesting that is not novel, or worth saying that is not extraneous to the field on which the scholar is in the future to work. But Stubbs had definite views of the historian's functions, of the knowledge with which he should be equipped, and of the spirit in which he should work.

The spirit which dominated all that he did he took no pains to conceal. The thought came last in the lecture, but the utterance was emphatic. "There is, I speak humbly, in common with Natural Science, in the Study of Living History, a gradual approximation to a consciousness that we are growing into a perception of the workings of the Almighty Ruler of the world ; that we are growing able to justify the Eternal Wisdom, and by that justification to approve ourselves His children ; that we are coming to see, not only in His ruling of His Church in her spiritual character, but in His overruling of the world, to which His act of redemption has given a new and all-interesting character to His own people, a hand of justice and mercy,

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a hand of progress and order, a kind and wise disposition, ever leading the world on to the better, but never forcing, and out of the evil of man's working bringing continually that which is good. I do not fear to put it before you in this shape ; I state my own belief, and it is well that you should know it from the first."¹

"Conceive the thoughts of young Liberalism !" wrote J. R. Green, commenting to Freeman on this "religious close."

The lecture is to be read in the volume in which the author in later life collected some—too few—of his statutable discourses. But we have the criticism of it by a man of genius who belonged to the same school of hard work, of original work, which it was Stubbs's aim to found in Oxford. Green went down from Stepney to hear the lecture, and wrote of it with genuine appreciation not unmixed with criticism ; and he wrote also a criticism a few weeks later for the *Saturday Review*,² when the lecture had been printed and sent to a few friends. The criticism, in its personal aspect, is worth rescuing from the limbo of old newspapers.

"The choice of a successor to Mr. Goldwin Smith in the chair of Modern History at Oxford must have been a matter of no slight difficulty, but the hopes which were excited by the selection of Mr. Stubbs are more than justified by the Inaugural Lecture which is now before us. It would be easy indeed to draw a sharp contrast between the late occupant of the chair and his successor. No two men could at first sight seem more unlike than the brilliant epigrammatic politician and the profound, but comparatively obscure, historian who follows him ; but beneath this outer dissimilarity lie, in fact, strong points of resemblance, both in temper of mind and in the mode in which either would view the subject he proposed to teach. Both are essentially idealists ; both are men of deep and earnest convictions ; both are of a temper which—ardent partisans as they are—raises them high above what passes for party feeling ; both have distinct moral theories ; and both are bold and frank enough to state their moral theory as the ground of

¹ *Lectures on Medieval and Modern History*, p. 27.

² March 2, 1867. Part of this has been republished (1903) in Green's *Stray Studies* (Second Series) ; but most of what is here quoted is omitted.

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their historic teaching. Above all, both are larger than the mere chair which they fill. Each is in different ways admirably fitted to combat and counteract that narrowness of view which is the especial bane of University life—whether, like the one, by linking its studies with the thoughts and hopes and struggles of the world without it, or, like the other, by grasping in its whole extent the study which he himself is pursuing, and by revealing to Oxford the position which she actually occupies in the general area, as it were, of intellectual inquiry.

“This is perhaps the first point which strikes the reader in this Inaugural Lecture. It does not seem to occur to Professor Stubbs to view the study of history from a merely Oxford point of view. He speaks of it at once as a part of European culture, as a field of research which is far from being limited to academic ground. He is, to use his own emphatic words, ‘sensible of the greatness of the field, the variety of the instruments, the infinite multitude of the workers employed.’ He reviews ‘the immense treasures of historic lore which are now being poured liberally from the great storehouses of record throughout Europe.’ He points out Germany as busy with the great collection of Pertz, as France was of old busy with those of Bouquet and Mabillon, Italy finding funds in her utmost need for historic inquiries, Rome unlocking slowly the jealously-guarded treasures of the Vatican, our own series of Rolls publications at last justifying the zeal of Lord Romilly, the Record Offices of England, Venice, and Spain revealing in letter and dispatch buried intrigues whose very memory had passed away. Facilities of travel and communication render an easier matter than it was of old for scholars to labour at the arrangement of the vast mass of materials which has been spread before them by what Mr. Stubbs picturesquely enough calls ‘this sudden breaking up of the wells of historical refreshment.’ The growth of new literary sympathies, and the extinction of old literary jealousies, are knitting together the historical scholars of Europe into a ‘great republic of workers, able and willing to assist one another,’ and in that republic Oxford must find its place.

“‘I confess [ends the Professor] that it is towards this consummation that my dearest wishes as a student of history are directed, and that I anticipate with the greatest pleasure the

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prospect of being instrumental and able to assist in the founding an historical school in England, which shall join with the other workers of Europe in a common task, which shall build, not upon Hallam and Palgrave and Kemble and Froude and Macaulay, but on the abundant, collected, and arranged materials on which these writers tried to build while they were scanty and scattered, and in disorder.'

"It is just this broad survey of the world that is needed to give its due weight and dignity to any branch of study. Every place of education is necessarily tempted to estimate the importance of particular departments of learning rather by accidents peculiar to itself and to their relation to itself than by their general position in the minds and interests of man. That elevation above the local prepossessions of any particular University which the wanderings of students from Padua to Paris, and from Paris to Oxford, won for the Middle Ages, and which the conception of a Republic of Letters preserved, however vaguely, for the seventeenth and even eighteenth centuries, seems difficult to realize now, when Universities have shrunk into so much smaller parts of the world's education, and when within them seductive tests of value are constantly at hand in the different proportion of rewards, such as fellowships and professorships, which the institutions of the place attach to each different branch of intellectual inquiry. Mr. Stubbs will have done a real service to Oxford if only by reminding her that her work must ever be estimated by her relation to the world of letters and education of which she is but a part."

Green then passed lightly and with some touches of humour over the Professor's commemoration of his predecessors, and he welcomed the emphatic recognition of the scope and dignity of History in the place where, as Dr. Shirley had said, "there are few who do really love and care for it." He could not deny himself a reference to the recent appointment.

"It may be, indeed, that in face of the singular conception which the powers that be seem to entertain as to what history is, the efforts even of such men as Dr. Shirley are ineffective in removing the impression made upon minds very open to impressions by the promotion of a popular novelist to the historical chair at Cambridge, or the elevation of a leading metaphysician

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to the chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. The ground of such appointments is, no doubt, some vague notion in the minds of those to whom we owe them, that history is no special or definite study, but a part of that general mass of things which 'every gentleman is expected to know.' While such an idea is propagated by such appointments, it is hopeless to expect that young men will work in earnest at such a study. It is the first merit in the appointment of an historian to the chair of History, in the case of Mr. Stubbs, that it is at any rate a confession that such a study as that of history exists.

"In spite, however, of temporary discouragements such as these, we think that the very nature of the place itself, and of the subjects studied there, seem to point out Oxford as the fittest spot for the foundation of a sound school of historical inquiry."

The historical school would find its best setting in a place so full of historical interest ; so thought the enthusiastic Oxford citizen. And there—now he began to criticize—it should be free from the danger of splitting history into two, the distinction between Ancient and Modern History which Freeman always so vigorously protested against, but which Stubbs knew after all to have its root in fact and common sense.

"But it is yet more in the nature of Oxford studies that we see ground for the rise of an historical school which shall avoid the one error on which all sound investigation must be wrecked—the error of parting history into Ancient and Modern at all. It is an error which we fear the language of the new Professor will tend rather to encourage than to dispel. Perhaps the most brilliant part of his lecture, in a literary sense, is the elaborate contrast which he draws between the worlds of classical and of mediaeval history. The study of the one, he says, as compared with the study of the other, 'is like the study of life compared with that of death'—

"'The student of ancient history has his advantages : he can speculate on his skeleton, he can penetrate more deeply into the framework of ancient society, so far as his materials allow him ; he can handle the different parts, and form his political hypothesis as it pleases him, according to the various ways in which his skeleton can be put together ; he is little troubled by the fear of new facts or new developments making

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their appearance suddenly to put to flight his calculations ; he has all the existing materials for his investigation before him or within easy reach ; he has for the geographical area of his work a portion of the earth and its peoples that has had, since the roll of its own historians was closed, little to do with the active work of the world. He can work out principles at his will, he can educate his taste, and analyse and experiment to the very *ne plus ultra* of critical subtlety. But the principles he works out, and the results of his criticisms, are alike—things that give the world no new knowledge, or exercise no direct influence on the interests of real life. . . . In modern history, on the contrary, you are dealing with the living subject ; your field of examination is the living, working, thinking, growing world of to-day ; as distinguished from the dead world of Greece and Rome by the life that is in it, as it is in geographical area, and in the embarrassing abundance of the data from which only in their full integrity it is safe, or ever will be safe, to philosophize. England, France, Germany, the East—regions that have but a shadowy existence in the background of the pictures in which living Egypt, Rome, and Asia stand before us after thousands of years of death, in the bright colouring and lifelike grouping of yesterday—these are the area in which the modern historian seeks and finds the interest of his pursuit. Italy, the common ground of the sister studies, the strange borderland between light and darkness, in which alone the past seems to live, and the present, for the most part, to be a living death, has a double existence that fits and unfits her for the free handling of either. And in this new and modern and living world there has been, since the era began, such a continuity of life and development that hardly one point in its earliest life can be touched without the awakening some chord in the present.' ”

With those words, quoted by Green to condemn them, we may pass away from the criticism. One more quotation may be sufficient to show the spirit of the new Professor—

“ I desire to introduce myself to you, not as a philosopher, nor as a politician, but as a worker at history. Not that I have not strong views on politics, nor short and concise opinions on philosophy, but because this is my work, and I have taken it up in all sincerity and desire of truth, and wish to keep to

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my work, and to the sort of truth that I can help on in the inquiry ; because you have plenty of politicians and plenty of scholars to whom, if they wish to have it, I certainly will not begrudge the name of philosophers. I suppose that it is truth they are all seeking, and that though the sorts of truth are distinct and the ways that we work in are very different, when we have found what we seek for we shall find all our discoveries combine in harmony ; and I trust and believe that the more sincerely, the more single-heartedly we work each of us, the nearer we consciously come to the state where we shall see the oneness and glory and beauty of the truth itself. So that the theologian, the naturalist, the historian, the philosopher, if he work honestly, is gaining each for his brother, and being worked for each by his brother, in the pursuit of the great end, the great consummation of all. We may all speak humbly, the theologian because of the excellence of his subject, the rest because of the vastness of our field of work, the length of our art, and the shortness of our life ; but we cannot afford to speak contemptuously of any sort of knowledge, and God forbid that we should speak contemptuously or hypercritically of any honest worker."

Work undertaken in this spirit by a man of commanding ability could not fail to be great.

First a word as to his surroundings.

He was welcomed back by old friends ; and new friends speedily claimed him. He soon found that he must confine himself to Oxford, at least for the first few years. On July 22, 1867, the Lambeth appointment came to an end. The circumstances in which the Library was placed by the folly of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—it is possible to use the phrase, true though it be, after the lapse of nearly forty years—were tersely expressed by John Richard Green in an article in the *Saturday Review* of September 14, 1867, since reprinted in his *Stray Studies* (Second Series). A year and a half later a more satisfactory arrangement enabled Green himself to become the Archbishop's Librarian in succession to Stubbs (see below, p. 156). In October, Oriel College, with which the professorship was connected by statute, elected Stubbs to a fellowship ; it was an association which he deeply valued. On November 3, preaching before the University on Ephe-

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sians v. 16, he decidedly ranged himself with his old friends, and spoke with all sad severity of the anti-Christian tendencies of the press and the so-called Liberalism of the day. He found himself welcomed by the party of Conservative Churchmen which still held together in Oxford, and—perhaps most warmly and conspicuously—by Dr. Pusey. The association of the two scholars became close and affectionate. Notes of questions about a matter of historical or theological learning continually passed from Christ Church to Stubbs's house. In matters of University politics the two men were generally agreed, and they wrote freely.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

I hope that you will be able to take part to-morrow at two in congregation against the autocracy of Mill and the antitheistic philosophy.

Yours affectionately,

E. B. PUSEY.

Or “Have you made up your mind as to whom you would prefer for Bodley's Librarian?” writes Dr. Pusey, expressing a strong belief in the value of the British Museum training, speaking of Scott and Neubauer among the candidates, and adding, “As to the qualifications of the rest whose names I have seen, Hatch, Kitchin, Bywater, I know absolutely nothing.” In 1869 was published the *Tractatus de veritate Conceptionis beatissimæ Virginis* of Torquemada (1437), edited by Dr. Pusey, on the text of which Stubbs expended, as he said in 1900, “a good deal of mechanical labour.” Then from the Ascot Hermitage, Bracknell, Dr. Pusey wrote when the work was done—

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

I have been very long in congratulating you as well as myself on the satisfactory termination of your labours, but they told me at first that you were gone I know not where. Then I suffered for a long time . . . I have not heard how it is received except the contempt which one knew *The Month* would bestow upon it. I have one letter also from a R.C. thinking it ill-timed. However, there are

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many things which one does in life, and indeed the most of them, which one does without knowing that any good would come of them except that they seem the right thing to do, and so one is not disappointed if nothing comes of them. I should have felt as if I had missed something if, when there was the opportunity of publishing Card. de Turr., it had not been done ; and I am equally grateful to you for doing it, whatever comes of it. Good may come still.

Your labours are very satisfactory. It is a good work well done. The enclosed is but a little return for much labour, which you will accept for your little ones. *The* reward of all things is elsewhere.

Believe me

Yours affectionately,

E. B. PUSEY.

The influence exercised on the young Professor by the aged saint, who had for so many years lived in Oxford the life of simple devotion and of consecrated learning, was profound. It was summed up when, the day after his death, Stubbs commemorated his " Master " from the pulpit of S. Paul's.

" Yesterday, beloved, it pleased God to call to His mercy an aged servant, of whom we may, with good confidence, say that he never halted in his Master's service. The name of Dr. Pusey has been for close upon fifty years daily on the lips, for praise or blame, of all Englishmen who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. He was a man of noble birth, of good fortune, of high ambitions ; a man of large and most diversified learning, the most acute and best furnished of scholars ; of the most critical judgment, the most thorough and minute knowledge of business, the greatest insight into character, of the widest and kindest sympathy with every good cause. Unflinching in his advocacy of the right, the readiest and most vigilant champion of the faith against attack from every quarter, he was, as I need hardly say, throughout his life the mark for every kind of detraction—detraction the most painful when he saw it fall on his friends, for whom for years and years the very note of his friendship was a ban in the opinion of the great world. He as a good soldier of Jesus Christ had more than his own hardships to endure, bearing the burden of many

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sorrows and the failings and disappointments of many men. And his influence, like the influence of all sound and sympathetic work, has entered into countless lives ; thousands to whom personally his name is but a name are rejoicing in the knowledge, delight and liberty that his labours won for them.

“ But by what shall we who have worked with him and loved and honoured him remember him best ? Neither by his unbounded learning, nor his wonderful shrewdness, nor the curious versatility that concurred with the strength of his mind and the abundance of his resources to make him a power in the Church ; nor yet by his many charities, the countless labours of his love, or his wide sympathies, pouring in wine and oil to the wounds of all distressed by sin and sorrow ; nor by his profound humility, nor his intense devotion in and out of the House of God. All these were but the expression of that which gave unity and strength and industry and consistency to the whole, his one single purpose to serve, in all things and at all times, and in all cases and in all quarters, for many years the Lord and Master whose cross he so gently and steadily bore, in much weakness of body, and in the loneliness of an almost desolate home. I have said we know not one in a thousand of whom it would be safe to say that he never tried to serve two masters ; here is the one in a thousand. God help us to tread in his steps, and as he has gone down to his grave full of years and labours, and with the assured blessing of his Lord on the fruits of them, having been faithful in all the few things, fitted to be a ruler over many things, entering into the joy of his Lord ; let us take courage and spirit to fulfil our task in the same hope : that having the eye single, the whole body may be full of light, a vessel in time fitted to do some little service, little indeed, but all for God. We thank God for the example.”

The memory of Dr. Pusey was closely linked to the affectionate friendship with his old friend and pupil Liddon, which Stubbs, now that he was a brother Professor, was able to resume. He was to be later his brother Canon ; but all these years he was his closest friend and fellow student, the strongest link that now bound him to his old College. Years later when Liddon's life was ended, Stubbs, then Bishop of Oxford, wrote of him—“ He was so distinctly an Oxford man in all

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senses, that we can never cross the great quadrangle without thinking of him as still in spirit working on us and with us." At each crisis of his life Stubbs consulted his "closest friend." They thought together on all great questions that belonged to religion and the Church. It may be worth mentioning in this connexion that when it was proposed in 1883 to send a memorial of congratulation from the University to the German Emperor on the occasion of the Luther Commemoration, Stubbs opposed it in the Hebdomadal Council, and the proposal was eventually rejected in Congregation by 132 to 94.

In returning to Oxford, Stubbs found the University greatly changed. There was still, in the last resort, a somewhat shallow clerical majority ; but the spirit of the place was—so it seemed to him—one of crude Liberalism. And Liberalism in religion—in the sense in which the Tractarians denounced it—was always for him *anathema*. When he first preached before the University, on November 3, 1867, he emphasized the position which he had taken up in the inaugural lecture. The Divine government of the world—that was the clue to life ; and that it was which was being attacked on every side. "The days are evil" was his text ; and he said—"With a few notable exceptions, the whole of the popular press is ostentatiously and implacably set against religion." But the firmness of faith could meet the attack, though the attack was one to be truly feared. "We know in Whom we have believed, and that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day. But we do fear and are dismayed for our children, our friends who have not yet realized our experience of the loving-kindness of the Lord, we do dread the loss of those without whom heaven itself would hardly be heaven to us." A survey of the world showed danger, but it showed the answer. "There is no danger to the Church from science, but there is great danger to men's souls from the mistakes and misrepresentations of scientific men." From the study of History "the Church has everything to gain ; from the critical examination of every existing movement, from the cultivation of a critical habit in every thinking being, the ministers of religion have nothing to fear, everything to hope. But from the exaggerations of imaginary discoveries, from the warped and narrow conclusions of special investiga-

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tions, from the same unhappy one-sidedness which is the overweening temptation of the scientific mind, much scandal does originate and many are led astray." The answer, the hope, is—more prayer, more intelligent prayer, more work, more devoted work. The sermon is one which might well be read again to-day. Here it is mentioned only to show how clearly the new History Professor took his stand, when he returned to Oxford, *super antiquas vias*.

This was seen at once when he set to work in Oxford. His chair was not to make him forget that he was a clergyman. While he devoted himself mainly to his historical work Stubbs did not in any degree relax his ecclesiastical interests. He was still anxious, for example, to work more exclusively at Church History. Thus he applied, when Dr. Mansel was made Dean of S. Paul's, to Dr. Longley to help him to obtain the vacant chair.

On October 12, 1868, the Archbishop wrote—"On hearing of Dr. Mansel's promotion, I had thought of your advancement to the professorship which he vacates, because I really know of no man so eminently qualified to adorn the chair of Ecclesiastical History. I shall be very much surprised if any Oxford man can be found so thoroughly versed in those studies which especially fit a man for that post. It is contrary to my general rule to make direct application to the Prime Minister in matters of preferment; but I am always willing and glad to place in the hands of candidates for any post, who are deserving of the recommendation, an expression of my good opinion in their favour, and I have no hesitation in saying that I can most conscientiously and most strongly recommend you for the vacant chair; being persuaded that you will bring to it an amount of ability and learning which I do not expect will be equalled by any other candidate."

Mr Disraeli, however, recommended Mr. William Bright, Fellow of University College, whose knowledge of Ecclesiastical History was even then little if at all inferior to that of Mr. Stubbs, for the vacant chair. Stubbs, who was from that date, if not before—I cannot find traces of an earlier acquaintance—his warm friend, wrote to cordially congratulate him. This was the reply—

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,

November 3, 1868.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

I thank you very specially for your kind note. I value it more than I can say. As yet, I have no official intimation of the Queen's pleasure, and I have not seen this morning's paper.

One thing I must say, and I know you will believe, that I cannot receive congratulations from you on this occasion—supposing it to be a *fait accompli*—without a sense of pain. When the proposal was made to me, I considered whether, if I declined it, *your* appointment could be secured. The one friend whom I consulted (I could not consult more than one) assured me that this could not be counted on. I suppose that the truth was, that to fill up the chair of Modern History would have been a difficult task for the Government.

Ever yours sincerely,

W. BRIGHT.

Before we turn to the letters which are concerned chiefly with historical matters it may be well to conclude the references to Stubbs's strictly clerical work. In the summer of 1872 he took a holiday in Yorkshire, and he preached two sermons which he afterwards printed. The first, on August 10, was on the anniversary of the consecration of Christ Church, Coatham, and the preacher spoke in pathetic words of the memories of sorrow and suffering which many brought with them when they came to the sea for new air or rest or change of scene, and of how with them they received new thoughts, and blessings at the hand of God. Then, a vindication of elaboration and care in the service of the Church. "It is as an expression of love and devotion that ritual worship has its value. . . . It is not, beloved, believe me, to work on the minds of the ignorant, or excite the feelings of the sluggish, that the accessories of devout worship are multiplied. Something might be said on those points, and has often been said. But it is as an offering of worship; an offering, in the several offices according to their solemnity, that this ought to be regarded. We bring to our Church, to our Lord, the best we have to bring; it is of Thine own that we give Thee, not grudgingly or of necessity."

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On October 7 he preached at Knaresborough, after the re-opening of the parish church. The law of change was his subject: the experience of change: yet "there is not one transitory thing that He puts away and it is changed, that He does not restore to us, making ever glorious and eternal in the gift of Himself." A touching commemoration of the holy souls who in that place had shown forth their love of God and had passed to His peace was the centre of the sermon, and then a thanksgiving for the love of the sanctuary as a token of love for God. Superstitious reverence for holy things was no danger, he said, of the day: the enemy of Christ once used idolatry and superstition as snares: "Now he uses the pride of human intellect and the pride of human freedom to make the light yoke of the Gospel irksome, and the true freedom wherewith the Truth makes free a service of slavery." That was the danger which appealed most to the Oxford Professor who found himself returned to the University at the height of the "Liberal reaction" of the 'seventies.

On October 10 he finished his holiday by reading a paper at the Church Congress at Leeds.

During the succeeding two years he had no strictly clerical "duty" out of Oxford. He was one of the earliest examiners in the Honour School of Theology, when that examination was founded to encourage the scientific study of theology, in connexion with the Church of England faculty in the University, as a counterpoise to the growing secularization of Oxford. The examinations were from the first restricted to those in priests' orders.

But Stubbs was not satisfied to be wholly without pastoral cares. In 1875 he accepted the Oriel College living of Cholderton, Wilts, residing there chiefly in the Long Vacation. The Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Moberly, writing to him on February 22, 1875, expressed the greatest eagerness to induce him to take the living, and assured him that he might legally count as residence on his benefice the whole of the term-times at Oxford, and would still be entitled to three months' leave without licence. Thus he only resided for three months during the summer. "A nice kind gentleman" is the people's memory of him. He was inducted on April 17 and "read himself in" the next day. He gave new hymn books, and a

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new organ was put in the church. These are the events of his incumbency. The book of *Memoranda Parochialia* thus records the conclusion of his occupancy of the living :

“ In 1879 in the month of April I was gazetted to a canonry residentiary at S. Paul’s and determined to resign Cholderton at the following Michaelmas. On the 9th of October I sent in my resignation to the Bishop of Salisbury, and it was accepted on the 20th, when the living became vacant. I returned to Mr. Brown in consideration of his losses in harvest, etc., the sum of £30 deducted from his rent and tithe-rent charge.

WILLIAM STUBBS, D.D.”

We turn now to the work which he was most directly called to do. It was general as well as purely historical. A professor in Oxford must indeed be a recluse who would keep apart from the elaborate complications of University business. It was no wish of Stubbs to neglect any duty that was put before him : some were pleasanter than others, but all were unselfishly undertaken. The record of them now has no special interest. As a Curator of the Bodleian Library—he was elected on November 20, 1869, by a majority of forty-two over Professor Rolleston—and a Delegate of the Press, he was doing work which no man in Oxford could do so well. As a member of the Hebdomadal Council (the voting was—Stubbs 110, Bernard 100, Pusey 90, Jowett 85) he was discharging duties less congenial ; as junior Dean of Oriel (1875) he might seem to be even more out of place. On November 25, 1876, he was elected to an honorary fellowship of Balliol ; in the same year he undertook the duties of chaplain in that College. When in the summer of 1878 he was in doubt whether to take the living of S. Mary’s, which is in the gift of Oriel, and which the College pressed upon him, the Master of Balliol wrote thus to him—

MY DEAR PROFESSOR STUBBS,—

About the chaplaincy, let me say first of all that we shall always think it an honour to have you as chaplain as long as you are able to remain.

I have thought over the subject of St. Mary’s again and

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cannot see it in a different light. When a person is very distinguished in one line he had better not take another which is liable to distract him from it. It is a misery to lead a divided life. I do not see how the vicarage of St. Mary's in the centre of Oxford can be other than an arduous post. The chief good that can be done there is by preaching; and to preach well you would have to withdraw your mind from History and devote it to writing sermons. As a clergyman it is natural that a person should wish sometimes to do good in the ordinary sense of the word, but you have been taken away from this to a higher sort of work which very few can do, though there are many good clergymen. I do not think that the wishes of the College, any more than the discouragement of the Bishop, should weigh with you in a matter seriously affecting your own future life and reputation. The arguments which you urge seem to show that you should give up Cholderton rather than that you should take what I think will be found if properly fulfilled a still more arduous duty.

I have stated my reasons rather boldly, as they appear to the spectator *ab extra*. They would influence me if I were in your place. But I do not expect them to influence you. For many reasons I should like to see you Vicar of St. Mary's; but it seems to me to be impossible that in such a position you should carry on your historical work with equal energy and success.

Excuse haste, and believe me

Ever yours,

B. JOWETT.

OXFORD. *July* 11.

The implied opinion of Mr. Jowett upon his sermons was one not uncommonly held. As in every other work, so in preaching, the powers of Dr. Stubbs seem to develope and win strength as he grows older. When he was at S. Paul's, the contrast between the congregation which heard him and that which heard Liddon was great: he would say, "I observe that the newspapers, when they mention a Sunday during my months of duty, will say, 'The sermons in the morning and evening were preached by Mr. A. and Mr. B. In the afternoon *the pulpit was occupied* by the Canon in residence.' " But those

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who heard him preach were impressed by the deep thought and earnestness of his sermons. He was emphatically a preacher who expected his hearers to follow him closely, and who rewarded them when they did. Severe he was, but you felt that below the severity lay a deep knowledge of human nature, and a sympathy as true and as deep.

In Oxford Dr. Stubbs belonged to the History Tutors' Association from its institution, though he rarely if ever attended its dinners, and he was an honorary member of the Law Club, which also mingles its learning with festivity. It may be added here that in 1897 he consented to join the (nameless, but also dining) Club of which the members then were—Dr. Austin, Fellow of S. John's, who had been in Paris all through the siege and the Commune as a *Times* correspondent; Mr. Brodrick, Warden of Merton; Mr. Bryce; Mr. Daniel, now Provost of Worcester; Dr. Fowler, President of Corpus; Mr. Henry Furneaux; Mr. Godley, of Magdalen; Sir M. E. Grant-Duff; Mr. Monro, Provost of Oriel; Mr. E. Myers; Mr. Pelham, now President of Trinity; Mr. Raper, of Trinity; Dr. Shadwell, of Oriel; Mr. A. L. Smith, of Balliol; Mr. Thorley, Warden of Wadham; Mr. Albert Watson, formerly Principal of Brasenose; and Mr. Willert, of Exeter.

But, as he said in his farewell lecture, he was never able to reconcile himself with dinner parties, or smoking, or late hours; so that he was almost as rare an attendant at the meetings of those clubs as he was at Sunday breakfasts or University sermons.

His life in Oxford was one of hard, unstinted, and unselfish work, and it was lived on simple and unconventional lines. He abstained from "controversy, religious, political, or historical": he helped other scholars constantly: he was always accessible to the humblest student. His diary shows the nature of his daily work. First, there were lectures, then books: of both of these, more anon. Then there were the duties piled upon the willing shoulders, which have already been very briefly touched on. Then there were brief foreign or Yorkshire holidays—in 1871 in Germany, Cologne, Mainz, Munich, Salzburg, Ischl, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Leipzig, Magdeburg; in 1872, Yorkshire by the sea and in the forest; in 1873, only a four days' run to Arras and Paris to collate

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MSS. ; in 1874, to Yorkshire, for the Archaeological Society, and to read court rolls, and to S. Davids ; in 1875, to Germany for a few days only ; and thenceforth the holiday only at Cholderton.

The diary records also the election as Honorary Student of Christ Church in 1878 ; the Examinerships in Theology, Law and History, and History ; the first and subsequent meetings with Gladstone ; the dinner with Prince Leopold, then a student at Oxford ; the preaching of University sermons, and the like.

Whatever he may have felt of other sides of his work, there can be little doubt that the Regius Professor of Modern History found in his Oxford historical work pure pleasure. His protests against the hampering restrictions of the pedantic University Commission of 1878 were perhaps not more than humorous. His early disappointments in regard to attendance at his lectures—it had already in his day become an article of faith to the undergraduate not to attend professors' lectures (unless they had been college tutors and continued to deliver the same discourses as before), because he imagined that they did not "pay for the schools"—were more than compensated by the warm appreciation of a growing body of friends and disciples among the tutors. Professor Montagu Burrows, who had won the Chichele chair against him in 1872, and did not even know till afterwards that he had been a candidate, was most cordial in his welcome ; and the two professors, each taking his own line, worked together without an hour's disagreement for eighteen years. Thus humorously Stubbs summed up their connexion, in lines written and passed along to Professor Burrows when both were sitting at the Hebdomadal Council on February 17, 1879—

Stubbs burrows for historic treasures
In dull original research ;
Burrows stubs up the roots of measures
That threaten to subvert the Church.
Each to each a worthy brother,
Neither can do without the other.

No one can draw straighter furrows
Than the good Professor Burrows ;
None in Oxford deeper grubs

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Than the good Professor Stubbs:
No wonder—it must be allowed,
So many men are daily ploughed.

Other names of old friends, colleagues, pupils, can be picked out from old lectures and old letters, such as—and the list is far from being exhaustive—G. W. Kitchin, James Bryce, C. L. Shadwell, S. J. Owen, Laing (Cuthbert Shields), C. W. Boase, M. Creighton, A. H. Johnson.

With the work of these men, through whom the study of History and kindred studies were being reorganized and systematized in Oxford, Stubbs cordially co-operated. He was distinct from them, and—they would be the first to admit—above them, in his special line ; but he never lived or worked apart. He took his full share in the creation of that flourishing school of Modern History which in the number of its students now rivals that of *Literae Humaniores* itself. He helped the undergraduates themselves in their attempts at private study and combined work. One at least of those who came to know him in the later years of his Oxford life may say that he owes whatever sense he has of the full seriousness and dignity of historical investigation to his lectures, and to his personal suggestions and advice to a timid and ignorant undergraduate.

For some years he took pupils from Balliol who were reading for honours in Modern History. They were usually Brakenbury scholars. Among them were Mr. J. Horace Round and Mr. T. F. Tout, now Professor at the Owens College, Manchester. In the work of both he took the keenest interest, and he had the highest opinion of their powers. Another pupil in whom also he discerned the making of a true historical scholar was Mr. C. H. Firth. Now and then some of the abler among the Baliol commoners took their essays. Mr. R. L. Poole writes to me : “What he did as a tutor was mainly to impress one with the mass of learning which he possessed and to train one in judgment of affairs and criticism of authorities. He never attempted to supply gaps which we ought to have supplied for ourselves. This was the right plan ; a plan which has since been given up, to the ruin of historical teaching here.”

The lectures which he delivered—the public statutory lectures—some of which he afterwards collected into a volume, and

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the courses—on German History, on the legislation of the Norman kings, or on the documents of Henry II's reign, for example—were all of a piece. The same marks are on them all, accuracy, sympathy, profound judgment. Thus, while he was a man of strong convictions and loyalties, he was never a partisan. He could speak of Dr. Pusey as "the master," and of the execution of Charles I as "the tragedy of the Royal Martyr, itself the sealing of the Crown of England to the faith of the Church," without departing from the rigid impartiality of the historic teacher. "It was not my work," he said, when he had held the chair of History at Oxford for ten years, speaking with the delightful humour and the sound sense which his audience came to look for in those very informal statutory lectures—"It was not my work to make men Whigs or Tories, but to do my best, having Whigs and Tories by nature as the matter I was to work upon, to make the Whigs good, wise, sensible Whigs, and the Tories good, wise, sensible Tories; to teach them to choose their weapons and to use them fairly and honestly. Well, I still adhere to that view, and every year what I see in public life around me confirms my belief in the truth and value of the principle. How far I have been successful in acting upon it I cannot, of course, say; but I feel sure that the growth of sound historical teaching would have spared us such national humiliation as we have undergone, during the last few years, in the treatment of the Public Worship Act, the Judicature Act, and the Royal Titles Act. I am quite sure that both the speakers and writers on those subjects would have been very much wiser and more modest men if they had, I will not say attended my lectures, but passed a stiff examination in the History school; if we could not have made them wiser, we would at all events have made them sadder."

Insensibly in writing of Dr. Stubbs we fall into quoting his own words. No others can fully explain him. He made what he was, what he thought, what he taught, transparently clear to those who had eyes to see, by the strangely elaborate but yet entirely natural complexities of his literary style. "Steeped in clerical and conservative principles" he called himself, and yet he rejoiced that he scarcely betrayed "ecclesiastical prejudice or political bias." In a fine passage he once

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described how he understood "the clerical spirit and mind" to be that "which regards truth and justice above all things, which believes what it believes firmly and intelligently, but with a belief that is fully convinced that truth and justice must in the end confirm the doctrine that it upholds; with a belief that party statement and highly coloured pictures of friend and foe alike are dangerous enemies of truth and justice, and damage in the long run the cause that employs them; that all sides have everything to gain and nothing to lose by full and fair knowledge of the truth. And a clerical view of professional responsibility I take to be the knowledge that I am working in God's sight and for His purposes."

With this "clerical" outlook, the mind of Dr. Stubbs was yet essentially critical, quite as much as it was, or, perhaps, because it was, sympathetic. It was this which caused him, while he readily welcomed historical discoveries on particular points, such as those of Professor Vinogradoff, to reiterate in the last edition of his *Select Charters* a caution as to the unsound methods which seemed to him to be coming into fashion. A theologian once said to me, "He has an essentially sceptical mind": perhaps, if he had known it, the good man meant no more than that Stubbs was *par excellence* an historian.

Yet no one who knew anything of the Bishop's work doubted that one of its characteristic excellences was due to the fact that he was a theologian as well as an historian. Much that has been dark to other writers on medieval history was clear to him because he knew the theology of the Fathers and the philosophy of the schoolmen as well as the chronicles of the monks and the laws of the kings. The extraordinary width of his reading in ancient and modern literature was another special feature which gave distinction to his work. It gave, too, it may be added, inimitable humour to his lectures. Those who heard him will not forget how he illustrated Robertson's view of Charles V by the *Hunting of the Snark*.

It is easiest to remember, in the lectures, the indescribable "twinkle" with which he approached and finally enunciated a joke. He had not the smallest pretence of "dignity" in his style, or in his treatment of a subject, however dry it might be. "Henry VIII continued his high jinks with Anne

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Bullen," he would say ; or he would suddenly interpolate a dīstich—

Oh ! give me a chisel, oh ! give me a saw—
To cut off the leg of my mother-in-law.

For the most part his head was bent over the high desk, in the room on the ground floor of the Taylorian building where he lectured ; and he read rather fast, and in a quiet unemotional tone. It was never rhetoric, it was rarely passion or feeling, but it was the extraordinary clearness, and force, and breadth of what he said which impressed the little band of his hearers.

These were the qualities which marked also his books. Something has been said of his earlier work and of the famous contributions to the Rolls Series. The three volumes of *Councils* which he edited at first in conjunction with A. W. Haddan—his friend of nearly forty years—are an indispensable adjunct, or introduction, to Wilkins and a permanent addition to knowledge. For several years he gave assistance to the important work of the *Dictionary of Christian Biography* (1877-1887) : at Dr. J. B. Lightfoot's earnest request he took almost all the early English saints and kings and churchmen, and some of his most valuable contributions to learning appeared in this modest form—the life of Bede, for example, is a very model of its kind. In 1870 he published a volume of *Select Charters* illustrative of English Constitutional History, which at once became a text-book for students, and speedily ran through several editions. It was a book, said Freeman enthusiastically, "worthy of the unerring learning and critical power of the first of living scholars." It was at least new work and illuminative work, and it laid the foundation of almost all the later investigation of Constitutional *origines* by English scholars. But it was only the prelude to a much more famous book—the book on which, for the mass of readers, the fame of its author must always rest. The *Constitutional History of England*, published in 1874-1878, showed that the editor of medieval texts was also a great original worker. Nothing on so great a scale had been attempted in England since Gibbon ; and the insight, the breadth, the extraordinary accuracy of the work

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recalled the memory of the greatest of English historians. "The history of institutions," wrote the author, in a Preface which has become classical among historical students, "cannot be mastered, can scarcely be approached without an effort. It affords little of the romantic incident or of the picturesque grouping which constitute the charm of history in general, and holds out small temptation to the mind that requires to be tempted to the study of truth. But it has a deep value and an abiding interest to those who have the courage to work upon it. It presents, in every branch, a regularly developed series of causes and consequences, and abounds in examples of that continuity of life the realization of which is necessary to give the reader a personal hold on the past and a right judgment of the present. For the roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is."

The book which was introduced in these words was one which many people found could not be approached "without an effort"; but it was one which left on its readers the ineffaceable impression that "nothing in the past is dead." Perhaps, when it is read again and again, it appeals even more than by its massive learning, its extraordinary patience of investigation, and its singular acuteness of insight, by its deep sympathy for human life, in its weakness as well as in its heroism, in its efforts as well as in its successes.

The feature of the book which no doubt most struck those who studied it, and which still remains remarkable indeed, was its accuracy. English constitutional history in its earlier stages has, since Stubbs first wrote, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, been revolutionized; but it is astonishing how little there is to alter in what he has said. He was eminently cautious as well as eminently accurate. But the accuracy of the book was only one of its many merits. It gave a *conspectus* of English history up to the end of the Middle Ages such as no other book has ever given—exact, illuminative, vigorous, sympathetic. The mass of details, financial, administrative, military, as well as political, was marshalled with an extraordinary precision. The longest and most arid investigations, when they were accomplished, were seen to yield the clearest and most important results. With an

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entire absence of assumption, or strain, or unwarrantable picturesqueness, or hasty generalization; the past was made to live truthfully before the reader, as few writers indeed have made it live. Dr. Stubbs's method was primarily one of exhaustive investigation and patient building up of conclusions. It was rare that he allowed himself the opportunity for eloquence; but when the opportunity came he showed that he could take it, and there are few more eloquent passages in English prose than his character of Henry V. Thus, writing with a freer pen, and in a style more directly pictorial, he made a living study of *The Early Plantagenets*, a little book which he wrote between January 25 and March 11, 1876, for a popular series, and which is perhaps the most vivid of all his works.

The *Constitutional History of England* belongs to the literary history of Europe. It is needless here to say any more of the most monumental work of English historical scholarship since Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

From the first the work was recognized by the applause of foreign nations. "Judging from the reception accorded to it," said its author in 1876, when two volumes only had been published, "I think I should say that it has met with more appreciative and intelligent reception in Germany than in England."¹ The University distinctions conferred upon him substantiate this view. He was not made D.D. by his own University till 1879, and Honorary D.C.L. (an inversion of old custom, by which the Doctor's degree in an inferior faculty was never conferred on one who held that in Divinity) till 1893, he became Hon. LL.D. of Cambridge in 1879 and of Edinburgh in 1880, but he was made Corresponding Member of the Gesellschaft zu Wissenschaften of Göttingen in 1872, an Hon. Member of the Royal Irish Academy and of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1876, a Member of the Royal Bavarian Academy in 1880. But the list of foreign and English honours is endless; it may be sufficient to say that the distinguished English scholar became Doctor *in utroque jure* at Heidelberg, a member of the Court of the Victoria University, an Honorary Member of the Imperial University of S. Vladimir of Kiev, and of the Royal Bavarian, Prussian,

¹ *Lectures* (3rd edition), p. 32.

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and Danish Academies, Correspondent of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of the Academy of France, and finally, on January 24, 1897, he received the rare distinction of election as a Foreign Knight of the Prussian Order, *pour le mérite*, conferred upon him by the Emperor and King. Among other offices that he held, it may be here noted, were those of President of the Surtees Society and President of the Chetham Society.

The *Constitutional History* brought him at once into association with foreign scholars. Dr. Liebermann, to whose distinguished work Dr. Stubbs constantly referred with warm approbation, has sent me an interesting note on their association. I will here insert it, with some letters. They first met at Göttingen in the Library, when Dr. Stubbs in 1875 was visiting Dr. Waitz and Dr. Pauli; and letters afterwards passed between them on points in which they were equally interested. In Oxford Dr. Liebermann found a warm welcome from his brother student. The deep respect which Dr. Liebermann expressed for the English scholar was thoroughly reciprocated. Some letters from Dr. Pauli, the first of modern German historians to study English history intimately, may best follow in their course among the other letters of this period.

Dr. Liebermann writes thus:

November 17, 1902.

SIR,—

In answer to your favour of the 31st October, I should esteem it a great honour if I could contribute in any way to make the literary monument of the greatest historian of medieval England as complete as possible. This would at the same time be the mere duty of personal gratitude, as this lamented scholar for more than a quarter of a century not only showed some interest in my work—nay, partly made it at all possible by introducing me to Libraries difficult of access—but repeatedly encouraged me by kind words or publicly in print.

But the nine letters I beg to enclose—all I have—hardly possess any general interest. Treasures to me, or rather now precious relics, they may still be tokens of his unfailing helpfulness, kindness and courtesy.

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I was introduced to Stubbs by Pauli in 1874 (or 5 ?) in the historical department of the Göttingen Library. I was then preparing a Doctor's thesis on the *Dialogus de scaccario*, and being asked by him, on this book I proposed some textual emendations which he approved, and dared to oppose his brilliant hypothesis on the identity of its author with the so-called Benedictus Abbas. Though I was a very young beginner—possibly somewhat forward too—this great historian freely admitted that he might have erred: a modesty that left a lasting impression on me. "He's a regular jurist," I heard him saying to Pauli when, after a few minutes, he went away.

Later on I visited him in his canonry at St. Paul's. He there told me, when I complained how few the readers of my researches were, that only 200 copies of his *Councils* had been sold.

In Oxford he once brought me a heavy Oriel MS. under his gown to my seat in the Bodleian—this was before the lending arrangements with the Colleges—in order to save me the time of walking across.

In stupid ignorance of his habits, I called on him after the nine o'clock closing of the Radcliffe Library. He was nearly going to bed, as he told me, but nevertheless was most amiable and vivacious.

When the *Monumenta Germaniae* resolved to include the parts relating to Germany from English chroniclers, they engaged Pauli for this work. He or Waitz corresponded or conversed with Stubbs on the general plan. But it was only after the death of Pauli, who had for some years employed me as his assistant and fellow-worker, and when Waitz had engaged me to edit, complete, and continue Pauli's work, that I learned from the letter No. 2 that Stubbs had intended actively to share in the work. The conversation at Würzburg which Stubbs refers to must have been in French. And this probably gave rise to the misunderstanding.

* * * * *

When Stubbs had become a Bishop I did not dare to intrude upon his limited time, the more so as a friend from the Bodleian advised me that acquaintances must not be continued after this promotion without being asked. It therefore was a

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joyful surprise when the Bishop himself called on me at the Randolph in order to congratulate me on the Cambridge LL.D. His eyesight seemed weaker and his movements less agile, but, courteous as ever, he wanted to make it understood that only want of time, and not at all lack of interest, prevented him from studying the minute monographs of mine, of which I indeed never failed to send him the first copy out.

When I learned from Oxford that it was not an English use to collect essays by the admirers of a great deceased as a memory of him, I dedicated my *Über Leges Henrici* (1901) to his memory.

If this my letter, as well as the few leaves enclosed, do not help Stubbs's biographer, they at least will, I trust, prove that the historian and the man has left a grateful remembrance with me.

I beg to remain, Sir,
Yours truly,
F. LIEBERMANN.

These are Dr. Stubbs's letters to Dr. Liebermann:—

CHOLDERTON, SALISBURY,
August 26.

MY DEAR MR. LIEBERMANN,—

I enclose you the result of my Salisbury search, which is a little disappointing. The letter that precedes and the treatise that follows the verses are the tract of Alcuin *de Trinitate*—at least I suppose so, for I could not get a copy of the Edition to collate, and therefore I do not know whether the verses occur in the Printed editions of the *De Trinitate*. Mr. Thompson, of the Br. Mus., has lately made a new catalogue of this Sarum MS. This will account for the different numbering of this particular MS.

I am
Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

MY DEAR LIEBERMANN,— June 4, 1883.

I have been going to write to you for a long time, and now I have three things to write about.

(1) I shall be glad to subscribe £5 to poor Pauli's memorial,

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the prospectus of which I have received, with your name, among others, attached. Will you kindly ask me for it when it is wanted?

(2) How are you getting on with the book for the Camden Society? I saw the Secretary the other day, and he asked me, but I had no information to give him.

(3) About the volume of *Scriptores* which Pauli and I were to do for the Hohenstauffen period. When I saw Waitz last year at Würzburg, he told me to correspond with you about it. But I am in total ignorance of Pauli's plan of working; and, as I should be sorry to drop out of my share in the great work, I will ask you to keep me up to the mark in the way of information and preparation. Pauli, in his last letter, told me that he had a set of sheets of the early Anglo-Saxon historians which he had prepared for Waitz, which sheets he would send me when he had an opportunity. But I have never received them.

Here I have troubled you about three things. With kindest regards,

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

At this point I think I may best insert the letter of reminiscence, for which I am indebted to the kindness of the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

DEAR MR. HUTTON,—

When one has become familiar with a distinguished writer through his books, one has usually a desire to know how far he was like his books; how far his character found its expression in them. In the case of Dr. Stubbs there was nothing of that discrepancy between the man and his work which is sometimes striking when one meets the author long known by fame. The qualities that appeared in his historical treatises seemed to be natural to him, as one found him in the commerce of daily life. He was exact, definite, careful in speech as in writing. He never seemed to be carried away by any feeling, however strong you might know his feeling to be. His judgment was balanced, sane, and definite, though he did not express it with that tentative caution of phrase which is so conspicuous in his writings, and which makes parts of

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his *Constitutional History* rather hard reading. There were no eccentricities about him, none of those little oddities or of that insistence upon the use of particular words which in his lifelong friend and devoted admirer, E. A. Freeman, were sometimes thought to savour of pedantry. He had, as any one would gather from his books, an extremely retentive memory, and a large part of his immense knowledge was at his command in an instant, though he never hesitated to say when he did not remember a fact. Needless to add that he was entirely free from ostentation, and never displayed his knowledge; indeed, it was only by questioning him that one got to learn how vast the store was.

The same conscientiousness which is shown in his historical work appeared in whatever else he had to do. I recollect, when I was once his colleague as examiner, to have been struck by the patient care he took in reading the papers of the candidates and weighing their merits. I have heard that he showed the same assiduity and mastery of detail in discharging his functions as a Delegate of the University Press. The work interested him, for he loved books and everything about them. When he was Bishop of Oxford, and hard pressed by the labours of the diocese, he seldom failed to attend the Delegacy meetings, and always showed a thorough grasp of the business. In College meetings at Oriel he spoke very seldom, but always to the point. He became a fellow of the College in respect of his professorship, and felt himself at home there from the first. There were, however, other qualities characteristic of him which could hardly have been divined from his books. He was extremely fixed and persistent in his opinions. His doctrinal and ecclesiastical views were held very firmly, and never seemed to vary since he had formed them comparatively early in life. He seldom brought them out in talk; and his tenacity did not make him harsh in referring to those whose opinions he disapproved. For instance, I never heard him speak unkindly of Nonconformists. But there was an underlying rigidity. Once when I had asked him to come to meet an able and remarkably eloquent Unitarian minister, originally from his own county of Yorkshire, he declined very gently, but in a way which showed me that he did not wish to meet one from whose

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opinions he differed so profoundly. The same persistence appeared in his personal attachments, which were strong and deep. I remember his telling me of the grief which the departure to the Church of Rome of one whom he knew and valued had caused him ; but this severance did not diminish his affection or respect. He was indeed a very firm and steady friend, sensitive in some things, but not apt to take offence, one to whom you could always go with the sense that there was beneath his undemonstrative exterior a large fund of kindness and goodness to draw upon.

His interest in human nature was inexhaustible, and his insight into character—as indeed any one who remembers the admirable historical portraits he has drawn will expect—was profound and subtle. Perhaps this was one of the causes of his fondness for novels, which he read with almost as much avidity and remembered with almost as much exactness as did Macaulay. Many a shrewd remark about the prominent figures in the University did one hear from him—but I can recall none in which there was any bitterness. For one thing, he had—or seemed to have—little desire for literary fame, and no literary jealousy. For some time after his arrival in Oxford as professor he received little of that sort of social attention which is usually given to new-comers ; but there was no sign that he noticed, much less resented, this neglect ; the friends who knew and prized him were enough for him, and he loved his regular and tranquil life at home so much that it was hard to induce him to go out to any social gatherings. He was pleased when German Universities recognized his services to history, and pleased when those services received a somewhat tardy recognition in the form of a canonry ; but no great student was ever less vain. He knew that his work was good—as how could he fail to know it?—but he remained always modest and retiring, and has given expression—a humorous expression—in his farewell lecture to his dislike of all public functions and occasions for display. Learning was to him its own reward without any applause to follow. Of his inexhaustible helpfulness to younger students, many of his Oxford pupils can speak with more authority than I can do ; but I often experienced it, for when one wrote to him asking a question, he always replied at once, generally

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on a postcard, giving within that short compass exactly what one had wished to know, in the fewest and clearest words. He had a great interest in legal points, and a great capacity for mastering them, differing in this respect from his friends E. A. Freeman and J. R. Green, neither of whom seemed to care for that side of history.

One quality there was of his which appeared most rarely in his books but constantly in his talk. He had both wit and humour in abundant measure. It was delightful to see by his quiet roguish smile, a smile more in the eyes than in the muscles of the face, how quickly he caught the ludicrous side of a situation or of the conduct of a person. This was a part of his keen insight, and of his power of putting himself into the position of another mind. The wit belonged to his remarkable faculty of literary expression, which ran things to a point in the deftest way, and found the happiest terms for stating a likeness or a contrast. This gift of humour, coupled with his geniality and sweetness, made him a charming companion, when he could be got to talk; nor was it wanting in his letters. He was the last person of whom it could be thought that toil and learning tend to quench the spirit of merriment. Indeed, our enjoyment of his fun was heightened by the contrast between its brightness and lightness and the notion of his personality which we felt that his books might have given of him to those who knew his books only.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

JAMES BRYCE.

The *Constitutional History* was the occasion of the beginning of a correspondence with Mr. Gladstone, from which some letters may be here inserted.

HAWARDEN,

September 23, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. STUBBS,—

I received by the post this morning the copy of the First Volume of your *Constitutional History* which you have been so good as to present to me; and I think it a great honour to

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possess a work on such a subject as the gift of such a Student.

I look with what I may venture to call an intense interest to the fortunes of historical study in Oxford, and I greatly rejoice to think that you are there to take a large part in directing them.

The history of our Constitution, one of the most instructive subjects in the entire field of national experience, has been too often regarded, like the history of the Church, as having died a natural death, or passed into Nirvana with the Revolution of 1688; whereas it has since undergone, I apprehend, several very important changes which were latent, as well as others which have been visible. It will be most interesting to me to follow your handling of the many great topics involved. Meantime, with many thanks for your kindness, I remain, my dear Professor,

Sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
December 27, 1875.

DEAR PROFESSOR STUBBS,—

The arrival of your Second Volume reminds me that I had already too long postponed thanking you for the first, in the hope that I might have finished it. I think it a great honour to receive from you this most valuable work, of which I hope not to leave a page unread. And I *so far* deserve that honour, though so far only, that no man watches with a deeper interest than I do the steady growth of a truly historical school in England, with Oxford apparently for its destined centre.

I should waste your time, and spend much of my own, were I to give all the reasons which awaken this interest in my mind. Of course I am convinced that the thorough, as opposed to the merely picturesque, study of history is a noble invigorating manly study, essentially political and judicial, fitted for and indispensable to a free country. But, rightly or wrongly, I go much farther than this; and I believe that it is the truly historical treatment of Christianity, and of all the religious experience of mankind, which, in conjunction with a rational philosophical method such as that of Butler, will supply under God effectual bulwarks against the rash and violent unbelief,

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under the honourable titles of physical and of metaphysical science, rushing in upon us.

I must not claim to be your colleague ; yet I too desire to lay a few bricks in building up the early history of mankind, and in January I hope to send you a small book now in the press, which aims at further defining, by the help of evidence from various sources, the historical position and claims of Homer.

Believe me,
With much respect,
Sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
August 4, 1876.

DEAR PROFESSOR STUBBS,—

Not one but two copies of your *Lectures* reached me through your kindness this morning. As to the second, I can say it is well bestowed : for I send it by this Post to Dr. Döllinger.

I have read the *Lectures* with even more interest than I had expected. My only regret is that the world at large, especially the English Academic world, should not be in possession of matter so important and satisfactory. If two or three sentences are more personal than public, need these operate as a reason for burying all the rest of what is so notable as a record for the past, and incentive for the future ?

I am under a painful impression that the Oxford of our day has for the time damaged the great final examination in the Classical School, and that this damage will tell and *is telling* on the men whom she sends into the world. This impression, be it correct or be it not, only instances my desire for the fulfilment of your inspiring anticipations, and my pleasure in what has already been achieved, owing most of all, I believe, to you, for the foundation of an Oxford School of History.

How I look for the legitimate counterpoise to the study of Natural Science, and the just and safe check on the exorbitant pretensions of some of its professors.

Believe me,
Sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

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We may now return to the "historic friendship" which continued and grew during these years of strenuous manhood.

The letters of these years best illustrate the fellow-work of the three Oxford historians. They show the closeness of friendship and sympathy between them. The friendship and sympathy carried with it enthusiastic admiration of each other's work. In the case of the Oxford Professor it was the Rolls Series editions which first and perhaps chiefly drew out this appreciation from the two other specialists. They remained hidden from the scrutiny of the ordinary reader by the very form and nature of their publication. It was the duty of those who knew, so felt the Oxford friends of the man who had done for that Series such fine work, to "blow the trumpet." Green, we have seen already, sang his praises loudly in the *Saturday*; and Mr. Freeman, when he blew, was not content without a loud and prolonged blast. When he went to America, one of his greatest delights was to reveal to American scholars, who knew Dr. Stubbs through the *Constitutional History* and the *Select Charters* as a great historian, that he was a greater man than they knew. He delighted to nickname himself, after the old Puritan divine, "Knewstubbs." It was genuine enthusiasm, the tribute of a man who knew what true learning was. And it was returned. No man's judgment was better worth having in England on a point of historical scholarship than that of Stubbs, and he never hesitated to express his admiration for the work of Freeman. Those who carp at the work of the one are sometimes inclined to forget that it has the sanction of the other. The union was satirised, with only a superficial ill-nature, by another Oxford man, whose ways were different from theirs, in this distich:—

See, ladling butter from alternate tubs,
Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs.

It was not unnatural that the humorist or the outsider should regard all this historic appreciation as so much "log-rolling"; but Thorold Rogers, of course, was not serious. He thus wrote, after his epigram had been widely circulated—

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

I regret that a couplet intended to jest on a supposed

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

identity of opinions entertained by two distinguished writers on history should have given you pain. You will observe that the passage does not assert anonymous writing, though it must be admitted that the place in which it occurs might imply it. In case the lines are published in a collected form, the couplet shall certainly disappear.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS.

In truth, what to some appeared little more than the exaltation of a "Mutual Admiration Society," was the appreciation, which at that time very few men in England were qualified to give, of excellence in a special field, by men who were specialists themselves. The history of literature affords many instances that such excellence has as often been received with jealousy as with admiration; but the three Oxford historians were true scholars and true men.

The letters to Stubbs's "historical" friends here follow, down to 1883.

OXFORD,

March 5 (1867).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Since I wrote you on Saturday I have discovered that you had raised me to the literary Peerage in the Introduction of your Book, and am feeling overwhelmed with the honour. Thank you very much for your kind letter. I do not think that you and J. R. G. mean the same thing when you talk about the unity of modern and ancient History. Stated as you state it, I do not object to it—stated as he states, I do. I hold a religious unity, he a philosophical, and you, I suppose, an actual continuity; but he probably would deny my religious unity although you might accept it as a fact; whilst I can quite admit your continuity, but deny *in toto* the Temple and Lessing Theory, which is what Green states, though it may not be what he holds. All I *said*, however, in the Lecture was that Modern History is the history of the Modern nations—the Christianized barbarians.

I have read a good piece of your *History*. I like it very much, and do not understand the criticisms, which I return. I will give you one of my own. I believe Sir Francis Palgrave

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to have been utterly and hopelessly in the wrong about Henry II, and beg that you will not commit yourself to his view, as I am afraid you may be interpreted as doing. There is not a shadow of evidence for his Angevin conquest, which seems to be founded on an absolute misinterpretation of half a dozen words, nor was there ever any influx of Angevins or Angevin customs into England. I believe he was wrong altogether as to the relations of Henry II to feudalism—which Henry certainly drove headlong out of the administration of the country, whilst as a system of land tenure it had reached the same condition under Henry I that it did under Henry II. *Sed de his hactenus*—Do not commit yourself until you have read my *B.P.*

Ever yours faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

OXFORD,
July 28, (1867).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thanks for your long letter. All I can find about the Spanish Match is in Ordericus Vitalis, Wm. Pict., and *Art de vérifier les dates*. All which you have. The *Chronicon Malleacense* or *S. Maxentii*, in Labbé, places Alfonso's real marriage in 1068. He became king in 1065, so that you have those years for the courtship and disappointment and recoil. Agatha was *her* name, O.V. I suppose the Spaniards got all their information about her from Orderic. I have only a vol. of *Spanish Historians*, edited by Bell or Belus; nothing contemporary for that period.

“Anno Henrici Imperatoris XVII et Henrici Regis XXVI. Tunc Guillelmus dux Normanniae Mathildem filiam Balduini comitis Flandriae duxit in uxorem in hunc modum. Cum ipsa a patre suo de sponso recipiendo saepius rogaretur, eique Guillelmus Normanniae a patre qui eum longo tempore nutriverat prae aliis laudaretur respondit nunquam nothum recipere se maritum. Quo audito Guillelmus dux clam apud Brugas ubi puella morabatur cum paucis accelerat, eamque egredientem ab ecclesia pugnīs, calcibus et calcaribus verberat et castigat, sicque ascenso equo cum suis in patriam remeat. Quo facto puella dolens ad lectum decubat; ad

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quam pater veniens illam de sponso recipiendo interrogat et requirit. Quae respondens dixit se nunquam habere maritum nisi Guillelmum ducem Normanniae, et factum est. *Chron. Turon. Bouquet*, xi. 348. The reference to *Mansi*, xix. 867, has nothing to do with Normandy. The act in *Mabillon, Annales*, v. app. 83, is a petition for a *congé d'élire*, for the Nunnery at Caen, and mentions Cecilia, William's dr., as abbess.

The date 1047 for William's marriage is given in the *Annales Flandriae*, ed. Feyerabend (1580), p. 28. I do not know where the Editors—for it is a compilation—got the date.

Anselmus Remensis in the contemporary acts of the Consecration of S. Remi's and Council of Rheims, *Mabillon Acta SS.*, sec. 6, p. 1, pp. 636, etc., says that in the third session of the Synod the Pope "Interdixit et Balduino Comiti Flandrensi ne filiam suam Willelmo Normano nuptum daret, et ei ne eam acciperet." About the Saga I do not know anything.

There is a review of my *Benedict* and of your first volume in the new number of Von Sybel's *Zeitschrift*, by Pauli.

Thanks for your kindness as to the *Guardian*. That rascal of Stepney has smothered poor Ben. in the *Reviler*.¹

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

OXFORD,

August 15, 1868.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have not been able to fix my mind on letter writing or I should have answered your long epistle long ago. We are still in great trouble. Thank Mrs. Freeman for me, please, for her very kind letter. I have looked up the subjects you write about and think that there is nothing to be made out of them. It is impossible to say certainly who the Counts of Boulogne and Ponthieu were to whom the Conciliar enactment refers. I have looked at Pere Anselme, who is hopelessly astray, and find nothing with respect to the marriages of the probable or possible Counts that is not in *L'Art de V.*

Innocent Ciron was a French Jurist in the sixteenth or

¹ See above, p. 60.

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seventeenth century. Nothing can be made out of him. The *Chronicon Gonfern.* is a MS. Chronicle of an abbey of Goffres, somewhere about in your Norman regions, which has never been printed, so that all you are likely to get of it is in Neustria Pia.

By the bye, of the possible Counts of Boulogne and Ponthieu one at least of each married a widow, as you see by the *Art de.V.* But I should rather think that the objection to William's marriage was the simpler one of affinity, or consanguinity rather. You know I suppose that Judith, Tostig's wife, married Duke Welf of Bavaria after the death of T. I send the extract from Peter Damian on the other side. It refers to Tostig and Ealdred.

Yours ever,

W. STUBBS.

Labbé (ed. 1771), vol. ix. p. 1169.

Dialogue between Regius advocatus and Defensor ecclesiae Romanae. A.D. 1062.

“REGIUS ADVOCATUS.

“Electionem (sc. reprobi hominis in Rom. pontificem) quidem ut palam est fecimus : sed longe prius, Gerardo comite, aliisque Romanis ut videbatur, civibus infatigabiliter insistentibus ad hoc inducti sumus. Nam et abbas monasterii quod dicitur clivus Scauri non defuit. Non ergo, ut asseris, ignorante Roma, sed presente atque petente, Romani pontificis electio facta est.

“DEFENSOR ECCL. ROM.

“In hoc pro me facis, dum Gerardo sub anathemate constituto te communicasse testaris. Nam ut de abbate et aliis interim sileamus, de Gerardo liceat tantum modo dicere, ecclesiae hominem non fuisse et Christi nequaquam pertinuisse fidelibus. Illud enim unum caput anathemati maledictioni que subjacuit omnium fere pontificum quicunque Romanae ecclesiae ejus temporibus praefuerunt : demum paulo antequam moreretur propter comitem Anglum et archiepiscopum quos a beati Petri liminibus redeuntes invasit, spoliavit et usque ad mille Papiensis monetae libras appendentia rapuit.

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Propter hoc itaque in plenaria synodo, papa Nicolao praesidente excommunicatus est, et extinctis luminaribus sub perpetuo fuit anathemate condemnatus."

Not therefore in 1056, but in 1061, Gerard was a partisan of Cadalus—Galeria is on the Arone near Brodecino.

171, HIGH STREET, REDCAR,

September 14, (1868).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

We have been here since last Monday. Kilcolman is shut up and your second volume in it, and there I fear it must stay until we get home, but if you order a copy from Parker's, I will send mine there instead as soon as I return. Only tell me if you do.

I read J. R. G.'s lucubrations with mingled feelings. I do not mind his giving up the Angevins because I think his theory will hold all the water that he puts in it. But I was not prepared for the great design sketched in his letter. I think that he undervalues what has been done in this way and does not see the difficulty of what remains. For a popular History such as he contemplates, surely, Charles Knight and the Pictorial people have done what is necessary and possible from existing materials. To do it as Palgrave would have done it would require the whole apparatus which Palgrave exhausted the patience of the country in preparing. I cannot understand how he can overlook this. The questions of Archaeology, which he pretends to despise (for he does not really do so, although he does confound Alcuin and Albinus of Canterbury in the *People's Magazine*), are the questions which have to be decided before an improved History can be written. Until they can be, and separate workers alone can hope to accomplish part of this, it is absurd to talk as he writes. As for his friend Monod, his blarney must be simple ignorance. Do not show Green what I have written because I shall have it all to say to him when he puts his scheme before me, but as the dear child never does anything he says he will, I think we may set our minds at rest. I should like to discuss my own *Constitutional History* with you—as to form, etc., etc., for the principal part is *cash*. I am glad to say the fresh air has

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done us all good except my poor wife, who I trust will be better soon, but suffers from the cold and neuralgia.

Our best love to you all, and I remain

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

The following letter, written to Mr. Edwards, author of "Memories of Libraries," "The Life and Times of Sir Walter Raleigh," and other works, contains a touching commemoration of Archbishop Longley.

OXFORD,

Oct. 30 (1868).

MY DEAR MR. EDWARDS,—

Macmillan has kindly sent me your *Life and Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh*, and I have read the book through with much interest. I am delighted with the way in which you bring out both his character and the political state of things as you go on; but most of all with the admirable tone and spirit that pervades the book. Believe me sincere in this, for indeed if it were not so I should not have felt inclined to say it. I hope that you may discover the missing letters soon and be called on for a new edition.

At present my mind can rest on nothing but the terrible loss of my venerated friend and more than father the Archbishop. You know probably that I owe everything in the world to him, and have for six and twenty years been constantly indebted to him for advice, sympathy, and support in every trial and difficulty.

I am glad that even the *Times* has allowed itself to appreciate without disparagement, the wonderful purity and (humanly speaking) blamelessness of his life and character. He lived indeed above the world and disturbed himself very little with what men said about him. But I need not trouble you with an effusion—out of the fulness of the heart one cannot but write.

If ever I shall be able to be of any service to you you may depend on me.

I am

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

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The next two letters are to the Rev. J. R. Green.

OXFORD,

February 20, (1869).

MY DEAR GREEN,—

I am very glad that the Archbishop has put you over the Library, and I am also very glad that you are pleased with it. I was afraid that your *peccadillo di Colenso* would have stood in the way. But no doubt you have repented : if you have not, don't tell me.

I heard from Kershaw yesterday and was a little vexed about Archdeacon Hale. Your letter this morning explains that ; and as I suppose the Abp. imagines that I voluntarily gave up my place in the Library, he would not think of offering me it again. Still, I should like not to have been cut out altogether, especially with the Wilkins on hand. If I were you I should not make any decision with Kershaw further than to leave the actual work of receiving readers and keeping the Catalogue to him. There is no department of the Library uncatalogued except the Pamphlets. But the Charters ought to be catalogued descriptively—not rearranged, for they are always referred to in their present order—and that would be pleasant work for you. The things in the bags are even catalogued, but in the most meagre way and only so *far* that the order of the articles ought to be altered. There are lots of things among them and lots *not*. Also the Service Books, of wh. there are a great many, want a separate Catalogue, and either of these would be paying speculations. I am getting on as well as I can : that is not very well after the events of last Term. But time will set all right. Will you take the Assinœum in hand ? Of course you have seen the paper of last Saturday on E. A. F. You scoundrel to write that about P. Langtoft !

Ever your devoted foe,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

OXFORD,

November 6, 1869.

MY DEAR GREEN,—

I am glad to hear from you again. I hope you have enjoyed

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your travels in Germany and Italy ; some time perhaps you will tell me about them.

At present we are rejoicing in the arrival of a little son, born October 28. Of course you never look at that sort of thing in the papers.

About paying Parker. I think you should ask him what his charge is ; if you think it exorbitant you can tax it, but it is not likely to be so, although higher no doubt than the charge for the same amount of work would be in London.

As for Notts, I believe that the possession of that county by the see of York is primeval—that is, dates from the time of Edwin's conversion and Paulinus's mission—when Lincoln also was within the York diocese. Southwell claims traditionally to be the place of Edwin's Baptism—which Bede places at Tiowulfingacæster. Even if Tiowulfingacæster be some other place, the tradition is a valuable one. If you do not accept this, and I believe there is nothing against it, perhaps the struggle for Lindsey in 678-680 may have affected Notts as well. There are other influences however to be considered, esp. Wilfrid's long sojourns in Mercia, and the long and close connexion between York and Peterborough, showing a determined push of the Yorkshiremen Southwards and implying a closer neighbourhood between that province and Leicester and North Hants than now exists.

I think the first is the fact.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

On June 29, 1870, Stubbs moved from North Oxford to Kettel Hall, an interesting old house in Broad Street, belonging to Trinity College. The next letter is to Green.

OXFORD,

March 15, 1871.

MY DEAR JOHN,—

Thanks very many for your nice letter. I am very glad to hear that you are so much better. You will come and see us, I hope, as soon as you get home. I am also glad that you like the Select Charters. As to your pert criticism on it, allow me

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to say (1) that I have noticed the antagonism or rivalry of the baronial and de Montfort parties ; but that it was not necessary for my subject to go into any detail about that portion of the struggle that was not strictly constitutional, and (2) that my description of the ministerially-based *noblesse* that superseded



/ KETTEL HALL, OXFORD.

the feudal ones of the Conquest is vindicated by the fact that they took the popular side and were supported by the people and clergy. That their distinctive character had evaporated by the time of Edward II I fully allow, for I have remarked very strongly, I think, that it had become a selfish and not a patriotic policy in the reign of Edward I. On the other points

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you glance at, you know our ideas are at variance fundamentally. I just say these things to show my respect for you. The book has been very well reviewed in the *Spectator*, and some little notices in the *Fortnightly* and *Daily News* were kind. Of course Pauli's in the *Academy* is the most valuable recognition of the use of the thing. You shall see it when you come. The same post that brought your letter brought me one from Goldwin Smith also kind and appreciative. As for general news I have none. I have been so busy with Lectures and the IVth Vol. of Hoveden that I have been quite a recluse. However, your friend Lee Warner is going to be a Proctor; Sidney Owen is going into the Schools again; Bryce's Inaugural was beautifully written and clever; but I, and I suppose you, am not disposed to forget that the Civil Law, with all its exquisite perfection, has been one of the greatest obstacles to national development in Europe, and a most pliant tool of oppression. I suppose that no nation using the Civil Law has ever made its way to freedom; whilst wherever it has been introduced the extinction of popular liberty has followed sooner or later. As an engine of legal Education it has its merits; but I prefer in Historical training something more human and inconsistent. We have just completed the scheme for the new examination schools, which I suppose that Congregation will begin to pick to pieces next Term. I hear from Freeman occasionally about the Domesday Map, which I despair of his ever getting done to his satisfaction. Otherwise he does not say much. I suppose he is getting on nicely with Vol. IV. What wonderful things have come to pass since you were here last: and how long will it all last I wonder? I was vexed at the Purchas judgment. How the Voysey one affects you I do not see. If I thought you believed what you pretend to me to do, I should not be writing to you. You are a funny dog, as Jacobson said to Stanley. I think that is all I have got to say, so will wish you good-bye. We are all well I am thankful to say. I have never been so well as since we got down here, that is Kettel Hall: I hope it will last. Hoping soon to see you, believe me

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

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OXFORD UNION SOCIETY,
August 21, (1871).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

You are, I think, the original friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I wish I deserved it. I return the notes. I hope Church will not be so foolish as to decline.¹ Everybody that knows anything about anything would be delighted with the appointment. A superior and better Milman he would be, though why Ralph of *Diss* (or why *Diss*?) I do not see. Does not he preach his own sermons? I return your letters with many thanks. I had one from the Dean, but as he had left out what he meant to say, I could not understand it until yours came and explained it. I send your Blades's letter to Bartholomew (this week he should not be called Bat.).

Ever yours faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD.

MY DEAR GREEN,—

August 29, (? 1871).

Thanks for your pretty letter. I am glad to find that you have not gone to the front, as I thought you had.

About that London meeting, it is an exact parallel with James II—flight and capture and everything else. I have not underrated its importance—but it is clearly revolutionary.

However, it is about these *charters* of Richard that I write. On careful examination I think that we, that is, you and I, have exaggerated the importance of them. The Charters of Dick are *not* many, at least there are not many that go ahead of his father's grants. But you will see this in my new book. It was John who in his first or second year started the movement.

I rejoice to see that you are better. I am going to get a holyday I hope at last.

Ever yours,
WM. STUBBS.

¹ The Deanery of S. Paul's, offered to him on the death of Dr. Mansel.

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KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

September 15, 1871.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Many thanks for yr. congratulations. We are all doing well. If we go on so, I could come to you the first week in October for a few days. Can you do with me then? I had not seen the *Fortnightly*, having looked for the Article in *Macmillan*. I like it much, never having been reviewed in large type before; and hope you will like my Wilkins Vol., although it is not so exhaustive as Haddan's. Thank you very much for all the good you have said of us. What you say about Henry VIII I shall put into a Lecture I am writing about him. I am working very hard for next Term and calculate, if nothing happens to stop me, on being ready by the end of the month: if not, I shall not be able to come to you until later. Johnny Green has at last written to me and sent me some proofs of his book. I wrote recommending him to do nothing but take care of himself.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

December 17, 1871.

MY DEAR GREEN,—

Thanks many for your kind letter. The cause of congratulation did not last long, for our poor little boy died when he was three months old, very suddenly. So you miss, you see, some of the pains as well as of the joys of married life. I hope you are benefiting by the warmth, etc., of San Remo. Here we have had very cold weather, ice and snow, and still the air is very raw and heavy. I have not much to tell you, but I will wish you a happy Christmas and hope that the New Year will bring you new blessings and health of mind and body. I have not seen the E. A. F. since he came back. The fourth volume of the *Conquest* is now ready for publication, so I suppose the fifth is on the stocks. I see Ward occasionally. He seems exultingly happy. I hope and trust he will be so. I am hard at work on Walter of Coventry, who will tell the world nothing new. Otherwise all is much as usual. Haddan is at Hastings for the winter for a chance of living another year. Cox has

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been doing some more solar humbugs, and some one in the Dublin University Magazine has turned Max Müller himself into one. I have made a hymn on Froude and Kingsley ; thus—

Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons do not care for truth.
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
History is a pack of lies.
What cause for judgments so malign ?
A brief reflexion solves the mystery—
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for History.

I have been working hard three days at Cambridge. The third volume of the *Councils* is finished. I wish you were at home to review it. No review has yet noticed it at all, and I am sure it is a very nice book.

Ever yours faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

9, NEWCOMEN TERRACE, REDCAR,
July 6, (1872).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thanks for your two letters. I hope you are enjoying yourself, as we also are. We came on Monday, 250 miles, and Bright and Raine are coming to keep us company. I was obliged to give up my idea of going abroad as I could not have managed it except during June and the beginning of July, and the dentist swallowed up the former period and all the spare *viaticum*. So I must wait until next year. Give my best love to any of our friends that you meet, especially Pauli and Waitz. I suppose you have heard of the Herodotean promotions. I suppose Rawlinson will continue to hold on at Oxford, but I do not know it, so I committed your interests formally to Wayte when I came away. I think he is almost certain to retain his professorship. I hope that Margaret is feeling the benefit of Schwalbach ; the change must do you all good. I have an occasional proof sheet from Johnny Green. I see he agrees with you in his view of Simon de Montfort, buccaneering old Gladstone that he was ! I do not quite see why you two will not see his inherited traits. But I dare say

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I am too fond of inherited traits. By the bye, Stanley at the Christ Church Gaudy, the day after the Millennium, threw over King Alfred and the legendary, and fell back on the history of S. Frideswide's and early Oxford. It was really good. The speeches should be printed in parallel columns to show what a little Rip it is.

Our kindest regards to you all.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

December 27, (1872).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thanks for your kind note. I wish I had been able to come to you, for the want of exercise which I cannot take is a great burden. I do not wonder that you are bothered about the military tenures; may the lawyers be hanged!—I have just been reading a volume of essays in which the man maintains that all the tenures in the Ang.-Sax. times were military, so that the Conquest introduced no change, which is I think the reverse of your idea. I have stated mine in the *Select Charters*, and am inclined to stick to it as it commits one to very little that is definite. The fact that you find nothing about military tenures in Domesday Book is not opposed to the old theory that the epoch was at the Council of Salisbury in 1086.

The truth of the matter I take to be this—The question of tenure would not turn up directly after the Conquest, nor until, the first generation of the Conqueror's barons dying out, the question would arise, were the heirs to be admitted according to feudal usage? I have no doubt that William's lawyers wd. regard that as a matter of course. But the idea of tenure by military service in consequence of holding land was complicated with lots of questions about maritagium, wardship, primer seisin, reliefs, etc., And these were probably elaborated by Ranulf Flambard in the early days of William Rufus. The fact of a general homage being taken at Salisbury in 1086, although it would involve no real change, would be interpreted by the Norman lawyers as an acknowledgment of the King as supreme landlord, and the rest would surely follow. The whole change and introduction of feudal obliga-

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tions must have come into force before Henry I's Charter for limiting them, and also before the question of investing the bishops could arise, *in England*.

But there never was any general legislative Act on the subject, or you may be quite sure that the question of *foreign* service, which arises under John and Edward I, would have been provided for. It was a change in the Common Law that came in rather by way of custom or understanding, or interpretation by lawyers, than by any single Act. And as the man who brought the legal tyrannies to bear on the clergy was Flambard, he is the most likely man to have brought them to bear one by one on the barons. If you consider how thoroughly England was feudalized (as to tenure, not as to taxation) before the Conquest, you will see that the transition was easy.

The subject of Comparative Politics, or as I call it Comparative Const. History, is largish. How many lectures are you going to give? I suppose they will see the light somehow, and somewhere else. I have been lecturing on the subject, Spain, Germany, France, and England, ever since 1868, and find constant new things.

A Happy New Year to you.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

OXFORD,

July 20, (? 1873).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

There can, I think, be no doubt that the S. Valery of which there was an *Advocatus* was the great S. V. in Picardy. The S. Valery en Caux, Mabillon thinks, took the name from S. Valery only when his relics were carried there by Richard I, in 1197; anyhow, the monastery was in S. V.-sur-Somme; or *in costera de Puntis*. There was another S. Valery somewhere in Limousin or Auvergne; but your man could have nothing to do with that. I have understood the place you mention simply as a castle of W. of S. Valery; I suppose I had not noticed the passage in the *Chronicle*. Anyhow, you are sure about the advocate, and the other is a matter of texts.

I am afraid that I must confine my goings out and comings

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in for some time simply to utilitarian purposes, or I should much have liked to come to you. You see, I must go with the children to the sea, and then go on again with my work. I am sorry to seem so rude, but, you know, you got through your nursery discipline much earlier in life than I, and are not obliged at my advanced age to be toiling for their livelihood. I had hoped to get a perfect holyday and run abroad, but the prospect daily recedes, and I think it is now dissolving into 1874.

I think my chapters on the Conquest Period are finished, in fact I have got written to the end of Stephen, with the exception of two sections—one on the rustics, and one on the connexion of Norman and English jurisprudence, which I hope to tackle next week. I am afraid it will be dull reading. However, I am anxious to get a volume out by Christmas.

Do not grudge Mr. Seymour his promotion. He is one of the very best men in the world, and ought to have been a bishop long ago. I think you must have seen him at Navestock—he used to come to church with the Smiths from Suttons.

I hope the New *Cod. Diplom.* is not to fall into the hands of the Early English folk. It ought to be done by a committee—but if Furnivall is to be historical secretary, I drop into the Litany.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

September 13, (1873).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you for your kind note. I hope you will come and examine. I could easily have put my name on again at Trinity, but I am glad that it can be done without trouble.

I do not suppose that the examination can begin much before the second half of November : probably the last week.

I am getting on with my book, but find myself stumped everywhere with the necessity of combining synthesis and analysis—and am subsiding into Sandwiches—first a political outline, then a constitutional diagram. However, if I fail in vol. I. I won't write vol. II.

I almost think that if I were you I should not go in largely

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for law in your last volume, for the lawyers do contradict one another so flatly on every point, and there is no English lawyer alive who could do justice to your work, if it is anything like as good as the rest of the book.

I am obliged to go to Arras to collate MSS. I wish you could have gone with me.

I am not sanguine about my work. Kitchin thinks the early English part too much compressed, and yet it is very long. I fear it is both long and tough, and yet not long enough. With the later part the difficulty is to know what to leave out. I have just killed Henry II for the nth time.

Kindest regards,

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.¹

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

January 30, (1874).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

A horrid thought has just penetrated to what my friends are pleased to call my brain—that I have had two missives from you, and have answered neither. I am, in fact, rather languid after the production of my book.

However, neither I nor Boase either, know or believe anything about Thierry's speech of Henry I, and about the veto I know nothing, and Boase only knows that it was the result of some diplomatic juggling in the time of Hlodowigh XIV.

If I am in Yorkshire at the time of the Ripon Meeting and feel disposed to go to it, I shall go. That is all that I am disposed to say. As for working a month to make a paper that nobody will care to hear, I shall not do that—you may take my word for it. It is not often I make such a decided assertion. So good-bye,

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

The following is to Dr. R. PAULI, of Göttingen, the author of many works bearing on English History. An interesting account

¹ An answer to this letter is in *Freeman's Life*, ii. 73.

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of the friendship between the two historians is given in *Reinhold Pauli* by Elizabeth Pauli (Halle, 1895).

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

March 2, (1874).

MY DEAR DR. PAULI,—

The Council of the University propose to confer on you the honorary degree of Doctor of the Civil Law during your approaching visit to England. I dare say you know that it is as high a compliment as we can pay you, and I hope you will accept it. Will you be so kind as to let me know how long you are likely to stay in England, that I may approximate to the fixing of a day for the degree to be conferred?

Term begins on the 8th of April, and on that day a convocation is held, but attended by very few persons. So that if your visit should be prolonged for a week or fortnight after that day, we might get a better opportunity. However, I should be glad if you would let me know at once your acceptance of the degree and the probable length of your stay. I hope to be able to ask you to spend a few days with me, but I am expecting the arrival of a son or daughter, which may possibly prevent it. But I hope that may be over before you come.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

March 3, (1874).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thanks for your note. I have got the Council to propose a D.C.L. degree for Dr. Pauli, so we must contrive to get him to Oxford some convenient day during his stay, either whilst he is with you or after he leaves you on his way home. If he leaves home on March 31, he will scarcely get to you before Good Friday, at the earliest. My visit must (as regards time) rather depend on the length of his stay; but I dare say we shall be able to manage it. Our event has not come off yet.

My book has been out since the beginning of Term. Have you not had a copy to review? I have seen no review of it anywhere yet. Just now I am busy with Dunstan. I have

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at last, at the prayer of Venables, agreed to go to Ripon to the Archaeol. Whether I shall go or not is in the lap of Jove.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

September 26, (1874).

MY DEAR GREEN,—

Thank you for your kind note. I will look up the Scottish Lectures, but they are not in a state *now* to be published, and I shall work them partly into the other book. I have been staying with Freeman, who is very busy. I did not get cold. Then I went to Dowlais and then to S. David's, where I saw Jones installed and afterwards leaping on the mountains.

Goat—Angel

└─┐
|
Bp. Jones.

Have you read Cox's *Crusades* yet? The Dunstan will be out directly. If you are going to review it, do so quickly, and you can say that my wonderful industry in doing two big books in a year should be rewarded.

Boase has come back, and I am likewise at the grindstone. Poor Lord Ripon! It is a most extraordinary and significant business. Without for a moment comparing the men, I imagine that this conversion is a more important sign than has happened since that of J. H. Newman. Yet read the papers!!! They make one ashamed of being an Englishman—only there is nothing better anywhere else.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

February 13, (1875).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Francis Ket, a heretic, was summoned by Scambler before the Consistory Court of Norwich in 1588—and apparently condemned, for on October 7, 1588, "the bishop informed the Lord Treasurer of the step he had taken and requested his

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authority for the speedy execution of so dangerous a person, on which the necessary order was issued and the poor man was burnt alive in the castle ditches at Norwich, 14 January 1588." Cooper, *Athenae Cantabrigienses*, ii. 38. Authorities innumerable, e.g. Stowe, *Chronicle* (ed. 1615), p. 751; Strype, *Annals*, III. 557, 558; Blomfield's *Norfolk*, III. 293, etc.

What do you think of me as Rector of Cholderton—eh?

Ever yours,

W. STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

February 24, (1875).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

The Durham Charters are forgeries. The *Controversia* is found only in 13th or 14th century MSS., but does not appear to me to be a fiction or forgery. In its present form, as Anselm is described as *Sanctae memoriae*, it must have been written out after 1109; but I see no reason to doubt that it is the *libellus* spoken of by Hoveden and the Twysden Simeon under the year 1088. I think some of your difficulties will disappear on closer inspection. The appeal to Rome, by a great man and a desperate, would not be out of place. The passage of Henry of Huntingdon to which you refer will not bear the general sense commonly put upon it, or else it is untrue: witness the whole history of the see of York from Thurstan onwards to the time of writing. There are, I think, mistakes of names: Ralph Paganel is called Reginald and Roger—and perhaps *Piperellus* as well; Henry of Beaumont seems to be called Hugh; Roger Pictavensis is called Putavensis, and so on; but in a late copy this goes no way. As for Bigod and Gosforth—it appears to me that they had been fighting on their own hook a good deal and may have made their peace with the King before the trial. Even William of S. Karilef himself had played fast and loose, as appears from the history itself. After his restoration to favour his own narrow escape would lead him to side with the King against Anselm. However, in my view it would matter little at what date it was drawn up so long as it is Norman.

I am going, I think; to take Cholderton. It will only involve

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residence in the Long and will give me a little additional income.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD;

August 25, (1875).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I thought you had gone to Spalato. Pauli tells me that you are not going till October. I am afraid that I must have forgot what you wrote to me, for I should have written to you to thank you for the review in the *Saturday*. I am very much indeed obliged. I have been suffering from a review in the *Atlantic*, by a man who writes regularly there, with a great contempt for English History writing, but a great knowledge of German books on early law. He tells me that I may do very well for a compiler, but am quite innocent of the work of a historian, who has to group his incidents and *accentuate principles* everywhere as he goes along. He disputes a good deal that I have said about Townships and the like, but does not seem to know much of English Institutions—so that that does not matter, but it is rather hard to be told that I had better have confined myself to making Glossaries and Indices.

Feel for me a little. At present I am struggling with the *Confirm. Cartarum*; but it is tiresome to find that the work swells so as one goes on; and if I have to accentuate principles more than I have done, I may as well have the statements stereotyped to put in each sentence, and this will increase the bulk. Seriously, I do not believe the *Atlantic* man. I have promised Mr. Clark to go to S. David's for a day in September. When do you really start?

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

(Post Card to J. R. Green.)

OXFORD,

December 10, 1875.

MY DEAR JOHN,—

Thanks for your letter. I rejoice where we agree, grieve where we differ. Of course you see that wherever I have been

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writing about the Jews I have had the First Lord of the Treasury in my eye ; of whom it is written—" So and so would have liked to be a Dean, but *Disr. aliter visum est.*" . . . Please in reviewing me to act like Aldrich's abstraction—withdraw your mind from the points on which we differ and concentrate them on those on which we agree. I do not like people (*Dublin Rev.*) to say " Here is a serious mistake " when it is a radical difference of view. Care not for Rowley ;—having a case (*pace tua*) he has so handled it as to gain you far more sympathy and I should think more readers even than before.

Ever yours,

W. S.

[This, as the last letter, is about the criticisms on the *Short History of the English People* : see *Letters of John Richard Green.*]

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

December 16, 1875.

MY DEAR GREEN,—

Thanks for your note. I can only assure you that I fully sympathize with you in the worry and bore of this matter. Certainly Gardiner's " precious balms " are of a styptic nature. However ; I would not mind, but try to take advantage of Rowley's insolent criticism to make the book more perfect. I wish that our views were in this and in other more important matters more in unison, so that I might feel more " solidarity " with the little Book than I do, but if you will tread on my toes about Charles I and Laud, you cannot expect me to trust your views of George III implicitly. However, that does not matter. I am more angry than sorry. *Here* the book has not been damaged by Rowley. The structure of the book is untouched by his attack, and the structure was (to my mind, which does not care about style so much) the strong point of it. However, I think you understand my feeling about it. I am in a great fix about Cholderton ; I cannot get a curate and very much fear that I shall not be able to hold on. It is a vexatious thing to see the money thrown away in this place that might endow one comfortably ; and then, I suppose, I may

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take the other thing as a proof that I am not to be helped on in the Church. Selfish Brute that I am,

I remain

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

As a comment on this letter I may add a story which, when I asked him, the Bishop told me. When Stubbs and Green were once examining together in the History Schools at Oxford, Stubbs said in *viva voce* to a candidate. "You say that George III had an invincible hatred of men of genius. Where did you get that extraordinary statement from?" The man looked very uncomfortable, but said nothing. Green wrote on a piece of paper and passed it to Stubbs, "*Verbatim* from my Short History." *Solvuntur risu tabulae.*

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

December 16, 1875.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you for two or three kind missiles in the shape of card or letter. I should like very much to pay you a visit and also to time it so as to meet Horner or Lord Morley, but I am at present "hung up" for want of a curate at Cholderton, and dare not make any engagements beforehand. For the last year and a half I have wanted to pay a visit to Yorkshire, and it now seems likely that I shall not be able to compass even that. Do not imagine that I am heartbroken or even disappointed about Ripon. I have no reason to suppose that Disraeli ever heard my name in connexion with it. But mortified I certainly was. There is nothing in the Church that I should have liked better than Ripon; I am extremely fond of the place and would have made some sacrifice to go there, but that is not the point. I feel that to have been so completely passed over, when such a thing was actually going begging, is a sign that I am not to expect anything from these people. On two grounds I might have looked for a lift: either because I have been here as long as I am likely to do any good and have certainly not let down the party to which I belong; wherefore I might have been thought of for a remove—or if it is desirable that I should stay here, it might have been thought

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that I might have enough given me to live upon. Cholderton will, I think, wear my life out. I mention these things to you because Johnny seems to have thought worse of me than need be ; but I was out of sorts when I saw him—I wish very much that I could find out whether they are determined *not* to help me. Do not think I am seriously hurt.

Ever yours faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

CHOLDERTON, SALISBURY,
July 12, (1876).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Would you kindly look at either Domesday or the *Monasticon* and tell me whether the Church of S. Alkmund, at Shrewsbury, was founded before the Conquest? I have a faint recollection of seeing the Priests of Alkmund in D.B.

We are nicely settled here in this very quiet place, and I am getting on nicely with my *Ralph de Diceto*. I hoped you would be amused with my lectures, though I do not agree with your criticism of them. The fact that such articles as yours in the *National*, etc., *have actually ceased* is a stronger proof of what I wished to say than anything I said.

It is sad that not only Johnny, but you and Burrows (!), should both have thought that I was unnecessarily severe. I did not think of any of you when I wrote, but of Mr. Rowley and Hepworth Dixon. And after all what is it? Here we have plenty of fresh air, but no books save the Life of Lord Nelson and the Clergy List.

What a state the world is getting into! Parliament and the papers going mad last year about the fugitive slave circular and now conspiring to maintain, quite unnecessarily, the most monstrous slave tyranny that has ever existed. Did not that Constantinople business read like a bit of Artaxerxes & Co. in Rollin?

Best love,

Yours ever,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

Had you any idea of the A.S. Chair? Shadwell spoke to me about you before I left. How about Earle?

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CHOLDERTON, SALISBURY,

July 15; (1876).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you very much for the note about S. Alkmund's, and also for the *Daily News*. I am sure I fully sympathize with you as far as the main point is concerned. But I have more confidence in Lord Derby's common sense and appreciation of the feeling of the country. As for the other party, you are welcome to my share of him.

I have always supposed the duchy of Meran to be the duchy or county of which Meran is the capital. You have, I take it, passed through Meran on the way to Trent; it is a *sweet* place, full of grapes and cool air and rivers, Etsch and another. But the name (like Zähringen) is a curious one for a duchy, and I have been puzzled by the way in which Spruner puts little bits of Meran all about the Adriatic and elsewhere. Guizot's idea about Mahrea is ingenious, but I imagine historically impossible. Was not Moravia at the time under a set of counts or margraves of its own, of the Bohemian connexion rather than of the Swabian? P.S.—By a curious chance I have here (besides Nelson and the Novels) Pütter, who remarks—vol. I. p.220—that it was a peculiar thing for the Zähringen and Meran dukes to take their title from a castle and not from a real duchy called by a natural name, and connects it with the feudal idea by which a princely fief should be connected with or annexed to a city or castle. This is, I suppose, a fair enough reason.

I am afraid that there is little chance of my getting away from here even for a day. The Paulis promised to come and see me here and go to Stonehenge, etc., etc.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

P.S.—About the Professorship.¹—Several people besides Shadwell have spoken to me about your having it—the stipend is £300 and it requires six months' residence. That I think would be too great a tax upon you, but, as I said before, Earle asked me six years ago to support him. Still I would not say a word to dissuade you from taking it, if you saw your own way. Either you or Earle could keep out the prigs, but when honest

¹ *i.e.* the Rawlinson Professorship of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford.

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men are in opposition prigs come in and take the prize—such a prize as it is. I may add (in confidence) that H. J. Smith's idea is that if you stood there would be no opposition—but quære Earle?

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
January 3; (1877).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I wish you all a happy New Year. Thank you very much for your letter and the two Articles. I will return the *American* as soon as I can raise the postage. How are you getting on with the Index? I am hard at work on the Lancastrian History. I forget whether you are a Yorkist or not; reading Gairdner on the *Paston Letters* makes me more Lancastrian than ever. Still; his work is wonderfully well done. I shall be glad when I have finished my book and can either rest or do something else. I heard from Pauli one day last week. He seems as flourishing as usual and sends me his paper on Durham. Otherwise my time has been a good deal taken up with reading the little books of divers authors on Simon de Montfort, etc. I think your Turks are in a baddish way. But I am glad to see that you keep up to the mark in letter writing. How beastly the *Standard* and *Pall Mall* are! I have not anything particular to say, for I am quite smothered with the Wars of the Roses at present.

What do you think of Tennyson's *Harold*? What astounding forms he gives to people's names! I have not read it through—but I thought it rather nasty. And I did not know that he knew you so well as to call you by your name like a boy.

Ever yours,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

(To J. R. Green.)

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
March 26, (1877).

MY DEAR JOHN,—

It is well that you do not write to me often, for your letters are so nice that I at once set to work to answer them. Correspondence would be too brisk if you did the same.

Many thanks therefore for kind wishes. And so to business.

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(1) As for them Lectures—they are still on the knees of the gods—and when delivered, or written, it may be time to speak of them. At present they are in nowise objectively existent, save as pressing on what it pleases me to call my conscience. Truly Mrs. Creighton has knocked me down and trampled on me.

(2) As to your book. I have not read the proof sheets. (α) Because, being busy on a like work, I did not want to collide. (β) Because I had no time. (γ) Because I knew that our views were so different I could not be a fair judge. (N.B.)—If you want any more reasons I can supply them.

(3) The “pretty and fanciful” is a coinage of your own brain or of some friend’s. I am more likely to have said “Red Republican”; but I don’t believe I ever said either. I wish you the best luck and a happy deliverance of the Index.

(4) If you look at *Notes and Queries*, you will see me described as a thief and anonymous slanderer. Avenge me mildly if you have the chance.

(5) Seriously—and to conclude—I owe you a perpetual debt of gratitude about Dunstan—not merely for the money, which is indeed s.b., but for the pleasure of the work, which is very great.

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

P.S.—I have not the least intention of ever writing on the Angevin kings other than that *Block* for Morris. You won’t mind my saying that you were morbid that day. Have you not a piece of news to tell me? No one would rejoice more sincerely at your happiness.

OXFORD,

November 18, (1877).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I was very sorry to hear, as I did hear from Hunt some time ago, that you were out of health, and have been always going to write and tell you so; but really one’s life here during Term, and especially this Term, is from morning to night work, work, work, and I have put off until Sunday, and then had something else to do. So do not think that I have forgotten you, but pardon. I hope sincerely that the change will set

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you up, and that the baths will take away the bronchitis. I have received several awful bundles of proofs. I am afraid that there is no chance of my being able to read them over in time for you, for I am really as busy as I can be; but if time is no object, I will gladly undertake to do it as soon as the present pressure of work is over. But you will let me know. I called to see Johnny Green on Tuesday, and had an hour's chat with him, but I did not see the wife. He seemed cheerful and in goodish health, but did not look strong. Bryce I have just seen: he is, as usual, rather in the downs still. His father's death seems to have been a great shock to him. Goldwin Smith is here, and he and Church dined last Sunday at Oriel: you may be sure Froude was served up nicely between them. It was from Church that I heard the last news about you. There is nothing else to tell you, so I will wish you good-bye, and remain

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

OXFORD,

January 19, (1878).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you very much for your letter. I hope you are feeling the benefit of your rest, if it is rest, and of the change. I am afraid my review of your Article¹ was not worth much, but it did not seem to me to require or admit of much alteration. So I hope you have got it off your mind. I was in Yorkshire when I received your letter, for I have been trying to get a little rest or holyday after finishing my third volume. As it is still deep vacation here I have nothing to tell you. You would be pleased to hear of Edwin Palmer's appointment to the Archdeaconry, and surprised at Maine's return to Cambridge. Poor Mozley's death makes another change. As for Johnny Green, I have seen him once, and Mrs. Green also. He seemed flourishing for him, but he may have joined you at Palermo by this time, in which case give my love to them. I am rather surprised to find from your note that you

¹ Where was this? It was probably the one Dr. Stubbs sometimes spoke of as the only review he ever wrote in his life.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

do not accept the word Township as equivalent to *gemeinde*, and preferable to *mark* for English usage. I have always thought it so clear. I also found the *rex anglorum*, etc. The other points you recur to are matters of mere opinion for the most part. You will see that Parliament has opened quietly enough, and we must wait patiently for great things, if they are to come to pass. I found more Turks in the North than I liked. Everybody is for neutrality, but the feeling is strong against Russia. In Essex, on the other hand, the sentiment was much more in its right place. I suppose Yorkshire is more leavened with the *lues Palmerstoniana* than I had expected.

This is a very dull letter, but so are things in general. Remember me very kindly to your ladies, and

Believe me

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

OXFORD,

January 26, (1878).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I have posted your letter. I read it, and think that you have said what can be said. Of course the whole thing turns on the genuineness of the Lewes Charters, and Mr. Waters must be made to say what his reason for discarding them is. I did not write because I had nothing to contribute. I am lost among the Somerset Hundreds in the Exon Domesday. Have you ever excogitated what can be the reason of the discrepancy in the list of Hundreds, p. 58 of the Exeter D., and the list given in the formal account of the "geld" at p. 67? If you have, will you just drop me a line, and it will save me from wasting any more time upon it?

Boase has got back and is flourishing. I am tiring my eyes out as usual with Gervase, etc. I hope you are improving. This cold weather has tried my fingers, and I can scarcely write. Kindest regards.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

PROFESSOR AND CANON, 1866-1884

OXFORD,

March 14, (1878).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I ought to have answered your letter before, but I have been very busy running about after the Continuation of Gervase. I have nothing to say about *gradus* and *generatio*; it is probable that by working through Jaffé's Regesta you might form some generalization from the uses of the words by the successive Popes and examination of the several cases that would lead to a conclusion; but it would be a very wearisome task.

I return Lechmere's note. I cannot go to London on the 28th. I have to preach here. It is a Friday in Lent. Thank you very much for the papers you sent me about Taormina and Hellenism. I saw S. S. Lewis at Cambridge the other day. He was as benevolent as ever. There is no news. There is a petition for the widow of R. J. King to have a pension. Has it been sent to you?

Ever yours,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

OXFORD,

April 3, (1878).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Hoveden gives 1157 as the date of Thomas's appointment. It is, of course, a mistake, for, not to speak of other direct evidence, Thomas Cancellarius renders account for a year's farm of Berkhamsted in the Pipe Roll of 2 Hen. at Michaelmas, 1156 ∴ he had it before Michaelmas, 1155. This settles Hoveden. But you know the other authorities. Foss knows them.

Froude may have got his date from Hoveden, or from Dugdale's list in the *Origines Juridiciales*. I do not know Lord Campbell's date.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

OXFORD,

June 23, (1878).

MY DEAR GREEN,—

You must kindly excuse me for not having answered your kind letter, but I have really been going through oceans of trouble, and have had little time or heart to write. I hope that you are now feeling really stronger and better. At this moment I am in a deliberation whether or no I shall cut myself off from Cholderton and become Vicar of S. Mary's—it would have some advantages in the way of keeping close to Oxford, but I will not bore you with that. I shall call some day and see you and tell you about things.

As for the *Church History Manual*—I think, that if you send me two or three of the set and scale that you want, I would whilst I am at Cholderton try what I can do. If I find that it will not do, then I will tell you and you must find some one else. I am going to Cholderton next Saturday, and if you write or send by book post the address is Cholderton, Salisbury.

Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Green. Father Freeman has been at Trinity for a few days, looking not so well as I should like to see him, but on the whole in better form than I expected. Who is to succeed Sir T. Hardy? It is an important matter to Editors like your humble servant. I do not think there is any news here.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

OXFORD,

October 29, 1878.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I was very glad to hear from Bryce that you are so much better. I hope you will take care of yourself and be all right through the winter. Thanks for Mr. Walter's letter. I return it. I did not know that he was a friend of yours. It is very disgusting about . . . and it is not easy to explain. I am almost as much astonished at . . . for accepting as at the folly of the Electors. There is, I think, but one feeling about it here. What will Trinity Monday be like? Or I suppose they will abolish that next.

PROFESSOR AND CANON, 1866-1884

My lectures on Cyprus and Armenia will not, I think, be printed. There is such a mass of interesting matter about them and in a lecture one can only skim the surface. But it is a great shame that with such splendid materials the newspapers should go on propagating lies about Cyprus.

I do not know that I have anything much to write about. I am very busy as usual, and every day seems to bring me something fresh. I cannot find the first part of your *Ini*:—did you ever send it to me? or what number of the transactions was it in?

Ever yours faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

OXFORD,
February 5, (1879?).

MY DEAREST JOHN,—

I knew I should have your sympathy and good wishes, but thank you very sincerely for the expression of it. Have you been writing in *The Times* this morning? I only suspect you, because your own name did not occur in the article. I will bear in mind what you tell me about Cambridge, but except Lightfoot I know none of the Trinity Dons.

About the Ch. Hist. Primer,—after giving it a good deal of thought I finally despaired. I should not like to make it a mere table of facts, and yet it seemed impossible within such limits to convey anything like information combined with suggestion. I fear that I should only make a book which would be unintelligible except to people who knew as much on the subject as I did myself.

But we can talk when we meet. Please kindly remember me to your “excellent” wife. I see that you’re advertising a joint *Geography*.

Ever yours faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

OXFORD,
April 2, 1879.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I went to the Union at once and read Froude in the *Nine-*

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

teenth Century. Bryce and Church will be better able to advise you (in the view of what people in London think of the quarrel) than I can pretend to be. But on the first look at the matter it seems to me that it would be as well to answer him on the Historical points which he has singled out, and on which he lays himself open to criticism, especially the question *when* Thos. became Chancellor. Having done that, without any recrimination, I should say whether I was willing to soften down anything that I had said ; if not, then say so, but without *iterating* anything. If you like to say that other people are answerable for some of the sharp articles in the *Saturday*, you might, *but I should not*. Then leave it and let the matter drop. You have amply justified yourself for what you have said, in the judgment of the friends of R. H. Froude. (I do not speak for myself, for I never saw him or read his book.) The people who will take their opinion on the matter from their admiration of Froude's conversational powers, and their dislike of you or of Truth generally, will not be convinced by anything that you or anybody else may say. Their minds are not "on the same plane," to use the slang of the day, as those of either students or judges. I wish there was peace.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

I do not come into "rule" before the end of this month.

OXFORD,

December 16, (1879).

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I send by this post a copy of Liebermann on Hen. Hunt.¹ Please return it to me when you have read it. Liebermann's criticism on such a point as the early Songs is not of much importance, but I do not remember his having made it. You may remember that Theopold fell foul of me for giving Hen. Hunt as authority for the list of West Saxon kings, just in the same way and with about the same justice.

. has done the book very badly—left out the ninth book altogether, and made a stupid and pretentious pre-

¹ Probably Liebermann's article on Henry of Huntingdon, *Forsch. zur deutschen gesch.* xviii. 265 ff.

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face. He says he was hampered with the advice of the Office, but he had no business to ask advice—if he was competent to do the work, he should have done it himself. But you know what a creature he is, and how he wants to do Simeon. The very books that I have been afraid to undertake because they involved so much collation!

I am going up to London to-day, and the wife and children follow as soon as their bronchs are right. Our direction is 1, Amen Court, S. Paul's, until the end of January. I wish that I could have got to see you and Raine who is ill at York, but I see no chance of having any time to dispose of before the end of June. I am working very hard just now. What with Sermons and Lectures and *Const. Hist.* and Gervase, I see the broader one's back gets the bigger the burden. Our kindest love to all.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

Dr. Pauli was a strong "Tory," it will be seen from the following letters, and did not agree with his friend Freeman on political matters, German or English.

GÖTTINGEN,

May 3, 1880.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

* * * * *

I had a letter from Freeman yesterday, still "shouting and dancing at the deliverance from the yoke of Jewry."¹ He has had a trip in Sussex and Kent and gave a shout on Lewes battlefield for "the new Simon." I shall take good care not to enter on these subjects nor retort on his impertinent swagger against the Emperor of Austria; but as he sent me some proofs again of his interminable *Historical Geography*, I could not help correcting some of his inveterate errors. He neither knows Hanseatic nor Prussian history. Is he more to be trusted with regard to his beloved Slav?

¹ I.e. the defeat of Lord Beaconsfield at the General Election. Freeman was fond of comparing Mr. Gladstone to Simon de Montfort, and Mr. Disraeli to Ranulf Flambard, the evil minister of William Rufus.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

Have you seen the new member for the Tower Hamlets,¹
who in a letter to me appealed to your abhorrence of Dizzy?

* * * * *

Yours ever faithfully,
R. PAULI.

GOTTINGEN,
August 8, 1881.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

* * * * *

I had an occasional letter from Freeman after his starting slowly from Rome towards Somerleaze. He likewise mentioned his having been placed on the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission. He may possibly do there much less mischief than all his projected excursion to Yankeeland, where according to the papers he indeed proposes to teach the people curious things about the history of the past and the present politics of the old world. His *Historical Geography* has been for years the stumbling-block between us, as I had told him openly that I did not find much geography in the book, but rather a mess that had been made especially on German matters and a vague predilection for Slav and other barbarian stepchildren of his. I rather expect that William Rufus is more in his line, though radicalism and republicanism will continue to peep through the monarchical constellations of the twelfth century.

How many sad losses you have undergone of late! Poor Rolleston was only a recent acquaintance of mine, whom, however, I rejoiced to revisit whenever I came to Oxford again. Poor Coxe, on the contrary, I have known intimately ever since 1848. I shall never forget what I owe to his kind advice and help. His cheerful face and jovial spirit were real treats each time we met again. Is there no literary memorial written by a thorough friend and a true member of the University? With the late Dean of Westminster I have been in connexion the same length of time, chiefly through the Benson family. I have found him invariably faithful as a friend, though we did not meet often in late years and though I was well aware of much antagonism being alive against him.

¹ i.e. Mr. J. E. Thorold Rogers.

PROFESSOR AND CANON, 1866-1884

Such losses and the advancing strides of the rising generation
mark indeed most distinctly the rapid run of the time.

* * * * *

Ever yours faithfully,
R. PAULI.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
June 6, 1882.

MY DEAR PAULI,—

Thank you for your kind letter now crying out to my conscience for an answer ; and thanks also for the papers which Dr. Dove has sent me at your suggestion. At last I am beginning to have some faint hope of seeing you again. The University of Würzburg has written to our Vice-Chancellor to inform him of a Tercentenary to be kept in August, and the Council have empowered me, if I can manage it, to attend at Würzburg and express in some way or other our goodwill and congratulations. A fixed date helps one to steady one's purposes, and as I should like to come to Würzburg and see a few more interesting places and people, I have been thinking that I might make a little run about the end of July and see Berlin and Göttingen and perhaps Munich and Vienna again. But all must depend on the health of my little boys. Now I hope you are well, and Mrs. Pauli, and that the wedding went off propitiously and happily. We have just returned from a very dull May in London. The Churches are in Italy, and we have had nothing to do but watch anxiously the progress and ascent of our big bell, the Great Paul, of which you have, no doubt, seen notices in the English papers. Yesterday was Trinity Monday, and at dinner I sat next to our friend E. A. F. But as he is at present furiously enraged against the Emperor of Austria, and as you know I have no Dalmatian proclivities, we were not able to do much sympathy. He seems, however, thoroughly renovated by his American reception, and looks better than he has done for years. Things in general are very flat here ; Egypt only in a slight degree drawing men's thoughts away from Ireland. If the Jews are on their way back to Palestine, could not the Irish be prevailed on *antiquam ex-*

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

quirere matrem, and emigrate in search of Scota, Pharaoh's daughter ?

Yours ever,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
June 7, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. PAULI,—

It is with feelings of the deepest sympathy and sorrow that I write to condole with you on the death of your dear husband, my very true and faithful friend.

I trust that our Almighty Father and Friend will give you strength to bear the blow, so sudden and so overpowering. But I know that no words, even of the closest sympathy, can lessen the sorrow that you must be feeling. He was so good a man, so kind and noble a friend, so great as a scholar and teacher, so free from the faults that blemish the character of literary men, and so well beloved wherever he was known, that I am sure many, many hearts must be joining with you in your grief just now.

Pray accept from myself and my wife, for yourself and your children, this poor expression of our sense of your great loss, and our sympathy with a sorrow which we feel as our own.

I am

Yours very faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
July 18, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. PAULI,—

I think that your proposal, that Dr. Liebermann should complete the work of the Wardrobe accounts, is the very best that can be made. My misgiving referred only to the fact that the Camden Society will not, so far as I can find out, make any payment for the work. As I am leaving home this week, I have ventured to send on your letter and paper at once to the Secretary of the Camden Society (without committing you to any course), with a strong recommendation that your proposal shall be accepted. So you must not be surprised if you hear direct from the Society.

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As to the diploma of the degree of D.C.L.—no such document is issued here on the occasion of Honorary degrees ; the only record being in the Archives of the University and the notice printed in the *Gazette*.

With kindest regards,

I am

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

November 22, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. PAULI,—

When I saw Dr. Liebermann in London in the month of September, I gathered from him that he had so much work on his hands that it might be long before he could begin the completion of your dear husband's edition of the Wardrobe accounts ; and I learned from him that possibly with Dr. Pauli's materials in my hands I might be able to finish the edition on the plan that he had begun. I am quite willing to try, but, as you say, I must see the materials before I can absolutely decide. When I receive them I will immediately inform you what I determine. I need hardly say that it would be a great pleasure to me if I could finish the work that my dear friend was so much interested in, and that I should be proud to have my name associated with his in such a matter.

Thank you for your kind inquiries. We are all very well ; even the little Reginald, your dear husband's godson, is, we hope, outgrowing the delicacy of chest and lungs that he so narrowly escaped from three years ago. With our united kind regards,

I am

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

November 14, 1882.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I am glad to hear that you are safe at home, although I wish we might have had your company on Thursday and Friday. I hope your gout will not keep you long in the house. The

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

Commission is a great bore, for I cannot see that any good is to come of it ; every one has a psalm and a doctrine and no patience. As for our report, I do not know what to say at all, for I do not feel at all disposed to waste time on making a good historical statement for the basis of recommendations with which I do not agree ; or in fact to help to draw up a report which I cannot sign. As for the Delegates, of course such a Court of Delegates as heard appeals for 300 years might be restored for the hearing of such appeals as those Delegates heard. But the mere restoration of the name of a court, when the essence of its constitution is altered and the peculiar character of its work is gone, is simply a mockery.

Our lawyers agree in nothing—and yet object to everything. Lord Coleridge reads the Reformation Acts as if he saw them for the first time, and then corrects those who have spent years in the study of them. Henry VIII was not a fool—why should he be treated like one ? And why, except to please the lawyers, should every protection given to the clergy be treated as obsolete, every weapon forged against them treated as absolutely necessary, useful, and to be kept in constant repair ? It is quite ludicrous, to see the men whose reading and training we know to be so merely empirical, as soon as they become wigged, secured from all risk of error—practice themselves, by hiring themselves out to confound right and wrong, to adjudicate on historical matters of which they know not the first elements, and then lift up their hands in pious horror because we do not see that what comes from their mouth is *law*.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

[The following three letters refer to Green's last book, *The Conquest of England*, and the next to his death.]

I, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S,

January 9, 1883.

DEAR MR. MACMILLAN,—

I do not see that any object could be gained by delaying the publication of the *Conquest of England* : of course there are some few things that I do not agree with, but there are far

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more that I do ; and I am sure the work has all the fine points that have made his other books so popular. I know no one who has the same grasp of the subject and the same command of details combined. I suppose Johnny would condemn a comparison with poor Burges, but it always strikes me that their genius worked on similar lines ; of course, everybody did not like Burges' Churches, and I am not sure that I altogether like Johnny's, but there is no doubt about either of them. By the bye, I do think that the end of the book wants a little adjustment to the Title—for you scarcely get to the Conquest of England except in a non-natural sense ; could you suggest to him either to summarize what he has to say of the next act of the drama, in a few additional pages, or else to make this Vol. I and hold out hopes of another volume ? If not, he will have to write a preface, which is not a nice thing to have to do. The Alfred is very good ; and the Dunstan will be when he has had the last revise. I do hope that he will gain strength to go on with it.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

I, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S,

January 9, 1883.

MY DEAR MR. MACMILLAN,—

I return the book with Steenstrup's notes and Freeman's letter. The latter is satisfactory. The former are what I expected ; that is to say, Steenstrup has worked hard at a portion of Green's subject, and, having come to some conclusions different from Green's, has published them in an unknown tongue. I should not think, from what I gather from his notes, that his criticisms much affect the value of Johnny's book as touching English History ; and as for the incidental points of difference on Scandinavian history, I do not at all see that Johnny's divarications, even if they are erroneous, would deserve very severe handling, considering that they are only faulty as not being abreast with Steenstrup's as yet unknown lucubrations. If the book was really accessible, then Green would have been wiser if he had consulted it. But it was not ; and Steenstrup's critique, both in tone and detail, smacks rather of personal affront at not having been cited.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

As to the facts in question, so far as I can identify them by collation, I should say that many depended on matter of opinion—several notes refer to questions of minute date and nomenclature, which would never catch the eye of the ordinary reader, and others depend on the conclusions of a certain Theopold, who, having from one of my books got the end of a string for a dissertation on the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, wrote to criticize some of my conclusions in a book which never carried much conviction to my mind, except so far as it agreed with my views already formed.

I see no good in staying the issue of the book, but I wish the ending could have been expanded.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

February 10, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. GREEN,—

It is only a painful sort of pleasure to have a letter from you now. Do give my best love to your dear husband. He is constantly in my thoughts and I wish I could do anything that would be of any use or comfort to either of you.

I dare say you will have heard from Mr. Macmillan my opinion about the issuing of the book as it stood. I did not think that there was anything that made it unadvisable to publish it as an instalment of a longer book, and except the unfortunate fact of the title coming twice over every time you turned over a leaf, I should not have ventured to suggest amendments. The passage about Dunstan occurred in one of the sheets not struck off finally, and seemed to charge him with a design of secularizing the Church, by vesting the appointment of the bishops in the king's hands, making them great State officials and confusing councils of the Church with councils of the State. The idea of the process of secularization was common to him and me, and he cited me as authority, but I had no intention of laying the blame on Dunstan, and to do so runs counter to the view that he had taken of D. in the chapter devoted to him. I thought it would certainly be cut out on revise. Besides that, I remember one or two small things--Ethelbert not Sebert founded S. Paul's, and things of that

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sort, which are of no importance to the reputation of a book like his, and certainly not worth a cancel, as I told Macmillan. As you will not read this to him, I will frankly say that the weakness of the book is the intercalation of some old matter in the midst of the new, e.g. the account of early London in the midst of Alfred, but that would not strike everybody. If you are revising it might be as well to rearrange that. Beyond this I have no criticism to offer. A great deal of the book is simply beautiful—with the whole of it I should agree more than E. A. F. would. But it seems hard-hearted to write about it to you. I pray God to bless you and him, very sincerely and heartily, and that He will do it in His own way.

Yours very faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
March 18, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. GREEN,—

I hear from Mrs. Ward that you have returned to Kensington, and write you a line to assure you of what I hope needs no assurance, how sincerely and sorrowfully I have felt with you in your great trouble. Now that the shock is over, for I suppose that it must have been a shock notwithstanding the long waiting, you will begin to feel what a changed life lies before you and to realize more fully every day the loss you have sustained. Still, it will be pleasant to you to be told how much he was loved and valued and by how many. He was very dear to me, not the less so although for so many years we had seen so little of one another and took life in such different ways, and I believe that he knew and felt that it was so. Mrs. Ward kindly sent me a letter with an account of the funeral, very pleasant, but also very sorrowful. I shall not presume to say a word of comfort to you, for I feel sure that it is needless, and I hope that you know that my heart has been with you all these last days. I trust that we shall meet sometimes, and if ever I can be of any use to you in any way, I shall hope that you will let me. With kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

[This letter is apparently an answer to that in Freeman's *Life*, ii. 270.]

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
March 21, 1883.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thanks for your letter. I return the Bishop's, which is very nice and satisfactory. As to your main proposition, that Henry VIII intended to resort to the delegates for an extraordinary or special expedient, I do to a certain point agree. But it must also be remembered that it was intended as a substitute for appeal to papal delegations, which were very common, and, what is more important, that it was distinctly fashioned on the plan of Admiralty appeals (see the words of the Act), which were common enough too. I agree that it was permitted for *lack of Justice* ; but we are met by Jeune and others with the statement that all appeals are for lack of Justice. I should be very glad if you can put in form such an objection so that I can sign it. But I think it possible that the Commission might agree to it, and I want something more.

1. I believe that Henry never intended the Court of Delegates to entertain appeals on doctrine or ritual. There never had been such appeals in papal times, and they were not contemplated then.

2. Nor were they contemplated under the Heresy Acts or Acts of Uniformity under which different processes were framed, but no recourse to the delegates, or proceeding on appeal.

3. I have said more than once at the Commission that the best thing would be to get a perfect final court ; if that is impossible, then to limit the matters that shall come before the final court. This might to some extent be done by restraining the right of appeal to the defendant. But I believe the right proceeding would be analogous to the old proceeding in making petition in Parliament—for an examiner or *cognitor appellationum* to determine whether the point of appeal is spiritual or temporal, and refer it to a spiritual or temporal court accordingly. If he refers it rightly, then the spiritual court must be obeyed by the clergy ; if he refers it wrongly (i.e. determines that a spiritual point is a civil point), and sends it to the secular court, the decision can only claim a civil validity and not bind spiritually. In my paper, submitted a year ago

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to the Commission, I sketched this; but no one reads my papers.

4. In default of this I should maintain a reference of spiritual points to a spiritual court, the decisions to bind the final tribunal. But I doubt whether we shall have a chance of carrying this.

5. I cannot bear the Privy Council as a final court, and, if we accept it with a whole battery of safeguards, the lawyers will spike the safeguards and leave the foul thing as it was.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

March 27, 1883.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I enclose a copy of the paper about which I wrote to you. I hope you will find yourself able to agree with most of it.

I return the two letters about poor Johnny. I hope that if the Railroad story is to be reproduced anywhere,¹ I may be allowed to tell what was the truth about it. It always seemed to me to present all the characteristic stages of the growth of a myth. I should be very sorry if G. . . or anybody like him should be allowed to make capital out of Johnny.

I cannot come to you on Monday. It is as much as I can do to keep up at all with my work, living half the week on the G.W.R. and Palace Chambers.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

Please return the Paper if you find you have another copy.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

March 29, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. GREEN,—

Thank you very much for your kind letter. I can only assure you again of my very faithful sympathy.

As to the Maps I hardly know what to say. You see, I do not myself believe in Robertson's scheme of the Ealdormanates, to which I think your dear husband had

¹ See above, p. 68.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

reconciled himself and commits himself more or less by the second Map. So I am a little prejudiced against that one. As to the place of Wedmore Map I have not much objection but should not the Danish character of the East Anglian kingdom be as clearly marked as that of Danish Mercia ?

On the whole—considering that there are clearly rising controversies (Steenstrup, etc.) on some of these Danish questions, and as the Maps do not carry any *new* information, I should rather advise you not to use them, or, at all events, not to incur any expense with them.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

I, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S.

May 26, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. GREEN,—

As it is very uncertain when I can get to Kensington, I send you back the papers you gave me by post, and hope that they will reach you safe. I have read them all. I prefer the newer recension of Cnut to the older one, for many reasons with which I need not trouble you, as I am quite clear about it. I have marked one or two misprints, but I have not gone over it critically. I think, however, that the theory about Cnut's age is untenable, and that the latest possible date for his birth is 998 ; which involves a correction wherever his age is mentioned. But it might be as well, if you have time, to look out Langebek's note (or some one else's note in Langebek) on the point. I think that he must have been considerably older—but 998 is one date for which something like authority can be pleaded.

The MS. packet which is in this envelope I have also read. It strikes me as very ingenious, but further than that it does not much commend itself to me for the reasons which I stated generally on Thursday. If you print it I think it had better be as a sort of Excursus in small type, and with an indication that it had not had the final revision.

I wish I could have been of more use to you.

Yours very faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

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KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
August 15, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. GREEN,—

I have gone over the slips and marked my opinion about the blue portions in the margin. Most of them I should retain as they stand. Some I should modify so as not to read too categorically, and, if you do not mind, I should distinctly say in some places that you are not clear that that was your husband's final view. In particular I am sure he would not have fully accepted Mr. Eyton's solution of the hidage question, or Robertson's whole dogma about the relationship of the Ealdormen. The last chapter and its appendices I am in much doubt about. I do not know when you intend to bring the volume to a close ; and I seem to have read a good deal of the matter in a previous form. I hardly know what to advise about it, and if you have not already made up your mind about it, we had better have a talk on the subject. But do not think of coming here, for you will not find me ; and, as the printing need not be pushed on, we should have time in September ; and my time will be very much at your service. You will observe that I kick occasionally in my notes—you must set it down to human infirmity.

Ever yours faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

OXFORD,
November 9, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. GREEN,—

Yes, I think I should insert it. It is characteristic, and furnishes a good commentary on the Text so far as it goes. I quite approve of your cutting out all reference to Freeman. I am glad you have been enjoying Embleton. Our dear old C. is a growing character—very useful and entertaining, when one knows how to interpret his formulae.

Yours ever,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

The letters already given have contained several allusions to two matters to which no other reference has yet been made.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

The first is Stubbs's promotion to a canonry of S. Paul's ; the second, his membership of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts.

On January 31, 1879, he received the following letter—

10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,

January 30, 1879.

REVEREND SIR,—

The election of Dr. Lightfoot to the See of Durham vacates a canonry of S. Paul's, and, if agreeable to yourself, I propose to have the honour of submitting your name to the Queen to be Dr. Lightfoot's successor. Believe me,

With great consideration,

Faithfully yours,

BEACONSFIELD.

The offer was an appropriate one, for no English scholar was so famous as Dr. Lightfoot except the one whom the Prime Minister thus chose to succeed him. Dr. Stubbs was installed on May 3, and kept residence for May and September at the Deanery. On December 16 he began residence at 1, Amen Court. Of the friendships which the new positions began and consolidated it need only be said that they were perhaps the strongest influences on the later years of Dr. Stubbs's life. With Dean Church and his family and with Dr. Liddon, the intimacy was particularly close and affectionate. How close, the following letters will show. Hardly, if at all, less close was the friendship with Dr. Gregory, the present Dean, who was then a canon, and with his family.

Among the congratulations that reached Dr. Stubbs there is one that may well be quoted. Bishop Harold Browne of Winchester wrote—"May I venture to express my thankfulness that the Crown has seen fit to offer you the distinguished post about to be vacated by my friend the Bishop of Durham ? It is but a small recognition of the inestimable services which your pen has done to history, civil and ecclesiastical—services which, I hope, will long be given to the Church and country, and which cannot fail to be daily and hourly more highly valued and honoured."

The new Canon at once set to work upon the muniments of

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the cathedral church. What could he discover that was not yet known? The following letters are of interest as showing his work.

I, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S,

MY DEAR DEAN,—

September 22, 1880.

. . . I have not yet found the Dean's Registers, although I have searched the Bishop's Record Rooms well through, both at S. Paul's and in Dean's Court. In the Chapter House, however, we made a great find. In the garret at the top, through a trap-door, we found a great mass of papers. The largest portion consisted of Wills, Bonds, and Inventories, from 1660 to 1710, chiefly if not entirely the Wills proved in the Court of the Dean and Chapter; about 2,000 Wills, I think, and countless Bonds, etc. There was also a quantity of old leases and Court Rolls. But the great thing was a chest of Charters, chiefly belonging to the Chantries of S. Paul's, but also containing bills, letters, statutes, proceedings on election of bishops, and every sort of illustrative early writing from 1100 onwards—two or three Charters of Ralph de Diceto among them. There were about 150 small bundles in the chest, labelled neatly, but very dirty. Apparently they had been last looked at by Dugdale, whose marks were on some of the charters, and must have been put by about his time. Archdeacon Hale, of course, cannot have known of their existence, and I see no reason to doubt that they have been lost for at least 200 years. My two boys helped me to sort them; and the result has made Dr. Simpson stand on his head. They are originals in all cases, no copies. Besides these there are one or two books—one containing a mass of letters between Cecil and Walsingham in 1570-72, on the design of putting the Queen of Scots to death; and another of Memoranda by Dean Nowell, but no *Registers*.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

BLACHFORD, IVY BRIDGE,

September 23, 1880.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

I congratulate you and thank you also, though we ought to

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

feel some confusion of face that none of us had the zeal to get through that trap-door before. But it is curious that it should not have attracted Hale. I suppose that the documents ought not to be left where they are. I hope the Chapter House will not catch fire ; but if it did, the things in the garrets would not stand much chance. Had they not better be moved at once, if it is possible, into the Muniment Room ? You must consider what is to be done with them : the calendaring of them will make a large supplement to Mr. Maxwell Lyte's work of last winter. How in the world did the Cecil and Walsingham letters come there ? Through Nowell ?

How pleasant to have two handy little boys to help you in turning over papers !

Ever yours,

R. W. CHURCH.

The following letter is in regard to proposals connected with the Rolls Series. Allusions to the Ecclesiastical Court Commission crop up.

I, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S,

September 28, 1880.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

I return you Mr. Dickinson's letter. I should like very well to do a Glastonbury volume—say William of Malmesbury, Domerham, and I. Glaston., complete, with an Appendix of Charters from the Bodleian MS. The several authors must, for the Master of the Rolls, be edited in their integrity, and if I did I should be most grateful for Mr. Bennett's help.

But I have only just got a commission from the Master of the Rolls for a series of volumes on the reigns of Edward I and II, and these must be done before I could make another application. Either, then, the proposal must wait for at least three years, or some other editor must be got. Would it not be better for Mr. Bennett to be proposed as Editor and for me to help, if he wants help, with the treatment of the MS. ? If that would not do, then unless F. H. D. could get the Master to propose the volume to me (*mero motu*), I do not see how I can help on the scheme. So much for F. H. D.

Your friend A. C. T., having now let the cat out of the bag,

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must prepare for a series of assaults from all Chapters. He is the most outrageous assumer I have heard of. Do we not know that a Dean is a Dean of a Chapter? I should not mind being your curate, but I should not like to be Johnson's.

If all is well we leave on Monday. We have had a nice quiet month, and had a visit from my mother last week. I have had a distinct intimation not to stoop over my writing so much—in all other respects all is well.

Yours ever,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S,
November 10, 1880.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

I have been looking at the book of letters (1570-72) which you discovered. It turns out to be the series of letters, up to November 1, 1572, printed in Dudley Digges's *Compleat Ambassador*. It begins with the first paper in Digges, the instructions to Walsingham of August 11, 1570, and the letters end with that to Burleigh, November 1, 1572 (Digges, 281), *minus* the last paragraph, and then follows a long declaration of the Queen touching her differences with the Catholic King, which I have not yet found in Digges. I have looked through the MS. letters very hurriedly, but enough to see that there are variations of *names* at least: e.g. the MS. speaks of "Pippinus Brevis" who married "*Hildagartha*"; this in Digges is "*Bertha*," which looks as if the text in Digges was corrected from that in our MS. At the end of the volume there are some calculations of eclipses (?), and a note dated *February 27, 1645*, and some days following, of the employment and pay of labourers apparently requisitioned at a number of villages near Grantham and Belvoir,—Knipton, Harston, Croxton, etc.

But I have only looked very hastily through it. I cannot find anything to show who made the copies of the letters, or to whom the book belonged.

I hope you are all flourishing. We had a pleasant visit to Auckland and Durham.

Ever yours,
R. W. CHURCH.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

These letters show how closely the historical interest of their church united the Dean and the Canon. At S. Paul's, as in Oxford, Stubbs continued to work strenuously at history.

To these may be appended letters which have been kindly sent me by Dr. Augustus Jessopp. They show the interest that Dr. Stubbs showed in local history, and in Dr. Jessopp's *Visitations of the Religious Houses in the Diocese of Norwich* (Camden Society).

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

February 3, 1882.

MY DEAR DR. JESSOPP,—

Thank you very kindly for your long and interesting extract, which at all events shows how the English Inquisition was worked. Does the record proceed to say what was done with Rokker, Style, Fisher, and Dykkes? If they abjured I should like to know; if not, how the sentence against them ran. Possibly, however, the Register does not say.

It is certainly curious that Foxe's documents should have been so generally lost sight of, for the case is the same at Lincoln. There is no doubt about the genuineness of his facts, but his colouring is his own, and the minute legal forms that we want are sought for in vain.

About the Suffragan bishops, I can tell you nothing more than I have put in my *Registrum*; and the references to the one or two legislative Acts in Wilkins concerning them. Your idea of them is very much like mine. I am pretty sure that there is nothing in Linwood about them. You will, however, find a very good note in Gieseler (iii. 202 *Eng. Tr.*), which gives references to the Canon Law about them, and also to Thomas-sinus. If you have not Gieseler by you, the references are—

Council of Vienne, 1311 (Clem. lib. I, pt. iii. c. 5);

Council of Ravenna, 1311 (rub. 24);

Council of Ravenna, 1314 (rub. 4).

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

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KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

April 2, 1882.

DEAR DR. JESSOPP,—

Thank you very much for your notes about the Norwich Suffragans. As to the curious question you put at the end of the letter—I must think about it. It would be worth while to compare the Ordination lists with those in the Durham Register published by Sir T. Hardy in vol. III. of the *Registrum Palatinum*. Then there are a great number of private titles, chaplaincies, and chantry priests, and likewise of titles from the Mendicant Orders as well as the Monasteries. But there are also many ordinations on livings as titles.

Is it possible that in the diocese of Norwich most of the livings were in episcopal patronage—or patronage of monasteries—so that men could not be appointed until they were already in orders? Of course there were no curacies to be ordained on, but I should have thought that you would find many ordinations on chaplaincies. However, the question is curious, and may have something to do with the question of pluralities. It is certain that the moment the monasteries fell, the supply of clergy became extremely inadequate, and that a great part of the working clergy simply made a livelihood out of masses for the dead, which collapsed at the beginning of Edward VI's reign. This looks as if the majority of livings may have been held by pluralists or men ordained at Oxford and Cambridge, and so not entered in diocesan registers.

Ever yours,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

I, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S,

September 1.

MY DEAR DR. JESSOPP,—

Thank you very much for your letter. I should not have dreamed of asking you to make a search for missing Registers. The Books which ought to contain all that I want to know are, no doubt, those at which you are at work on the Institutions. They would be the volumes of the Registers of

Spenser, 1370, etc.,

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

and onwards to Nykke—all of which I have seen in the Registry. Of course there would be kept some other records of Court Work, which probably have perished at Norwich as elsewhere. But the forthcoming books ought to give all that is required for our purpose. Perhaps the Norfolk and Suffolk cases, recorded in Foxe, would give a clue to the portion of the Register which should be searched. I shall be very grateful for any help in this.

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

Of course if, in the search, you come on anything more recondite, it will be additionally precious.

I, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S,

September 3.

MY DEAR DR. JESSOPP,—

The details I want for the return on Cases of Heresy are “the name of the accused, the dates of trial, the process by which it was initiated, the tribunal before which it was tried, the form of sentence, and any further particulars which illustrate the nature of jurisdiction in such cases.”

I do not think I need trouble you with any inquiry previous to the year 1377; but from that date onward to the year 1533 I want all the information I can get.

I cannot now remember the evidence on which I gave the date of 1091 to the consecration of Herbert. Probably, however, it was the finding his subscription to some document in the year assigned to his predecessor's death. It is clear from the profession that the ceremony was performed by the Abp. of York. I know the *crux* about Herbert's journey to Rome and rehabilitation, for I had some correspondence with Freeman about it a year ago. I have not my Florence here, but I remember that some various readings in the English Hist. Society's edition helped to clear the point. I have no doubt we shall have it worked out in his forthcoming book on William Rufus.

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

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I, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S,

January 18, 1884.

MY DEAR DR. JESSOPP,—

Thank you very much for the two papers which have just reached me from Oxford. As to the first, I think it really interesting : of course it is not intended for popular reading. The note of Mr. R. is very foolish, but scarcely more so than Sir J. Stephen's remark. It is curious that this class of mind will ignore the direct evidence (from the visitors' own letters) of the way they drove the poor creatures to confess things true and false. As for penitentials, etc., the evidence tells (so far as it goes) against lay as well as clerk ; but Stephen ought to have known that one instance of a crime may be the occasion of legislation as well as a thousand, and that society ought not to be judged by the Police reports.

I like very much what you have said about Bradenham : as for the last page, well, I am one of the people who think parochial History most interesting.

About the Rolls—there would be no chance of the M. R. taking the Norwich Kalendar ; but the Hist. MSS. Comm. very likely would, it being very much the same sort of thing that they have done for our Pauline Charters, etc., for the next Report. If you were to offer to do it for them, or, if not, would suggest that if they would send a sub-commissioner—he might use Mr. Symond's materials—I think they would consider it. But it might be as well to get one of the Commissioners enlisted on your behalf.

The much more important point in your letter (3) I am more shy in advising about. The best I can think of is that you should offer to the Master of the Rolls a volume or two, on the model of Raine's *Letters from Northern Registers*—and do this as soon as you can, carefully avoiding any proposition that looks like printing a Cartulary—for they are overcartularied already. If you could mention any considerable local Potentate or mighty lawyer, it might possibly help. In fact, there is not much money and there is much competition, and you might have to apply more than once or twice. In default I can think of nothing better than the *Archæologia*, and to get Lord Carnarvon enlisted. If I have a chance of

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saying a word I will say it, but I do not know the present M. R.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

In London Dr. Stubbs continued, as far as possible, his quiet and studious life, and mixed little in general society. Now and then he would accept an invitation to meet some distinguished statesman or man of letters—there is a charming passage in the *Letters of J. R. Green*, describing how the two Oxford historians met Gladstone—"simple, natural, an equal among equals."¹ Mr. Bryce tells me that he well remembers Mr. Gladstone's enjoyment and "the deferential respect with which he treated Dr. Stubbs." But Stubbs still disliked "dinner-parties."

In 1879 he was elected to the Athenæum, being proposed by Lord Cardwell, who told him afterwards of a curious prejudice against the clergy which had once existed in the club and caused the rejection of Dr. Burton, sometime Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. "I am greatly rejoiced," wrote Dean Church, "for the sake of the Athenæum, and I think you will find it a convenient and a pleasant place to belong to"; but Sir I. Brunel put his congratulations thus—"My dear 'Canon' Stubbs (though surely this is premature), it is a great pleasure to me to see on a notice that under that designation you have to-day become a member of this club, in company with the inventor of a machine for making syllogisms and a believer in spiritualistic appearances of young females, though they have each of them better titles to fame."

If the most important work which Dr. Stubbs did in the historical revival of the Victorian Age was his editions of the English Medieval Chronicles and his greatest literary achievement the *Constitutional History*, there can be no doubt that his most eminent public service, at least up to the time of his episcopate, was his service to the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts. The long "ritual troubles," complicated at different points by doctrinal questions, the incoherent and unsystematic treatment of doctrinal questions themselves, and the confusion of ecclesiastical, semi-ecclesiastical, and secular jurisdiction, had, by the end of the 'seventies reached

¹ Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, ii. 561.

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a point of *impasse* from which it was the duty of statesmen to find an exit for the State and for the Church established. In 1881, by Mr. Gladstone's advice, a Royal Commission was appointed to "inquire into the constitution and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts as created or modified under the Reformation Statutes of the 24th and 25th years of King Henry VIII, and any subsequent Acts." The Commission consisted of Archbishops Tait and Thomson, the Marquess of Bath, the Earls of Devon and Chichester, Bishops Harold Browne, Mackarness and Benson, Lord Penzance, Lord Blachford, Lord Coleridge, Sir Robert Phillimore, Sir Richard (now Lord) Cross, Sir Walter James, Dr. Lake, Dean of Durham, Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Perowne, Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Westcott, Dr. Stubbs, Sir James Parker Deane, Mr. E. A. Freeman, Dr. T. E. Espin, Archdeacon Ainslie, Mr. (now Sir) Arthur Charles, Mr. (now Sir Francis) Jeune, and Mr. Samuel Whitbread. Thus views High Church and Low Church, legal, historical, spiritual, and Erastian, were represented; and it soon became plain that if no substantial agreement could be arrived at, at least some sound historical information could be collected. Dr. Stubbs saw where his duty lay. It was to so clearly express the historical position of the Church in England in relation to the State that there should be no excuse in later days for the extraordinary blunders of which otherwise well-instructed men had in recent years been guilty.

Dr. Stubbs was present at every one of the seventy-five sessions of the Commission, from May, 1881, to July, 1883. He gave evidence himself, he presented a special paper to the Commission, and he supplied five historical appendices to the Report, dealing with (1) the Court which exercised ecclesiastical jurisdiction up to 1832; (2) the Heresy trials up to 1533; (3) the formal acts by which the clergy recognized the Royal Supremacy; (4) a collation of the Lords' Journals with the Convocation Records, 1529-47; (5) a list of occasions on which the Convocations were formally referred to in matters other than financial.

Nothing in our generation has done more to impress upon the public the true position and claims of the Church of England than these lucid and exhaustive summaries. No one who has watched the growth of public opinion can doubt that, slowly

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

indeed, but surely, their conclusions have passed into the common stock of knowledge, and have served to enlighten statesmen as well as ordinary folk as to the constitutional history of the oldest of our institutions. The criticism which they received at the time of the issue of the Report was considerable; a learned pamphlet attacked them; there was some correspondence also with a Mr. Lewis as to the King's power by Common Law to deal with heresy, as evidenced by the writ in Sawtre's case some days before 2 Hen. iv. c. 15 became law; but Dr. Stubbs's view was supported by Sir William Anson. Of late years, also, the main contention of the principal Appendix has been subjected to severe criticism. Professor Maitland's book, *Roman Canon Law in the English Church*, has been taken—much too hastily, I believe—to have settled the question against Dr. Stubbs's view and to have proved that the English Church in the Middle Ages was actually, and recognized both theoretically and practically that it was, in bondage to the legal system of the Papacy. On this subject Dr. Stubbs said a few wise words in the third edition of his *Lectures*, which seem to me to state the case most accurately. They deserve very careful study, and I believe that they anticipate what will be the final decision of the learned world. I believe, with the author himself, that the Appendices were "true history and the result of hard work."¹

A detailed history of the work of the Commission, of which, as Freeman said, Dr. Stubbs was "the hero," is unnecessary. Its outlines may be read in the Blue book in two volumes published in 1883.² But the time has now come when the position of some of the most important members of it may be made clear. It is with this view that the following letters from Dr. Westcott, Dean Church, Lord Coleridge, and Dr. Stubbs are given here.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

July 15, (1881).

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,—

I am extremely sorry to find that I have not brought away

¹ *Lectures*, 3rd edition, p. 435.

² I have had the advantage of using the copy of the Report, etc., belonging to the late Lord Coleridge, with which are bound up the papers presented during the session of the Commission.

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your paper from the Commission. I think now that I must have put it away with my note-book in my box. Anyhow, I cannot send it to you as I have not got it. If you have another to spare and could send it to me I would return it by Tuesday. The only thing, however, which I thought wanted guarding was your expression of content that under certain circumstances the work of interpretation properly belonged to lay lawyers. I should have rather said *safely* than properly, or modified the terms somehow in that sense. Indeed, I would not mind the lawyers extracting and defining the *false doctrine* contained in the statement of the impugned party, if they would leave the ascertaining of the true doctrine to the Church's own organs. But the lawyers would say that would make them a jury instead of a judge, or, at least, leave them only the question of fact to deal with. I am afraid that I must have made myself somewhat ridiculous yesterday, but I think I said only what it has long been on my mind as my duty to say, and I need not do it again. I suppose I am more excitable than I used to be, or else have been excitable all my life without knowing it. I am afraid that Lord Coleridge does not believe at all in the spiritual authorization of the Ministry of the Church—and that therefore, with all his kind words, he is really Erastian. I suppose all that was done yesterday is to be overhauled on Thursday. It cannot be helped. I am wondering more and more how a report can be drawn. Pardon my loquacity—perhaps the strain has not yet gone off.

Yours ever,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
July 16, (1881).

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,—

I have read your paper over carefully and am now better able to express an opinion about it. I quite agree with it, and indeed I have no amendment to propose. In some parts I think I should not (it would not have occurred to me) have used the exact language that you use, but, after very careful reading, I think that you best express your own meaning in your own words,

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But I think that the paper ought to have careful reading—more careful than, judging from the general habit of the Commissioners, I think it likely to get.

Looking over the paper again, I feel that I still desiderate in the first Clause some qualification of the competence of the lay judges. It would be enough if the Church had not in her own Courts sufficient machinery for the interpretation: if the Church Courts misinterpret, the appeal should lie against the whole system which administers them, and not against the delinquent whom they have misled. I think that the compact of Church and State should be viewed as one between the Church as a body and the State, and not between the particular incumbent and the State. But this does not affect your *main* point. The words I have written on the proof are not meant as corrections.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

November 27.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

I want to tell you what took place on Friday at the Commission: if you do talk at all about things with Lord Blachford, perhaps you would like to know why I had to say things as I did. But I am afraid of thinking too much about myself and so letting down the cause.

The Archbishop of York made some propositions about the future conduct of business; suggesting that we had heard a good deal of evidence, and that it was time to formulate some points on which it might be advisable to concentrate attention and to direct the future examination of such witnesses as might be called. This was, of course, perfectly reasonable and straightforward, and was accepted by the Commission without any opposition. However, I said that in assenting to the vote I did not intend that the historical treatment of the subject should be shelved: to which both the Archbishops said that nothing was further from their intention. Mr. Whitbread then suggested that we should have an analysis of the evidence already given; and then to my utter astonishment . . .

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. . . said that we had a very admirable historical *résumé* on the matter in the Report of 1832, and that it would be well to run through that and just add anything that we had to add. The Lord Chief Justice was just saying to me, "Do not you think, my dear Canon (for whom I have the highest respect and always buy and bind your books), that some of these inquiries you are making are rather beside the subject?" Then I am afraid I was foolish, for I got up and spoke, repeating what I had said twice before, about our respecting the terms of our Commission, and insisting on our understanding the words of the Acts whose working we had to examine into; that we must begin at the beginning; that of the people we had examined about six had been important, that of the rest half had told us what we knew better than they did, and the other half things that were worthless as evidence for any purpose, and that they had been examined merely because it was thought that they ought to be examined; that our real work had yet to begin, and that not one member of the Commission knew as yet what the procedure in Appeals as superseded by Henry VIII's Statute was. (N.B.—I had just found from Lord Coleridge that he had not the least idea of it.) The Archbishop of York then repeated that he had no intention of shelving the discussion; to which I said that I had always found him favourable to the Historical treatment, but that when I found the line that things were taking I had thought it necessary to speak out again. So things ended. I asked the Bishop of Winchester and Dr. Deane whether I had behaved like a bear; they said not; but if I showed any fraction of the irritation that was in me, I fear I must have seemed cantankerous. This makes me unhappy, for I may lower the cause, and I know that my manner has not the repose that marks the caste of Archbishops—and nobody seems to speak out.

After this it was determined that the several Commissioners should send in notes of the points which they thought should be discussed, and the Archbishop particularly asked me to do so. You see, twice already I had urged the points that seem to me preliminary to anything like fair treatment of the question. (You know, I have told you that, to my mind, whatever report we make, we ought to have a complete treatment [of] the subject, such as was impossible and likewise

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uncalled for in 1832.) The Bishop of Truro would have proposed to print the written paper which I showed you of my speech in July ; but I thought it better, if it was to be printed, that I should do it privately and not as an order of the Commission. So now we are, as it seems to me, just where we were before ; and after Christmas we are to send in our hints.

Now, if the time has not come for speaking out, I fear that I have done wrong. But unless I see distinctly that it is so, I cannot help feeling uncomfortable that no one else should speak out, especially when I feel sure that the great majority of the Commissioners are anxious to do right and justice all round. The two Archbishops behave so well that I feel absolutely ill-conditioned when I speak and no one else does.

Now I have always taken it for granted that it was on your suggestion that I was put on the Commission. Do you think that if you had not mentioned me to Gladstone, it is likely that I should have been on it ? I should like to know, for I think I see some indications of the *Archbishops'* (plural) looking at us (i.e. you, Liddon, and me) as acting together. Perhaps you would not mind telling me.

The other thing I want to ask is this—would you print the papers that I have sent in to the Commission—(1) the original bill of suggestions ; (2) the speech which I made in July ; and (3) the headings of the Memoranda that I have asked for ; or would you, if you were me, concoct a new paper containing the matter of those papers and adding fresh points—or would you simply formulate a set of minute questions, “ What was Appeal ” and “ so on,” and wait ?

Ever yours,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

(*Private.*)

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S.

December 1, 1881.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

I am ashamed of myself for having left your letter so long unanswered. It was most important and interesting—may I say without impertinence, between you and me ?—very touching. For you are in a hard place.

First, I heartily thank you for the stand you have made

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and which it was clearly time to make. I cannot talk as freely as of old with Blachford about these matters, because, though I am sure as of my own existence that all he wants is truth and justice and the interests of religion and the Church, we have somewhat drifted apart in our belief of what these interests are. He is very serious and very keen sighted; but his want of reading and his eagerness, and impatience of a great deal that has been said and done in recent times, make him, I think, overlook important considerations, and so, though he is most candid, there is a sense of disagreement, perhaps more than there really is, which inclines us to silence. He is one who undervalues the bearing of the Ante-Reformation system on that which succeeded it. First, he says *some* appeals, then *all* appeals, are given by Act of Parlt. to the King: you cannot go behind the words of the Act, which includes *all*; and he does not care to inquire what the practice came to. But I can see that even he is moved by the picture presented in your paper of the activity of Convocation. He has never said a word, as if he thought you too warm; and he certainly is not shocked at people speaking frankly to Archbishops.

I am afraid that another struggle is coming—practically between the lawyers and legalists, on the one hand, and those, on the other, who look beyond mere statute law to history and theology.

The only person I can think of who could be a kind of centre to the Church side is Lord Bath; and one or two people are going to talk to him, when he has done with the Prince of Wales's visit. It would have been much better if it could have been a bishop like Ely. But clearly there ought to be some understanding between Church people acting together. The lawyers don't want it. They know their brief and trade too well.

Now, as to your questions. Certainly I mentioned your name, when I had an opportunity; but I don't suppose the least that this made any difference. Your name was in everyone's mouth, and, if I remember right, G. himself mentioned it to me first. I am sure you would have been on the Commission anyhow. But really I do not know whose advice G. took in framing it—certainly, in several points, not mine, though he did me the honour to let me talk about it.

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As to the second question, I have all the papers clearly before my mind ; but on general grounds, I should be disposed to incorporate all your former work into a fresh Memorandum, recapitulating what had passed, and making extracts, if you think well, from previous papers. But these people want to have "reading made easy" to them, and all that can be done in that way, without sacrificing substance, is worth doing. *Form* goes a long way. I think this better than mere questions. Thank you so much for your letter.

Ever yours,
R. W. CHURCH.

CUDDESDON PALACE,
ST. STEPHEN, 1881.

MY DEAR CANON,—

My brother-in-law tells me that you are rather troubled with the language of my first Proposition, understanding it as propounding the broadest Erastianism. I will not argue about the propriety of language which, as such a man as you has misunderstood it, must clearly be capable of being misunderstood. But I hasten to say that I wish the first proposition to be read by the light of the second, and that (right or wrong) I am only saying what I have said all my life in public and in private, without any change, that the English nation has always asserted its right to say on what lines property shall be held, and to what religious body State privileges shall belong ; and to change those lines from time to time. I cannot understand how a State could subsist with rights short of this. Defining religious truth as truth is quite another matter, with which I have always held, and now hold, the State has nothing whatever to do. My second proposition, if you will look at it, says so, and the two were at least not *meant* to contradict each other. I shall be quite ready to alter the terms of my first proposition if they seem to you open fairly to misconstruction. I do not myself think they are—but I have no care whatever for particular expressions.

Let me wish you everything good and happy for the season and for the New Year.

Yours very sincerely,
COLERIDGE.

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(Before answering this letter Dr. Stubbs consulted Dean Church.)

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S,
December 28, 1881.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

Coleridge's proposition is, on the face of it, dangerously ambiguous. It may be taken, equally fairly, to mean—

- (A) Authority over the *creed and dogma* of the Church ; or
- (B) Authority to see that *teachers teach* what they have bound themselves to Church and Realm to teach : i.e., that men bound to the Nicene Creed do not teach *Arianism*.

(B) is, of course, the only tenable one, and one that, *un-guarded*, would allow the State, if it thought fit, to use its authority to dispense with the obligation and allow some persons to teach Arianism.

He ignores that the Church is a religious society, as much as any sect, and cannot lose its right to be treated with the justice due to any tolerated society, because it has been honoured and privileged above other religious bodies. The rights of the State to inquire into doctrine, and to see that terms of contract in teaching are observed, are of course undeniable ; but this is not a thing peculiar to the Church. The State has the same right, in principle if not in degree, over every religious society, which, under its permission (as in England) or recognition (as in France), organizes itself and holds property.

No doubt, in the course of history, the State has had indefinitely varied authority over doctrine allowed it by the Church, when the Church looked on the State as friendly or in close alliance with it—(the Greek Emperors, Charlemagne, Louis XIV, Henry VIII), but not *to the State as the State*, heathen *as well as Christian*—and always with the clearly understood reserve of falling back on the inherent rights of the Church (e.g. Arian emperors and kings).

Now that the State has become so different from what it was at the Reformation, there is nothing for it but to arrange for *concurrent*, not *mixed* or *one-sided*, tribunals.

Ever yours,
R. W. C.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

(This is from Dr. Stubbs's draught of a reply to Lord Coleridge.)

I, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S,
December 28, 1881.

DEAR LORD COLERIDGE,—

Thank you very much for your letter, and very much indeed for the kindness which led you to write to me.

I confess that I was very much startled when I read your first proposition, and although I very soon found that it must be read with the second limiting and supplementing it, I must further confess to being a good deal disturbed by the consideration of fit, and especially by the fact that it shows from what different points of view we are approaching our problem.

Of course I cannot deny, and have no wish to deny, that the State has the power and a right to endow and to disendow any religious body ; and to prescribe the terms under which endowments shall be held, and to provide and modify the machinery for securing that those terms shall be observed by the religious body so endowed ; and to withdraw the endowments, not only if the terms are not kept, but also if it seems to the State necessary or expedient to do so. In the contract between Church and State there is no appointment of a human umpire. The only security that the Church has for its endowments is its hold upon the mind and conscience of the men who constitute the State, and the fact that it justifies its position by doing its duty.

But on the other hand I claim for the Church that it is a religious body with distinct principles of belief and constitution, which it cannot alter or part with without forfeiting its essential character, and which the State, so long as it allows the *quasi* contract to subsist, recognizes as essential, integral, and consistent with the contract. If the State becomes dissatisfied either with these principles or with this constitution, it ought to alter the terms of the contract, not to do violence to the principles or to interfere capriciously with the constitution recognized by the contract. Nor should it, under colour of securing the observance of the terms, so infringe the liberty of the other contracting party as to make it unable to fulfil them of itself.

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I think that your general proposition about the State wants at least so much modification from the side of the Church. No doubt in one sense the Church represents the aggregate of grantees and the State the aggregate of grantors, but also the State to which in early days the right of enforcing doctrinal terms was recognized was a portion of the Church. It was not in the State as a hostile body, but as a part of itself, that the Church recognized the right.

But indeed I do not altogether acquiesce in the theoretic way of looking at these things, or care about analogies which break down the moment we try to fit them to unforeseen applications. I very much prefer a historical investigation to a political speculation ; and as I know of no historical contract between Church and State, I must base my inquiries on the results of examination into the several steps by which things have become what they are. That is what I am trying to do now with such books as I have, and in trust in such direction as a really earnest desire for truth and peace may honestly expect. I cannot doubt, after reading your letter, that you are working, from however different a point of view, for the same end, and so I am very glad when I find among the later propositions contained in your paper several with which I can heartily agree, and, indeed, with regard to those in which we do not agree, I am sure that you do not leave out of sight the fact that the Church of England has historical claims on the State which no mere temporary exigency could warrant the State in disregarding. If the time is coming when the nation can no longer conscientiously or conveniently maintain the old contract, it must be dissolved ; but the Church ought not to be treated like a public office, to have its integrity tampered with, its constitution manipulated capriciously, and its very power of cohesion broken up, before it is disestablished. I think disestablishment would be the greatest possible misfortune for the nation ; but to have the Church disorganized and paralysed before it is disestablished would be destructive of Christianity in England, and would be a worse treatment of the Church of England than any national Church abroad has yet suffered from any State.

I have written at this length because I have been distressed a good deal by the thought of your first proposition, and of the

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effect that it might, so propounded, have on other minds.
Pray excuse me, and believe me

Yours very faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

(Draught of a letter.)

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
July 8, 1882.

DEAR LORD COLERIDGE,—

I hope you will not mind my writing a few lines to you about what was said yesterday whilst it is fresh in my memory. I should very much indeed like to get you to see matters not indeed as I see them, but for you to see how I see them.

It is asserted that so long as temporal rights and property are held on conditions dependent on the acceptance of certain formularies it is impossible to avoid having those formularies interpreted by a lay or State tribunal. It is also said that the Judicial Committee does not attempt to define what is truth, but what is the lawful construction of the doctrine of the Church of England. It is also said that such judgments have not spiritual authority, but must be taken for what they are worth. I say it is said, because I do not want to put words in your mouth, but I mean that this is what your words convey to me. Let me just say a word on these three propositions.

1. Fully granting that the title to temporalities must be determined by a temporal tribunal, is it not fair that the Church should have a share in informing that tribunal and in interpreting her own formularies? For it is not merely the right to temporalities but the right to teach that is really determined on. The claims of the Jud. Comm., as now working, affect the very form and matter of every scripture lesson, sermon, or service in Church and out of Church of every Churchman clerk or lay. If we allege anything at variance with the *dicta* of this tribunal we are liable to be called unfaithful and accused freely of unlawful teaching. Surely the temporality side is not all that is in question; and if not, it cannot be the exclusive consideration.

2. The judgments of the Jud. Com. do not determine what is truth, but what is the doctrine of the Church of England, or rather by determining that such and such statements are

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or are not consistent with the doctrine of the Church they incidentally if not expressly define the doctrine. But then the doctrine of the Ch. of E. is to us the Truth; that is, what we have to teach our children and our parishioners is the truth—the truth on which their eternal life depends and by which their moral conduct must be guided. I cannot see how this can be met or extenuated.

3. That these decisions have no spiritual authority seems to me quite true. But then they have to act by the same binding effect that spiritual authority would have. They limit the area and development of spiritual teaching, they claim authority to interpret documents that have spiritual authority; and, as I have said, the non-acquiescence in them is made the ground of a charge of spiritual unfaithfulness.

* * * * *

I want you to see the difficulties that I have arising from the present inextricable involution of temporal and spiritual concerns in accepting any clear and exclusive statement of one side of the contention, granting that, in the eyes of Church and State law, the right to temporalities is the primary point. I seem to see that so much besides temporalities hangs upon the point that the utmost care should be taken to limit the operation of judgments that incidentally affect the greater and wider interests.

(Dr. Stubbs presented a paper of suggestions generally and in regard to the Supreme Court of Appeal, and a list of historical questions to be considered.)

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S,
February 17, 1882.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

Your paper seems to me very good: what is more important, it seems so to Lord Blachford, who spoke of it as "very able and masterly." With the "Suggestions" he seemed ready to go along altogether. But he thought that the account you gave of the Privy Council was in its favour, and not against it, as a representative of the State. His idea seemed to be that the Church should, by its own proper organs (in this case, *judicial* ones), pronounce its decision. Then it is for the State to say

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whether this decision is one which it can accept ; and that to that question, the P.C., being not so much a judicial as a *quasi* political body, is well fitted to give an answer, yes or no, with or without reasons—these reasons being, it may be, much wider than matters which concern only the interests of Church doctrine or discipline as such. But he is quite willing that the P.C. should not claim to speak as the mouthpiece of *the Church*. We owe you infinite thanks for this paper. If it *does* in the end tell on men like Blachford and Coleridge, something may come of it.

I have at last had time to read Mr. . . . He is enamoured of his pet distinction between doctrine and discipline, which, except so far as the State is the source of *all* coercive jurisdiction, seems to me a very loose one. I almost think if I had read it earlier I should have been tempted to have my say about it ; but now it is not worth while. He makes, however, some admissions which all his side do not make about Church rights as to doctrine. It is disagreeably and impertinently written, but he tries to get at a working view.

Ever yours,
R. W. CHURCH.

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S,
March 31, 1882.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

Thank you for your kind letter. I am very grateful to you for having so early and so forcibly put before the Commission what they ought to do. I do not doubt that it produced an effect, though I daresay it startled some of them not a little. I really don't know what they would have done without you. They will at least be obliged to be respectful ; and others besides them will, I hope, learn that all wisdom is not centred in their conclaves.

Are you going for a holiday ?

* * * *

Your account of Green's funeral is very touching.

Ever yours affec.,
R. W. CHURCH.

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FLORENCE,
May 15, 1882.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

* * * * *

I hope that you will not be very much worried about the Commission. A good report is, I suppose, almost beyond possibility ; but I hope that there may be reason for a separate report from the Minority, which may embody things which our present leaders do not think it convenient to acknowledge, but which it is of the greatest importance to put in black and white in a document which is sure to be read and discussed, and which will be looked upon as much more authoritative than anything which has yet come before the public.

* * * * *

Ever yours affec.,
R. W. CHURCH.

(The first part of the next two letters refers to the Thanksgiving services at the time of the successes of the troops in Egypt.)

BLACHFORD,
September 28, 1882.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

I agree with you that if we have thanksgiving anthems on Sunday next we shall do all that we need do. I cannot endure that affair of the Archbishop's, especially after having heard it, as I did last Sunday. And as the Bishop only "authorizes" it, I do not feel inclined to avail myself of the authority. So we will leave that alone. I wonder some Bishop has not the spirit to order a day of Thanksgiving on his own authority. As to a form of service, perhaps they had better let it alone.

Blachford wonders how they are to get on in November without the Archbishop ; but I don't think he sees his way to moving to get things put off. He supposes that the question will come up at the first meeting in November whether to elect a president or to adjourn. . . .

Blachford has drawn up his suggestion about the final court. He proposes generally a return to the Delegates, and

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a sentence WITHOUT REASONS, with the view of "lessening the weight and authority" of separate judgments, and so discouraging litigation. But of course the lawyers will stoutly resist what may make "this their craft in danger to be set at nought."

Ever yours affectionately,
R. W. CHURCH.

1, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S,
September 29, 1882.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

Thank you very much for your note. On the strength of it I have taken on myself to direct that no change shall be made in Anthems or otherwise, and certainly no use be made of the Damascene prayer. The world outside thought that we did enough last Sunday; and it seems not improbable that before our troops come back we shall have much more cause for both prayer and thanksgiving. . . .

Lord Blachford's conclusions ought to satisfy all who would be satisfied to have the Church no worse off than before the Gorham case; and they would satisfy me on Historical grounds. But they will not satisfy those who want something better, and religious considerations as well as historical ones weigh with me. I think that Sir R. Cross has the same view, and that if we could pull together we might beat the lawyers; but there are points of detail—a standing or a special commission court—on which the real virtue of the delegate system may be evacuated. I fear that we are committed to the standing Court, for I voted by myself against it.

Yours ever,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

(*From* DR. WESTCOTT, *December 23, 1882.*)

6, SCROPE TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

Till about the middle of January I am afraid that I shall be hopelessly busy with Examinations. Afterwards I hope to have a little time, and I will try to put a few thoughts and

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facts into order. You will probably have to take counsel with your Dean as to matters of form. I am sure that he must aim at very clear and very distinct statements, even if it is only to affirm uncertainty. Just now I feel despondent, and so I won't write more. How could you be silent under Sir E. B——'s remark? Men of his type are encouraged by saying audacious things with impunity. I don't know that any one ever left a worse impression on my mind in so short a time. Yet there must be good which we don't see. Christmas forces us to think so. What a burden Benson has to bear! But I think that he will be enabled to bear it. It would have cost Lightfoot less.

Ever yrs. most sincerely,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

I, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S,

January 19, 1883.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,—

I have gone over your notes on my draft of material for a sub-report, and filled up *lacunae*, etc.; and if all is well you will have a provisional proof of it next week. On this you can cut and slash as you please, and Freeman also; and when it is reduced to its lowest terms, it can be submitted to the Commission as one section of the business committed to us. I offer this only as *material*, and the thing I am sorry about is that you had the trouble of reading it in MS.

There are still two other sections of the Historical part to do; but I do not think that I shall be able to do much more before Easter, as the crush of Oxford work with London work will be rather exacting.

With kindest regards,

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

The paper which follows relates to the critical question of the Court of Final Appeal. It was moved by Sir Richard Cross and seconded by Dr. Perowne—"That an appeal shall lie in all cases from the Court of the Archbishop to the Crown, and that the Crown shall appoint a permanent body of lay judges learned in the law to whom such appeal shall be re-

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ferred." The concluding paragraph of the paper was moved as an amendment by Dr. Stubbs and seconded by Lord Bath. The paper itself is Dr. Stubbs's speech on the occasion. It was printed for private distribution, but has not till now been published :—It is headed, " 1883, *April 5. In the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission.*" Thus it runs—

" I propose with your Grace's permission to say a word or two on two points, and, if it is allowable, to end with two resolutions or notices of motion.

" The stage of our work at which we are now arriving is surely far the most important part of the whole. If we are to retain or create a bad court of final appeal, all the improvements we may make in the lower courts will be aggravations of the evils under which we are struggling.

" I cannot persuade myself to look on the point now before us merely in relation to the question of establishment, to the conditions under which the clergy may possess lands or privileges, or to the question of interpretation of documents, or to the rights of the laity ; much less to the small controversies of the day.

" To my mind it concerns the very essence of the truth that we are to preach to our people, and the determination of the problem how we are to retain the services of an intelligent and learned clergy. Is the Church to be served by men who realize what they teach, or by those who will content themselves with mechanical compliance with rules ?

" I think the majority of the Commissioners have shown by their votes in former divisions that they regard the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as a bad court of final appeal. I heartily agree—its constitution and working seem to me alike bad. I believe that it obtained its legal position, as regards the matters now before us, by a culpable oversight ; it has worked calamitously for the Church of England, having done more than anything else to promote the growth of Roman Catholic influence ; its composition and rules are incompatible with the securing of unbiassed, enlightened, and convincing decisions ; and the attitude which, since this Commission began to sit, the Judicial Committee has assumed towards

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the Church of England, its constitution and its standards of belief, is a defiance of history and common sense alike.

“ Our difficulty is to find a substitute—to find a substitute which shall be free from the evils of the present system and merit the confidence which a final court ought to deserve.

“ On the possibility of doing this there are several opinions. We are influenced not only by special views as to the relations of Church and State, but by the question whether plans that we might wish to see are feasible in the present state of public opinion.

“ The differences which subsist between the views of the several Commissioners must issue either in the acceptance of a series of minimised recommendations, accepted without conviction or sympathy, or in the presentation, by those who are inclined to more decided lines, of separate reports of their own. I wish, however, to suggest that, by formulating and reporting alternative schemes, we may yet agree on a general report. I do not observe in the Commission as issued any very precise mention of practical recommendations ; and although I suppose it is, as a matter of course, within the scope of the Commission that we should make such recommendations, the first object of our labours is that we should make a report on facts.

“ It appears to me that there are three lines which might be taken. We might formulate an ideal plan that would recommend itself to all but practical men ; or we might accept an inferior scheme, fencing it with safeguards against misuse ; or we might (for I do not care to be very logical in my division) contrive a plan which, by defining the matters of appeal, would secure an adequate treatment of ecclesiastical causes by competent tribunals, and so make the remedy an integral part, not a mere outwork, of the scheme.

“ A first plan would be such as this : believing the compact or *quasi* compact to be between Church and State, and not as regards these questions between the particular clergyman and the State, we might propose to leave the settlement of the complaint or offence of the individual clergyman to the purely ecclesiastical courts, and, if there be a lack of justice, revise the compact or *quasi* compact. This I set aside as impracticable and therefore requiring no further elaboration.

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“ A second plan is the one which we have hitherto followed—to content ourselves with recommending a supreme court with which no one can pretend to be satisfied, surrounding it with such safeguards as may prevent some of the practical evils of the present system : such as the bishop’s veto in first instance ; trial of doctrinal points by certificate ; confining the operation of the final decision to the particular case adjudicated ; insisting on the delivery of separate judgments by the members of the court ; and restraint of the right of appeal to the defendant. The danger of confining our recommendations to this plan is, that almost every one of the safeguards proposed will call forth a separate opposition, one by one they will be swept away in the process of legislation, and we shall be left with the unsatisfactory court unfenced—that is, with the same thing under another name that we are proposing to displace ; but in so much the worse position, as we shall have shown ourselves unable to recommend a cure for its inherent evils.

“ A third plan is to propose such method and limitation of the matter of appeal as may secure substantial justice at the hands of the Crown, by tribunals competent and qualified to adjudicate, with as little risk as possible of conflicting decisions.

“ This is the plan which I proposed to the Commission in my paper of suggestions presented last year ; and it is based on the ancient process used in Commissions of Review. It would provide for the reference of a petition of appeal to a responsible officer, whose duty it should be to determine (1) whether an appeal should be allowed, (2) on what points the appeal should be allowed, and (3) whether those points, being of spiritual import, should be determined by the proper spiritual tribunal, or, being of civil and temporal import, should be referred to the proper temporal tribunal. There are objections to this plan, both to the idea and to the possible working of it. There might be a wrong reference of spiritual points to the civil tribunal ; but if the civil tribunal decided them wrongly, it would at once be clear that the decision was a civil decision only. It is not likely that the spiritual court would ever undertake to adjudicate on the civil points that might be wrongly referred to it. It may be objected that the risk of burdening the clergy with new definitions of doctrine

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would be quite as great if the adjudication on such points were in the hands of the spiritual judges as it is now in the hands of the Judicial Committee. That is possible ; but in the bishops the clergy have a body which they can trust, or which, if they are not convinced, they can obey in faith and patience, but which does not claim their obedience on a contested title and by precarious tenure, as the Judicial Committee does.

“ My first Resolution is—

“ That the Commission may recommend as possible alternatives more than one scheme of reform for the Final Court of Appeal.

“ The second Resolution is that the following plan be submitted by the Commission in their Report as an alternative scheme for the final adjudication on appeals—

“ That for lack of justice at or in any of the courts of the Archbishops of this realm, it shall be lawful to the parties grieved to appeal to the Queen’s Majesty in Council ; and that, upon every such appeal, the petition of the appellant shall be referred to the Lord Chancellor to examine into the same and report his opinion thereon to her Majesty at that board ; and that, if the Lord Chancellor certify that, on consideration of the petition, and having heard parties by their counsel, he considers the points of law which arose on the proceedings so important that it is fit they should be heard and determined in the most solemn manner, he shall further report what those points are, and whether they are points concerning temporal rights or spiritual law : and thereupon it shall be ordered that the points defined to be of temporal or civil right be determined by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council (or by the House of Lords, if her Majesty with the advice of the Privy Council shall so please) ; and the points defined to be of spiritual law by the Archbishops and Bishops of the two provinces, who shall for the purposes of these appeals be constituted and recognized as a court of doctrine.”

The following letters show how deeply the question of the spiritual position of the Church was affecting some of the members of the Commission, and what danger Dr. Westcott, as well as Dr. Stubbs, saw from Erastianism.

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(*Letter from DR. WESTCOTT, December 10, 1883.*)

CAMBRIDGE.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

Your deeply interesting letter confirms the judgment which I had vaguely formed. Yet I do hope that informally, and as occasions may arise, those who can may speak to Mr. Gladstone. Nothing is too late for Faith; and the appointment of the Commission seems to involve an obligation to seek at least to give effect to its recommendations. The saddest sign of public life now is that Governments are disinclined to govern. But what alarms me most is that strong efforts are (I fancy) being made to induce the Archbishop to bring in a Bill independently. Surely this would be most unwise. The recommendations may at least have considerable force in teaching self-restraint. But they would lose all virtue if they were wrangled over and mutilated and rejected. Do you not agree with me? I expect to see the Archbishop during Easter week, and I shall be glad to give him your counsel. The Warden of Keble will, I hope, be also at Addington. I think that the Dean of S. Paul's unduly distrusts his power. If leading Churchmen do not press their convictions, how can Statesmen believe that they are in earnest after all?

Ever yrs. most sincerely,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

6, SCROPE TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE, .

December 12, 1883.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

It is a great pleasure to talk, as it were, again, and to find that our agreement is as close as it used to be. Have you ever thought out the problem of the reference to Convocation? It will be very difficult, I fear, to find a precedent which would have weight, and yet it seems to be most desirable that Convocation should have this opportunity of offering an opinion through the Upper House. Would it not be possible for the Archbishop to be empowered to communicate the Report to Convocation and to ask on his own part for remarks from the Lower House with a view to an opinion to be given by the Bishops? There could be no doubt that the Bishops would

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speak wisely in the end. I see no other way of proceeding ; and it may be doubtful whether any Government would go as far as this. Yet a solemn judgment of the Bishops would both place them in their true position and carry great weight.

What do you think ?

Yrs. most sincerely,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

6, SCROPE TERRACE, CAMBRIDGE,

December 14, 1883.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

Let me congratulate you on anything and everything, past and future, but I have not noticed anything that called for special remark. Once in early College days I was said to have gained an English poem (the Seatonian, endowed with rents at Kinglingsbury) when I had got a simple Theological prize, and I had the following couplet from my old master, which I remember after more than thirty years—

Seu Kinglingsburiae seu tu Norrisia jactas
Praemia ; quidquid erit gratulor esse tuum.

al/

So let me (too late) say—

Quidquid erit gratulor esse tuum.

But when some one told me confidently that you were going to Exeter, I ventured to say that I did not think you would do so : Oxford is not a place to leave just now.

I have been thinking about the right influence of the laity in Church matters. Has any one ever examined the action of the religious orders as a (partial) expression of lay feeling ? It seems to me to be a most important question. Are there any statistics of the proportion of lay to clerical members in different societies at different times ? I feel utterly ignorant. Perhaps you have written all about it somewhere. A reference on a postcard would satisfy me.

Ever yrs.,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

The letters to Dean Church are now resumed.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

April 8, 1883.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

I write a line to tell you not to expect me on Tuesday, as I must get home in the evening, however late the Chancellor of the Exchequer may keep me. But if I can catch you on *Thursday* I shall want some advice ; indeed, I want it now. You remember that I consoled myself on Friday for the failure of my motion by the thought that it would appear on the Minutes, and being on record there, would obviate the necessity of my making a separate report or signing with a protest. In that case I could sign the general recommendations of the Commission, which are now to be presented as a whole (partly as a result of what I said) and not piecemeal, and so viewed would be a remedy for many of the practical evils, although not an ideal scheme. I thought that if my papers were printed and that particular resolution recorded on the Minutes, I need not refuse to sign the general report. But now the Archbishop demurs to having the Minutes printed ; and, if he carries the Commission with him, all is entirely changed. One is so tempted to look at such a position from merely personal points of view that I have constantly to remind myself that it is my duty to efface myself and my ideas, if greater good can be done by effacing them than by keeping them on record. I do not think that the Archbishop quite sees the case as it stands, and I fear that he is bent on getting a report that will seem unanimous, or not betray the character of the proposition rejected. I am extremely sorry if this is to be the case. Sir Richard Cross and many of the other Commissioners agree with me ; but the Archbishop is strong, and I should not like to be contumacious—but I am disappointed, and that makes one all the more distrustful about one's own line. Send me one line to say what it is best to do.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S,

April 10, 1883.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

I am very sorry that we shall not see you, and very sorry

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anent the turn things have taken. I cannot, of course, measure the force of the motives which seem to influence the Archbishop ; but to me the proposal of a report which is to carry weight with Parliament from its ostensible unanimity, when it is not really unanimous and all the degrees of difference and the steps and explanations by which a qualified unanimity has been made possible, are hidden away, seems, at this time of day, a most risky proceeding, and not quite straightforward. *Inevitably*, all these differences will and must come out, *after* the alleged unanimity has been proclaimed to the world. Is that a way to allay suspicion ?

I can only answer for myself. I should still press for printing the Minutes, as giving an honest account of the discussions, and of the give-and-take proceedings, which have led up to the report, and which fairly show the different aspects of the question in different minds. If this is finally refused, I do not see how I could avoid either a protest or a separate report. A protest is more *hostile* to the Archbishop and to the mode of dealing with the report. A separate report is a more difficult undertaking, and commits you to more. But it is also more useful, as something to refer to, as a statement of a position and a claim. I think I should turn my mind to the possibility of a separate report. I am very sorry.

Ever yours,
R. W. CHURCH.

On July 13 the Report was finally passed. Dr. Stubbs signed it without reservation. Next day he wrote thus :—

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
July 14, 1883.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

You will have heard from Lord Blachford that we signed the Commission Report yesterday afternoon. I tried hard to persuade Lord Devon and Freeman to sign without reservation, but I could not manage it. It seems rather to throw a slur on those of us who signed freely, but I am convinced that we were right, and that the one thing to do, after having

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

fought our view fairly as we have done, was to strengthen the recommendations *as a whole* as much as we could and to weaken them as little as we could. It seemed to me the more easy to do this as the report nowhere pretends to lay down any principle or to say that the clergy ought to be content with what it proposes. So I feel that we have done what we could, and that the protests which the Archbishop of York and Lord Coleridge are to make, if they weaken the report in one point which after all is not a point of principle, may even have the effect of strengthening the agreement on the great point of diminishing the authority of the Judicial Committee. Beyond this I think we can hardly expect to do direct good ; indeed, there were too many lawyers on the Commission to allow anything like a philosophical or even statesmanlike plan to be passed, and, that being impossible, it is as well that we offer no symmetrical or complete systematical scheme. But what we do offer we offer *as a whole*—that is, it is not a complete regimen, but a prescription out of which, if any ingredient is taken away, the whole is vitiated and to be repudiated. Of course, this is very different from what I had hoped at first ; but, as you know, I soon found out that it would be impossible to get the body of the Commissioners either to work as hard as I wanted, or to stand up against the lawyers.

I am afraid that what I have written will not be very clear until you see the report ; then I think you will see that I have acted for what seemed to me the best. The whole of the recommendations are a practical condemnation of the Judicial Committee ; but they are in very reserved language, and many people will read them without finding it out. Nevertheless it is so, and that they have received so large a share of assent is a thing to be glad of. I am hoping to run into Yorkshire on Monday, and possibly abroad next week.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

Thus Mr. Gladstone wrote of the papers which Dr. Stubbs had presented to the Commission and sent to him after the publication of the Report—

PROFESSOR AND CANON, 1866-1884

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,

September 2, 1883.

MY DEAR DR. STUBBS,—

I have read the papers so kindly sent me with much interest, and I think there is not anything of what you have said against the present Court of Appeal in which I do not concur.

It was a great pleasure to me to find my Tract of 1850 commended by the first historical authority of the day, but, as I did not come to the passage until I had made great progress in the perusal, I feel sure that my tribute is unbiassed.

Very valuable suggestions appear to have been made by the Commission. For a great constructive work it is probably too late. For a very long time I have felt more and more, first, that we have in the main only to look to moral forces for the government of the Church (I do not refer, of course, to questions of conduct); and, secondly, that the Church can afford in a very great degree to dispense with other aid.

Believe me

Most faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

These concluding letters still allude to the Commission; but they also give a pleasant glimpse of an Oriel Gaudy and of the friendship between the Dean and the Canon, as well as a charming reference to the latter's sermons.

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S,

October 8, 1883.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

I wish I could get out of proposing any one's health, as I should digest my dinner better. But in this case there is no choice, and I will do what I am told. I had hoped that we were going to enjoy ourselves without speeches.

I was sorry to run away on your last Sunday, and I wanted to ask you if you would lend me your sermon. The people here were full of it. Marlborough was pleasant, only it was so cold. There seemed to be a good working spirit, and, as

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

far as I could judge from a flying visit, a good religious tone in the chapel. There were some 130 communicants from the boys.

I am afraid there will be a long waiting before people settle down to the inevitable. The Commission has shown how tightly the Supremacy is fastened upon us. It has shown also that, *within* that, there is a good deal of real liberty, which might be made more by ourselves. But that fatal Roman Controversy makes the mere theoretical supremacy so formidable.

They all send you their love, and missed you very much yesterday. Gregory is back, jocund and robust, from the company of Earls and Bishops at Reading.

Ever yours affect.,

R. W. CHURCH.

If you ever come across a book printed in Oxford, 1766, *Proceedings and Debates in the Lower House*, would you snap it up for the Library? It has the debates about Bacon in 1620-21.

(To MISS CHURCH.)

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

October 14, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

As to the sermon on lying, it is now lying on a heap of sermons in a cupboard at Amen, and must continue there until you will have forgotten all about it. I am sorry if it made you unhappy: I thought you knew that in all my sermons the wicked man is myself, which accounts for a remark that one of my farmers once made to me, that in my sermons the wicked man generally had the better of it. Well, I wrote to Fred in sober terms the story of the Feast of Oriel, in which there was a mingling of funeral baked meats for the old Provost and wedding cake for the new; but there was much decorum and solemnity and not much electric sympathy—but people had to learn to see one another, and applauded speeches not always in the right place. It was a very good dinner, but very long, and so hot that even the works of my watch got rusty with perspiration. As to speeches, the Provost preached on the Queen and the

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late Provost (some of it very good), but long without warmth, and so far unlike the dinner. Then Shadwell nervously proposed the M.P.s of both Houses, to which Lord Cranbrook answered pleasantly and Göschen with dignity unmodified. Then I proposed the ex-Fellows, the Absent as the Cardinal—the Archdeacon, oecumenical Hildebrand, champion of all things good, from Church government to Cheddar cheese—Burgon never to be forgotten—H. Coleridge, my first Oriel friend and inspirer of my first and last review, etc., etc.; then the present one as the Dean, the one man who unites the love of righteousness with the hatred of iniquity in due proportion, and the archpriest of the English Church¹; then Fraser, “as a truly delightful person of whom I could say much, only, as I was standing close to him, it was not quite safe”; then T. Mozley, as founder of Cholderton, who had forged Jupiter’s thunderbolts on Salisbury Plain; then old tutors, etc. (N.B.—I did not flatter them, but said if they were not there I should have said so and so.) Lastly, Lord Blachford, as my companion for three years in a hot room, and as inexhaustible in truth, honesty, and industry—founder of colonies, etc. That was my little squib.

Lord Blachford returned thanks very merrily and to the point. Then all became serious. Fraser proposed the Fellows; Chase returned thanks; Butler proposed other people; Tom Hughes answered. Froude proposed the Scholars, and was answered by Magrath (Pr. of Queens) and young Atlay, in formal, nice, decorous utterances. It was now towards the small hours—11.30. The Dean (yours and mine) proposed the Provost shortly and to the point; said what a good school Oriel had been of duty and devotion to work, and hoped it would be always—too short but all gold—and the Prov. returned thanks and sent round the Grace cup. I was tired and melted—and went off to bed at 12:—other people sat up till 2.30. I saw no more of the Dean. He sat next but one to me: M. Pattison between us. I sat between Pattison and Fraser, so got good fun out of Pattison and talked Cholderton to the successor of St. Prince Lee. I was the buffoon; and the banquet needed no skeleton—there were too many. Still, it was very pleasant altogether and very exhausting. I trust

¹ Dean Church:

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

the Dean is no worse. My best love. Write me a critique on this.

Ever yours faithfully,
WILLIAM STUBBS.

I, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S,
January 23, 1884.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,—

* * * * *

I have seen several of the Convocation people whilst I have been here, and have strongly impressed the solidarity of the six propositions. I find that only the very best of them have read the Minutes of the Evidence, and the strongest opinions come from those who have not read even the body of the Report. Their Committee has, however, prepared some very satisfactory resolutions, so far as the reception of the Report goes.

If all is well I shall come to Cambridge for some MSS. during Term, and shall look for you unless my time is very short

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

With these pleasant words of fellow-work following the memories of happy friendship, the record of a long space in the life of William Stubbs may well close. Within three weeks of this last letter a great change in his work was to be thrust upon him. His knowledge, his patience, his tact, and the friendship of those who could speak of these qualities before those in high place, brought the inevitable recognition of good work for the Church—the call to more prominent service.



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*William Stubbs, D.D.,
Canon of St. Paul's,
1887.*

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I. BISHOP OF CHESTER, 1884-1889

ON February 7, 1884, Dr. Stubbs received the following letter from the Prime Minister—

10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
February 6, 1884.

MY DEAR CANON STUBBS,—

I have the satisfaction of proposing to you, with the sanction of Her Majesty, that you should succeed Bishop Jacobson in the Diocese of Chester.

I rely upon your accepting this greatly curtailed, but still weighty and important charge, and I cannot but anticipate great advantage from your accession to the Episcopal body at a time full of trial, but probably yet more full of hope and promise, to the Church.¹

Believe me

Most faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

This was Dr. Stubbs's immediate answer—

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
February 7, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—

The proposal contained in your very kind letter has taken me so much by surprise, and the changes in work and prospects that it involves are so momentous, that I must ask you to allow

¹ Mr. Bryce writes to me (April 26, 1904): "Mr. Gladstone stated that one of his reasons for offering a bishopric to Dr. Stubbs was the importance he attached to his knowledge of ecclesiastical law and custom, and the benefit he expected to the episcopal bench from the presence of so incomparably high an authority on that subject."

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

me a few days for consideration. I am most grateful for your kindness and very anxious to do what is best ; and I will not leave the matter in suspense longer than is absolutely necessary.

I am

Very faithfully yours,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

He went to London immediately to consult his closest friends. The Dean of S. Paul's advised him that it was his duty to accept the bishopric ; so did Canon Gregory (the present Dean). Dr. Liddon, after an earnest conversation, wrote to him as follows—

February 10, 1884.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

Since our conversation I have been thinking much over your anxious embarrassments. I wish that I were better able to advise in such grave matters than is the case ; but it seems to me clearer, as I think things over, that Mr. Gladstone's note must govern your decision. It is indeed a most serious decision to have to make ; but, looking at it in this light, you may confidently hope to be strengthened by God's grace to do the work which He expects of you. Certainly you will bring to the Episcopal bench learning of a kind and degree which may be of the greatest service to the Church in the days which are probably coming on us. And, for the rest, all seems to come right, when once we are trying seriously to live for the glory of God. If I might venture to say so, you will have to be on your guard against looking at persons and events from the critical and humorous side, after the Oxford fashion : there is too little zeal anywhere, and it is soon killed out, unless it is encouraged and treated with sincere respect, wherever this is at all possible. The clergy soon find out whether their Bishop has his heart in the Church's work, and you will know how to convince them of this, and to win their confidence.

The only other person whom I ever before advised to accept a bishopric is Bp. . . . Alas ! the sequel has shown how little I know about character, and I have of late years often and bitterly reproached myself. You, however, my dear Stubbs, will not disappoint us in this way ; and I shall pray

BISHOP OF CHESTER, 1884-1889

God that your rule in Chester may be a blessing to everything that is in accordance with His will.

Ever yours,

H. P. LIDDON.

The advice was unanimous, and Dr. Stubbs accepted it. He wrote thus to Mr. Gladstone—

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

February 10, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—

I now write to say that, if Her Majesty approves of your kind proposal that I should become Bishop of Chester, I am prepared to accept the nomination. I have ventured, in strict confidence, to ask the advice of the three men whose advice I value most, my dear brethren at S. Paul's, and they all agree in counselling me to that effect, and bidding me trust that I shall be strengthened to do my duty.

I have not thought it necessary to ask for more time for deliberation ; for the change, and indeed the reversal, of all plans that I had marked out for myself, is so complete that no lengthy deliberation could at all familiarize me with the prospect ; and, that being so, there was no use in keeping the matter in suspense. As, most distinctly, your gracious offer comes to me without any courting or even wish of my own, I accept it in all humility and trust God to help me. I believe that you have a heart that will to some extent interpret my difficulties, and I would venture to ask that, as you share the responsibility of placing me where my new trials must come, you will think of me sometimes in prayers. Forgive my boldness in writing thus ; I could only do so in the firm belief that you are and know yourself to be, in a way, God's minister to me in this.

I am,

My dear Mr. Gladstone,

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

Thus he conveyed his decision to Dean Church—

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

February 10, 1884.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

I have written to Mr. Gladstone to accept. You all advise me the same way and no suspense can at all help me to get more familiar with the prospect. I think that I can to some extent justify myself to myself, for certainly the outlook before me offers no temptation to be idle, and cuts off all idea, such as I have had long before my eyes, of rest and retirement towards the end of life. I suppose one may be ambitious without knowing it until one is tried, and that I may be mistaken in supposing that my own peculiar temptation is to indolence rather than to ambition. At present, absurd as it would seem to say it to any one else, I feel as if I were sacrificing something—a certainty to an uncertainty; and yet I dare not venture to call it an act of faith. Surely I may hope to be strengthened.

I have had very kind letters from both Liddon and Gregory. It would break my heart if I thought that the separation from you all would make any real difference, and I could not come and bore you when I wanted.

With kindest regards and best love, I am

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S,

February 11, 1884.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

Thank you for your note.

It is a right decision, and I hope and pray that much good may come from it both to yourself, and to our poor English Church, which is in sore straits, and on the eve of days for which it is hardly even yet prepared. But it does not belong to us, or to itself, or to England, but to One who knows best what to do with it and with us.

But that your decision is an act of sacrifice I doubt not. How could it be otherwise? But sacrifice has its compensations, though to the end, *here*, it remains sacrifice.

BISHOP OF CHESTER, 1884-1889

And we, too, have our sacrifice. We were getting more and more to know you and love you—and now you must go.

God bless you and guide you, and give you wisdom and strength to the end.

Ever yours affc.,

R. W. C.

Three days later the appointment was announced in *The Times*, and letters of confidence and congratulation began to flow in. It is evidence of how little the future Bishop was still known outside his own circle of Churchmen and of historical scholars that he mentions the number he received as two hundred. He was never one who made friends widely, or who made acquaintance by correspondence; and his full powers were not yet recognized. Even in Oxford, it was said that a Professor on the morning of the announcement said to him, "I haven't seen the paper; have you? I am told they have chosen the very last person one would think of to be Bishop of Chester? Who is it?"

He went on lecturing as usual—the very day, I think, that the announcement was made. I remember the awe with which we looked at him that morning; but we were too timid to say anything, nor did he. I felt too shy to walk home with him to Kettel Hall, as I usually did. It was not till some days after that I ventured to express the thankfulness of a humble student of history who had learnt so much that he held in Church matters as well as in history from him; and he replied very simply. He still went on, all that Term and the next, lecturing to his small class.

Another letter (February 13, 1884) from the Dean of S. Paul's, two days later than the last given, discusses a possible successor, and adds: "Well, the world knows all about it now. I don't know what you said to Mr. Gladstone, but he was very warm about your 'perfectly admirable' letter. How strange the feeling is when the sense of the inevitable comes on!"

By some the work of a Bishop was still not regarded as unduly heavy: Archbishop Thomson, in sending "heartly good wishes for you in your new office," said "it is in many respects

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

a desirable diocese, and it may, and I trust it will, leave you some leisure for your literary labours ; but a Bishop's business is rather engrossing."

Among the letters of congratulation was one "of hearty and brotherly welcome" from the Bishop of Winchester, who said—"The deep respect which I have for your learning and wisdom, and my personal regard for yourself, are, I hope, well known to you. That learning and wisdom, united with sound doctrine and sincere piety, will adorn the high position to which God has called you, and well befit the chair of Pearson, and even raise it in honour and dignity."

The northern Bishops welcomed him most warmly.

"We need men like yourself," wrote Bishop Harvey Goodwin of Carlisle, "who by weight of metal can give us the support which numbers do not give us."

Bishop Fraser of Manchester said characteristically, "not that, as you will find, the episcopal office is a thing to be coveted in these *καιροὶ χαλεποί*; but because you are a man, with the help of God, equal to most emergencies. I should think that on the whole, too, you will find that in Chester your lines have fallen, if not on pleasant, yet at least on tranquil, places; for there have been most affectionate relations cherished and reciprocated between the bishop and the clergy."

With Dr. Lightfoot, whom he succeeded as Canon of S. Paul's, he was already well acquainted. They had worked together in connexion with the Dictionary of Christian Biography; and, in 1872, on the foundation of the Lightfoot scholarships in Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, Dr. Stubbs was, at the request of the founder, one of the first examiners, with Dr. Westcott for colleague. Their last association was to be in 1887, when as Bishops they sat on the Committee of the Lambeth Conference in regard to the treatment of the question of polygamy. In a letter after Bishop Lightfoot's death, Bishop Stubbs thus spoke of him—"He was a good and faithful friend, and so wise."

Among the southern Bishops the Bishop of S. Albans (Claughton) wrote most cordially, "for your own sake and for the sake of old Trinity—we were both '*faustis sub penetrabilibus enutriti*'"—and told how the old Tractarian, Copeland, weakened though he was, rejoiced greatly in the appointment. The

BISHOP OF CHESTER, 1884-1889

Bishop of London (Jackson) said—"I am only half content with the Premier's action, for I do regret sincerely that he takes you away from London to Chester; but I am sure on the other hand that he has recognized on the Queen's behalf and his own the valuable work which you have done. You will allow one who knows well the burden and anxieties of the Episcopate to assure you of his prayers that God may lighten them and grant you the blessings which are never withheld from labour cheerfully given for Him."

Lord Coleridge wrote thus—"I do wish you every happiness in your new sphere and long life to enjoy it. It is all ways a great thing for us that learning and history should have mounted the Bench. Few things happening to a man I have known only in late life have ever given me so much pleasure. Some day, perhaps, I may meet you in state and splendour in your cathedral. Till then you will observe that, after the example of Sydney Smith, I shall always crumble my bread when I meet you."

Dean Liddell thus wrote to him—"I do not know whether you think designation to the Episcopate a subject for congratulation. But at all events I can safely congratulate the See of Chester on the prospect of being ruled by a wise, temperate, and learned Bishop, and can wish you all health and strength for the due performance of your new duties."

The letter from Freeman—a warm one it must have been—has perished, with all the letters of the brother historians, which Dr. Stubbs destroyed within the last weeks of his life.

The widow of his other "historic friend," received this reply from him—

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

February 19, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. GREEN,—

Thank you very much for your kind letter. Humanly speaking, between you and me, my going to Chester seems now an act of rashness almost bordering on folly: (i.e. supposing that I could be capable of folly). I only hope that there is some faith involved in the rashness, and that it may be a change for the better even in the points which 'now seem a change for the worse. I shall have more work, and, I fear, more

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

anxiety about ways and means, which have always until the last five years been a trouble to me ; especially for the prospects of my boys.

However, I know that I have the prayers and good wishes of many kind friends ; and the way to the change has been unmistakably set before me. I trust that somehow this sort of difficulty may disappear when the real work begins. I do not intend to forsake my old studies, but, for some time at least, I shall have to set them on one side. If Bishops can write articles for magazines, Bishops can edit Chronicles at even less risk, and I will hope with more profit. You have been so kind to me, and we have really so much in common, that you will not mind my writing this much of reality to you.

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

His old Yorkshire friend Edward Barber—sixteen years his junior—whom he called before long to be Archdeacon of Chester, received this answer to his congratulations—

OXFORD,

February 16, 1884.

MY DEAR EDWARD,—

Thank you for your kind letter in all its clauses. I am trying not to be bewildered and not to think too much about what I am leaving. I hope we shall see you before we move ; when that will be we shall hear soon ; but we shall have to face a good many difficulties in house-hunting, etc., before we settle. Grandmamma¹ seems to take it quietly : she seems fairly well.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Barber,

I am

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

To his old Oxford contemporary Chancellor Espin, then Rector of Wallasey, near Chester, he wrote—"This very unexpected move has almost deprived me of the power of

¹ His mother, Mrs. Stubbs, who had for some years lived at Aylesbury, where her son often visited her, died on June 8, 1884.

BISHOP OF CHESTER, 1884-1889

thinking of what I am leaving here and at S. Paul's. But I trust that in looking forward I am justified in thinking that I shall be guided and taught to do some work. I relied, from the first moment that the proposition was made to me, on sympathy and help from you and Dean Howson, who is just as old a friend as you. And now I have heard from both of you the most kindly greeting." He added, in asking Dr. Espin to continue to act an examining chaplain, "I dread the ordination examinations more, I think, than anything that lies before me."

To Dr. Wood, his old friend of Trinity days, he wrote—

OXFORD,

February 17, 1884.

MY DEAR WOOD,—

I can only write a line to thank you for your kind letter and all the faithful goodness you have shown to me all these years. You are the one man who sees that I am sacrificing something : but how much in leaving S. Paul's no one can guess : and here it is bad enough.

I want your good wishes and your prayers. . . .

Yours ever,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

One letter shows the warmth of the old Yorkshire relationships. It is to Dr. Francis Collins, of Pateley Bridge, a life-long friend.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

February 19, 1884.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

Thank you very kindly for your note and good wishes. I do not like to leave the note unanswered because any note from your family or from Knaresborough means so much to me. I never forget the kindness of your aunt, Mrs. Atkinson, to me when I was a boy and in sore need of kindness in many ways. Our kindest remembrances to Mrs. Collins.

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

Thus he wrote to Dr. Westcott, his sympathizing colleague

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

on the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, his exact contemporary in age, who was not till six years later to be his colleague also on the Episcopal bench.

K. H., OXFORD,

February 16, 1884.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,—

You know best what I want : ask for it for me. I do trust and I dare not count the cost. But I am painfully sensible of my own rashness.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

But the most interesting of all the letters, perhaps, are those which passed between the two men, both priests of the Church of Christ, the keenest of whose intellectual interests was the study of the history of the past, both destined to leave a deep mark, as Bishops also, upon the history of their own time.

EMBLETON VICARAGE, CHATHILL, NORTHUMBERLAND,

February 13, 1884.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

I dare not congratulate you on your elevation to the office of Bishop, because I know too well how much labour and responsibility it involves, and I know that in consenting to take it you have not followed your own inclinations, but a sense of duty. Indeed, Lightfoot's example has left you no option. But I must say this—that for the sake of the Church I think it is the very best thing that has happened for many years. Frankly, I have been somewhat alarmed lately at the thought of the want of *wisdom* in the Bench. There is zeal, earnestness, practical ability, eloquence enough—but wisdom ! We might not agree with Tait's or Thirlwall's opinions or aims, but they command respect, and there was stuff in what they said. I think that your accession to the Bench will bring strength everywhere it is needed. Your large knowledge of everything concerned with the history, position, and principles of the Church will be of invaluable usefulness. Your statesmanlike views and your experience of affairs will secure universal attention.

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Now, I did not mean to say all this ; forgive me for saying what everybody will think. Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Stubbs and Miss Stubbs. Mrs. Creighton is from home, or she would have had many messages to send.

Yours ever,

M. CREIGHTON.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

February 17, 1884.

MY DEAR CREIGHTON,—

Your kind letter, the kindest of the 200 kind ones that I have received, has warmed my heart very thoroughly. I am very grateful for it. I feel not at all sure that my rashness has in it the element of faith, but I trust that it has, and I am quite sure that any one who knows what I am leaving will acquit me, on this point, of self-seeking. I wish—and so does my dear Dean (of course this is private) that you could have been my immediate successor here, supposing that you were willing to come. But although that, I suppose, cannot be, it is probably only delayed until a time when you will have done more of your practical work in Northumberland, and other claims have passed out of sight. My successor will be an older man than myself, and I heartily wish that he may have as peaceful a time as I have had.

As for the work that lies before me—I see some advantages and some rather exhausting demands on time and thought. What for seventeen years has been my work will have to become my relaxation, as it was at Navestock, and as yours is at Embleton. *Quod Feliciter vortat*, as Bodley tells me daily. I want all my friends to have me in their heart in the most serious times and places. I feel no hesitation in asking this of you.

If all is well I shall see you next Term, for my flitting will scarcely have been accomplished. With kindest regards to Mrs. Creighton,

Believe me

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

Meanwhile he went to dine with Mr. Gladstone, and talked

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of his future work and the succession in the work he was leaving; and thus he wrote of it to the Dean of S. Paul's—

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,
February 15, 1884.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

This note should be addressed to Mary, but I am so tired that I think it best to inflict my weariness on you, if you don't mind.

We had a very pleasant evening. Mrs. Gladstone was extremely kind, and asked after all my children and told me about hers. He was wonderful and delightful, and so very kind in everything that he almost made me cry. He told me what he had done about my professorship, which I dare say will be announced to-morrow. It was a secret which you will have guessed. Personally to self it is all that I could desire—but I know there will be squalls. Nothing came out as to the more important question. Besides me there were Lord Acton, Lord Wolverton, the great . . . (who is a more stupendous personage than I had any conception of), and Mr. Addis, Miss Gladstone and Lady Frederick. Mr. Gladstone stayed with us till 10.30, and then went back to the House. I got home at 11.10, and found an appalling note from Mr. Lee telling me that Bishop Jacobson retires on a pension of £2,000 and the house, leaving for his successor £2,200 and no house. This will enable us to begin Chester life in a very small way, for so long as it lasts my income will be actually less than it is now. However, it cannot be helped.

The kindness of both Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone was beyond anything that I could have thought possible, and I do trust that their kindness was the effect of a real sympathy. Anyhow, if half of it was real, we ought to have very good omens for a life of usefulness at Chester. I have been busy all day with Lectures and Meetings of Boards. I wonder whether the people here are really sorry to miss me. I shall certainly make one or two important vacancies in hearts as well as boards if what they say is true.

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However, very seriously, one cannot help being pleased to be told such things by people.

With best love,

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

At Oxford he was succeeded by Mr. Freeman, whom he would himself have chosen had the choice lay with him. I remember how we speculated as to who the successor would be, and how the Bishop elect said to me—"You will be very pleased when you know." He said a few weeks later—"I am very glad to welcome him back to Oxford, to the home and the studies that he has loved so well, as the great champion and representative of that branch of historic literature on which, I believe, the success of the study here to depend." Freeman was warmly welcomed by those who had most loved and followed the great teacher they lost.

The last statutory public lecture of Dr. Stubbs was not delivered till May 8, 1884. He retained his chair till the end of the academic year.

10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,

February 29, 1884.

MY DEAR BISHOP-DESIGNATE,—

I make no doubt that your arrangement is a wise one with respect to your Chair, but it would be impertinent in me to pass a judgment on it as if I were adequately informed. This I can say of it, that it reinforces the hope I have always sustained that Episcopal cares would not altogether detach you from historic studies, and that you would emulate the Bishop of Durham, who has found himself able still to devote some time to theological literature.

I remain

Sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The wish Mr. Gladstone expresses in the last sentence of his letter was not at first regarded as impossible of realization by Dr. Stubbs himself. In his farewell lecture he hoped that he might complete "a fourth volume of Councils, an edition

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of William of Malmesbury, and possibly a sketch of the Constitutional History of the Reformation." Of these only William of Malmesbury was accomplished. The farewell lecture was a kindly and gracious record and acknowledgment, and a reiteration of the views enunciated eighteen years before. The only note of dissatisfaction was that which had often recurred, against the statute under which he had worked, and the necessity of public statutory lectures.

But before this Dr. Stubbs had taken upon himself his new charge in earnest. The first step in preparing for it was a visit to Bishop Jacobson, who was in failing health, and soon to give up his charge.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

March 3, 1884.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

I write a line just to assure myself that I have some one who sympathizes with me. We are going to Chester this evening, to the poor Bishop's—I rather dread seeing him, and wish that it was all over. If all is well I am to be consecrated at York on S. Mark's Day. I fear the long delay will embarrass all my arrangements for the summer; but this is *not* W. Ebor's fault: we both wanted to have it on Lady Day, but it could not be done. I have written to tell Mr. Gladstone that I will resign my Professorship if he wishes, and if not will retain it until the end of the Academic year. He sees nothing to hinder, so, unless I find at Chester an insuperable hindrance, I shall give six lectures here next Term and have done with it. Freeman's destiny seems quite unsettled, which I am sorry for, as it unsettles him.

I had a walk with Holland on Saturday.¹ I think he feels more inclined to hold on here than is quite wise; but I told him that with his gifts his work in London must soon be marked out for him, and then he must go. I feel very unhappy myself sometimes; in reality there is but One who can at all estimate the sacrifice I am making or see whether

¹ The Rev. H. S. Holland, of Christ Church, Oxford, who was to be Dr. Stubbs's successor as Canon of S. Paul's.

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I am making it sincerely or deceiving myself. Please give my best love to all, and

Believe me

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

KETTEL HALL, OXFORD,

March 12, 1884.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

Our visit to Chester was on the whole very pleasant. Everybody we saw was as kind as kind could be. The Bishop will be very liberal to us as long as he lives, and leaves his books to the See. He was so very good, and thought of everything, which, considering his extreme weakness, was marvellous : he could not have been more kind if he had been my own father. . . .

. . . I want you to think over what I should do about the Eastward position in celebrating in the Cathedral. The cases of S. Paul's and Chester are not quite parallel, and I should not wantonly break the custom of the place, as the good Bishop of London does at S. Paul's. On the other hand, I have always observed the E.P. in my own Churches for now thirty-four years. It is not for me a very important matter, but to Dean Howson it is ; and I must either have a concordat with him, or abstain (which it will be difficult to do altogether, indeed in case of Ordinations impossible) from celebrating in the Cathedral. Perhaps you would not mind turning it over. Personally I do not a bit mind sacrificing my own comfort, but I should not like to do anything in a hurry. . . . I have asked R. Moberly¹ to be an examining Chaplain, but I do not know whether he will.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM STUBBS.

¹ The Rev. R. C. Moberly, Rector of Great Budworth, who became his chaplain both at Chester and at Oxford, and for whose abilities and goodness the Bishop had the warmest admiration. The letters written at the time when the Regius Professorship of Pastoral Theology at Oxford was vacant—to which Dr. Moberly was appointed—show the extremely high opinion which the Bishop had formed of his powers. Dr. Moberly remained till the Bishop's death his close friend and a adviser.

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The Dean thus answered—

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S,
March 13, 1884.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

Our principle at S. Paul's, in view of the difficulties of the state of things, has been that of liberty for both uses. Lightfoot and Claughton always took the North side, and we have never enjoined the Eastward position on the present Minor Canons, who take it of their own accord, though in the case of new-comers we should probably insist. I think Howson ought to let you follow your own use, without being offended; but I dare say he has so committed himself that he might find it difficult to allow a difference gracefully.

* * * * *

Ever yours afft.,

R. W. C.

The conclusion of the matter may be given here.

When Dean Howson, in a most kindly and courteous letter, deprecated the Bishop's taking the "Eastward position" at the Holy Communion in his cathedral church, the Bishop wrote thus—

September 17, 1884.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

I thank you very much for the kind language of your letter. I am sure that however much we may differ on the point which is the subject of it, no such difference will have the effect of diminishing our old friendly feeling, or of hindering our working together. I am sorry that any opinion or practice of mine should cause you any uneasiness. But, as we do not think alike on this point, I am sure you will do me the justice of believing that I act on reasons which seem to me to be sufficient. It would give me great pain if I thought it likely that my example were to be pleaded in any way that would derogate from such authority as the statutes give you over those who minister in the Cathedral. I simply exercise what I conceive to be my lawful liberty. I sincerely hope that you will regard yourself as free to make your opinion

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known in any manner that may seem best to you. So far as I am concerned, the matter ends with this letter.

I am, my dear Dean,

Very faithfully yours,

W. CESTR.

This letter came from the Dean of S. Paul's before the consecration day.

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S,

April 22, 1884.

MY DEAR STUBBS,—

Most assuredly we will remember you with all our hearts on S. Mark's Day. I hope to be able to take the early celebration myself, and I should like, unless the others think it inexpedient to set a precedent, to mention your name then also. But you may be sure the celebrant will present it.

I do so deeply sympathize with you in your trial, having known something of what it is, though mine was as nothing compared to yours. But Lightfoot's sacrifice is a great encouragement. He would not be so nobly happy as he is now, if he had, as I wished him, shrunk from the call. Well, it is not for long.

* * * *

Ever yours most affc.,

R. W. CHURCH.

On S. Mark's Day (April 25), 1884, Dr. Stubbs was consecrated in York Minster by Archbishop Thomson, Bishops Lightfoot, Claughton, Goodwin, Fraser, Hill, Ryle, and Wilberforce. Freeman was present, and his account, to an old Trinity friend, was characteristic. "Florence saw him hallowed; I don't profess to have seen more than Thomson a-hallowing him. But how feeble an English procession is, and how our Bishops want something more! why, many of the doctors at Edinburgh¹ were finer." The new Bishop had the right to nominate the preacher at his consecration.

¹ Mr. Freeman had just returned from Edinburgh, where he had received the Honorary LL.D.

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"I may mention," wrote Archbishop Thomson, "that the old tradition was to nominate some rising friend, who might be looked upon as a future Bishop. But I do not know why." Dr. Stubbs nominated his old school friend, the distinguished scholar and missionary, Dr. William Kay, sometime Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, whose knowledge of him went back to his childhood at Knaresborough. Within a year, by Dr. Kay's death and by that of his mother, almost the last, certainly the closest, ties to the Knaresborough of his boyhood were to be broken.

On Tuesday, May 20, the Bishop of Chester did homage to the Queen, to whom, it may be said by anticipation, he always retained a chivalrous, almost romantic, devotion. No man, from historic knowledge, was better fitted to appreciate the difficulties of the Sovereign, and certainly no man more enthusiastically venerated the wisdom and goodness of Queen Victoria. On S. John Baptist's Day (June 24) he was enthroned in the cathedral church of Chester; a few days' holiday were taken at the end of July in Yorkshire, and then he settled down in earnest to the work of his diocese.

This letter may well have seemed the final farewell to the old life.

THE DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
July 10, 1884.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF CHESTER,—

Thank you so much for remembering to send me your last lecture, though it almost makes me cry to read it, and I ask myself whether I have not done wrong in not fighting tooth and nail to keep you at Oxford and St. Paul's. But I don't think I have, only one's own selfishness comes out into bright light.

I saw that you had had a great loss while we were away. I, and I am sure I may say *we all*, shall be very thankful if you would bestow a few lines—only a few—when you can. Tell us about yourself and Mrs. Stubbs.

* * * * *

Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Stubbs.

Ever yours affc.,
R. W. C.

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Early in the autumn the new work began. I have been favoured, by the kindness of Canon Arthur Gore, at one time one of his Archdeacons, with the following valuable account of the Bishop's work in the Diocese of Chester.

"Bishop Stubbs came to Chester in the spring of 1884. His fame preceded him; but a first acquaintance scarcely made an impression equal to his fame. There were many men in the man, or, rather, there were many depths and heights in the man, for indeed he was, through the whole range of his nature, one man at perfect unity with himself. But you did not all at once plumb the depths or scale the heights. It took time. Little by little you felt the greatness: you did not exactly discover it. What you did discover was that there were still heights and depths to be discovered. At first, if it was a matter of mere personal intercourse, you found yourself speaking to a friend who stood on your own level, who entered into what interested you, and who took part in the survey, only adding something more than you had seen. Your intellectual qualities, if you had any, were stimulated, and your infirmities were not exposed. You never felt inclined to depreciate yourself, only you willingly conceded that he was a little above you. It was only a little; if it had been a great deal there would have been a breach of continuity between you and him which would have hampered intercourse. This never happened. Perhaps one of his greatneses was the simplicity with which he took his place naturally at any level of men or things in which he found himself. In business it was the same. He was *in* things, like any average man. In committee or council, he did not speak as volubly as the clever men spoke; but his words always helped, and they not seldom startled you by the unerring precision with which they touched the point. He was in everything with us all, but we knew, without being oppressed by the thought, that he was above us all.

"Very soon came opportunities for discerning some of the secrets of his strength. He preached the sermon at his first Advent Ordination, December 21, 1884. It is, indeed, addressed to the people and to the candidates; but it is, most of all, a revelation of the preacher himself, to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. It gives a perception of the

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marvellous vividness with which the Bishop looked into the life of the world and the Church, and of the awful intensity with which he felt, and suffered from, what he saw. He saw the 'parishes, crowded with men and women and children, each with a heart and a soul, a lot and an experience of life peculiar to himself or herself . . . a host of people who have grown up with ways and prejudices, and likings and dislikings, . . . and with sins and sorrows and stubbornnesses and waywardnesses that it may puzzle the wisest and most experienced of God's saints to meet and work on.'¹ And to these parishes 'we are sending *young* men, who have as yet hardly begun to tread for themselves the rougher path of personal trial . . . The odds are fearfully against us . . . so very much against us that we are almost tempted to think that it matters little whom we do send ; so little correspondence . . . between the agents . . . and the work . . . the wisest and most ancient utterly insufficient. Lord, what shall these young men do ?'

"What is suggested at once is that the Bishop saw and kept on looking at the great world of men and women and children, living—to him they never became items counted by hundreds or thousands—but living, sinning, suffering, sorrowing, struggling, crying out to be rescued, soothed, strengthened, enlightened, saved, for they were immortal souls ; and that he looked at them not in the gross but in the particular ; he actually saw them and heard their cry in every parish to which the young deacon or priest was going, and he was himself shaken to the deepest depths of his being ; and he could not send out these ministers at all only that they were authorized by our Lord Jesus Christ : 'The trust that we put in you to-day, we put really in Him . . . It is not by your wisdom or your might or your power that you are to go . . . as it is not by our wisdom or our might or our power that we send you ; but by His Spirit : awful responsibility for both of us !' Here was a world visible to him, in the inner spirituality, for good or evil, of its human thoughts and words and deeds, which we had not seen, and here was the agony of a great heart at these perpetual strivings of undying souls, lest they should fail of safe guiding into the grace of God. It was a

¹ Ordination Sermon on 2 Timothy ii. 24, printed in the *Chester Diocesan Gazette*, July 17, 1886.—W. H. H.

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sermon like this or a speech like this which gave us an abashed sense of the real splendour of the man.

“ But this intense glow and light could not always be maintained. He had the passion of his mission and work, but he had, also, the calm business faculty of guiding and ruling. When he arrived, he found a great work awaiting him. Far away from the centre of diocesan life, all by itself, in the north-east of Cheshire, lay a population of nearly 200,000, for whom it had always been difficult to make adequate provision. In 1841 Bishop Sumner had written ‘ Probably there is no district in England, even including the metropolis, in which the Church has so much still to do as in that which is passed between Staley and Stockport. The road winds through a continued forest of streets for nine miles, and we meet with but a single Church in existence—that of Hyde.’ Sumner was a vigorous builder of churches. In his Episcopate six churches were added; presently after, three; and twelve more in the thirty years ending 1881. But the forest of streets had been widely extending, and there were now densely crowded parishes of 10,000, 12,000, one of certainly 20,000; and the clergy numbered only fifty-three, all told, among the 200,000. The Bishop took instant action. He issued a commission of inquiry early in 1885. The report recommended the creation of nine new parishes, each with church, schools, and vicarage house; the providing of vicarages in eight parishes where there were none; and the building of fifteen mission-rooms. The estimated cost was £84,000. The work was immense; but the Bishop faced it with absolute resolution. There was no fluctuation of hope and fear. He issued his appeal; he subscribed £1,000; he attended meetings and preached sermons; he stirred up the whole diocese to help the suffering member; and he wisely fixed a period of five years for the completion of the effort.¹ And, by his tenacity and persistence, he succeeded. If all was not finished, all was assured by the end of the five years; and when the fund was finally closed in 1896, £72,000 had been raised in addition to grants from the Ecclesiastical

¹ I find, from the Bishop's letters, that the Duke of Westminster gave £1,000 a year to the scheme, and continued it to the work of the diocese.
—W. H. H.

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Commissioners, twelve churches and chapels of ease had been built, ten additional clergy provided, and a spiritual aid fund created for their support.

"This is one, and a characteristic, instance of the impulse given by the Bishop to diocesan work. Where all cannot be recorded, an example must suffice.

"An impulse of another kind was given by his determination to have a teaching clergy—teachers especially of Church history. For this purpose he addressed a weighty letter, dated December, 1885, to the Rural Deans. Only the heads can be given. The teaching, he wrote, must begin in church, further steps being taken in the school and by lectures. It must be constructive, not controversial.

"1. Its foundation must be the doctrine of the Holy Catholic Church.

"2. Next, the Church of England as a portion of the same.

"3. The Church as the National Church.

"4. The relation to Rome before the Reformation.

"5. The origin of its endowments.

"6. The 'Establishment.'

"7. The powers and rights of the State.

"8. The mischiefs of disendowment and disestablishment.

The letter contains clear and wise counsel on the best methods of dealing with these important topics.

"He had already given a delightful illustration of historic teaching in a sermon¹ preached February 10, 1885, at the consecration of the new Church of S. Werburgh, at Warburton. The church, a beautiful one, built by a famous Cheshire Churchman, R. E. Egerton Warburton, of Arley, did not quite supersede but, for main purposes, it replaced a most interesting structure pillared by rough hewn oak blackened by the centuries. In such surroundings we were breathing history, and there the Bishop flung the light across the ages of the Church, from the times of the Conversion, when there might have been 'a little wooden building with a well for baptism and an altar for the sacrament,' possibly 'a little altar-stone set up from day to day,' and where the scanty but ever-increasing number of proselytes answered 'the call of

¹ Sermon on Psalm xc. 1, privately printed at the Clarendon Press.—W. H. H.

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the missionary priest who held his life in his hand.' A very few pages suffice to show us the triumphs, the strivings, the sorrows, the aspirations, the dangers, the deliverances of the Church—God's living Church—through the intervening times, and then comes the prayer that 'to a thousand generations of them that love Him' this new church may be 'the place of parish gathering, where those whom God strengthens by sympathy and unity of heart gather strength by the sustenance which every joint supplieth.'

"The Bishop allowed more than two years to elapse before delivering his primary (and only) Charge.¹ He did not wish to speak as a stranger. He had striven 'to the utmost of his power' to make himself acquainted with the diocese. If spared to hold another visitation he hoped to be able to say 'there is no parish that I have not visited and tried to understand.' The value of personal and living touch was always present to his mind. Of his own experience as a parish priest he once said, 'I suppose I knew every toe on every baby in the parish.' And his Charge is full of intimate knowledge of his diocese. It expresses his obviously sincere and generous appreciation of the great work of his 'venerated predecessor,' William Jacobson; and there is a graceful recognition of the healthy condition of the diocese and of the light and leading he derived from the men whom Jacobson had trained. From beginning to end this Charge is full of cheer and stimulus, as well as of gentle consideration for all follies and failings. He does not hesitate to use the surgeon's knife, but, without for one moment applying anaesthetics, he does not irritate. Now and then there may be a touch of irony. But though the laughter be against yourself, you cannot help joining in it. One of the Visitation questions had asked 'What are the chief hindrances to the success of your pastoral labours?' The question (an inherited one) was vague, and tempted men to pour forth a profusion of grievances, necessary and common to all men and all parishes, for which there was no help but in fighting them. The unhappy diocesan was oppressed: 'It is difficult to cull, from such a garden full of weeds, those which

¹ This Charge was published by Phillipson & Golder, Chester. Part of it has been re-issued, with other Charges, by Canon Holmes (1904). —W. H. H.

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are capable of special treatment.' Perhaps the men felt happiest who had given shortest answers.

"The Charge, as a whole, defies analysis. It consists of fifty-six closely printed large octavo pages in which there are no superfluous words. In it the historian of the Constitution discusses the burning questions of the day : discipline, Ecclesiastical Courts, patronage, Church reform ; and in it the elder and wiser brother stands beside his brethren teaching them how to shepherd their people. Conspicuously and above all, there is the breadth of soul and largeness of comprehension and calmness of judgment which gives rest to those who read, from the pettinesses of the life of the current day.

"A history of the four years in Chester would show the Bishop's life woven richly into the life of his diocese. He often preached, particularly at his Ordinations, and usually with great intensity and purpose. He loved to meet the people themselves and to talk to them. They were part of the great story of life which was ever going on before his eyes. He would laugh with them and enjoy their merriment. They were never afraid of him. 'Don't you know us?' exclaimed a group of excursionists, who woke him suddenly out of a reverie in the Chapter Library, by insisting on shaking his hand: 'we're the Sunday School teachers from Stalybridge.' To the railway workers at Crewe¹ he gave a charming chapter of his own biography, excusing the egotism by the fact that 'among smaller successes' he was now 'landed in the dignified position of having to advocate the study of history before an audience of the most intelligent people in England'! If there was banter in this, there was much more than banter, and there was all good-nature.

"Whatever our thoughts of him when he came to Chester, we knew, when Bishop Stubbs was leaving, that one of the greatest of men had been with us and we blessed God for him : a man in whom the genius of history saw and understood human life, saw the whole of it and every part of it in its true place and proportion ; a man whose heart drew us in fulness of sympathy into itself, and, much more than this, a man of

¹ Printed in *Diocesan Gazette*, December, 1886, page 8. See above, pp. 4, 5.—W. H. H.

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profound, though for the most part hidden, piety and unswerving faith : a saint of God."

It is as unnecessary as it would be difficult to add anything to this admirable record. Leaving, then, to the end of the Bishop's tenure of the See of Chester, the reminiscences of his great friend and Dean, Dr. Darby, I will now merely arrange, in rough order, with a few words of preface, the letters that have reached me from those years.

The letters show him to have thrown himself manfully into every side of his work, strange though much of it must have been to him. Most remarkable, I think, because most unexpected, was the way in which the man whom his contemporaries had never ceased to regard as the shy retiring student, took up the position of a leader of men. To his mind, the Bishop must not hesitate to stand forward as guide ; and he did not hesitate. His old friend, the Ven. Edward Barber, whom he called in 1886 to be Archdeacon of Chester, speaks thus—

"What struck me as much as anything in his work as a Bishop was the marvellous way in which he mastered details and fathomed the characters of men. His student life might have been supposed to have unfitted him for dealing with his fellows, but it was just the reverse ; and he grasped the situation and decided upon action with wonderful rapidity, and in doing so always seemed to exercise a wise and sound judgment.

"His written sermons or addresses were masterpieces, so clear and well expressed, sometimes giving evidence of the playful humour which so often showed itself. Dr. Bright¹ on more than one occasion wrote to me and expressed his admiration of the sermon he had preached himself when taking an Ordination, saying that he wished all his diocesan clergy could have heard it, so that they might see that there was something deeply religious and spiritual in him. At such times I used to write and borrow the sermon."

It is clear that from the first he found relief, at times of hard work and anxiety, in the quaint humour which as years went on he cared less and less to repress. Chester remembers many stories of the kind. After a long service a Rector said

¹ William Bright, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford.

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to him—"I hope, my lord, you thought the hymns appropriate?" Now, he abhorred many and long hymns, and he answered, "Oh, dear me! yes, to be sure—

"Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'"

"As it was some time past 8 p.m., and they had just sung this hymn, we who stood by knew how his patience had been exercised. I am happy to add that the Rector was not ruffled," says my informant.

It is remembered—to give another example—that in his constant journeys by railway on diocesan work he would often meet a clergyman whose frequent absence from his parish was notorious. "Dear me, Mr. X.," he said one day, as they were both waiting for a train, "you are the most stationary clergyman in my diocese."

He cultivated, too, the habit of amusing himself in verse. A High Church clergyman, guilty of elaborate ritual, was sent to prison because he would not obey a Court whose jurisdiction he would not recognize: a Low Church clergyman inadvertently published as his own large portions of the sermons of a celebrated American preacher, a proceeding against which there was no law. The contrast diverted Bishop Stubbs, and he expressed his amusement in an epigram upon one "who prigs what isn't his'n," and another who "now he's cotched must go to prison," lines which I certainly cannot print here.

When the autumn of 1884 set in he was hard at work. Thus, when Dean Howson asked him to preach in the cathedral church he replied—

CHESTER,

October 30, 1884.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

I am very sorry, but I am engaged both morning and evening every Sunday during the Advent season. I am engaged in a regularly organized attempt to prove to the Clergy of the Diocese that I am not a good preacher. I think that I shall succeed. I wish that I could have come to you.

Yours ever,

W. CESTR.

BISHOP OF CHESTER, 1884-1889

Thus he acknowledges Freeman's inaugural lecture, which, of course, warmly belauded him—

CHESTER,

November 13, 1884.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you very much for the lecture. It makes me, as Copeland used to say, go gooseflesh all over. I think some copies or extracts should go to the Church Association. I am very grateful for all your kind words. How are you prospering? My Dean has a design for you to come here early in 1885 and lecture on the History of Chester. I hope you will—it will do them good—they are so very clever. We hope to get into Deeside by Christmas, and then to be able to ask you to come to us. Life is as much a burden here as it is everywhere else: the advantage of being a bishop is that one has no time to think about it—it really is an advantage—for life in the Railway train does not conduce to solitary meditation, or eating of the Heart. I get an hour now and then for William of Malmesbury, and familiarity with him does not breed contempt. I hope to have him ready for the Press by Christmas; for you will understand that I am now very poor. My five years of S. Paul's were rich years—now I am reversing the apostolic condition, possessing £4,200 a year, and yet having nothing that is not pledged to something else. (I believe I have put the cart before the horse, but you will understand.) Send me a line or two of encouragement.

Yours ever,

W. CESTR.

The next letter shows the continued affection of his old friends.

3, AMEN COURT, S. PAUL'S, E.C.

January 19, 1885.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—

Pray let me thank you for your goodness in sending me your sermon at the Ordination. If I may judge from my own experience, no one—at least of a certain age and character, and in Holy Orders—can well read it without wishing to be

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

much better than he is—or, rather, without wishing that he might some day fall short less miserably of the ideal which it upholds. May I add that it makes me thank God that you are where you are and that I am

Affy. yours,
H. P. LIDDON.

His continued interest in Oxford studies is shown in this and other letters.

CHESTER,
March 8, 1885.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

Thank you very much for your letter and scheme. I had had a copy of it from Hassall, and have written to him to say that I like it very much, although it goes more into the reality of the subject than I had ever expected we should get. My own old scheme for Tacitus and Thucydides at Moderations, to be a step to a high class in the History School (a *sine quâ non* for a first or second), never got within measureable distance of being considered; and I dare say none of the present Board can even remember that I tried it on in 1874. But all things come to the man who waits, and now I shall rejoice to see the much fuller scheme carried through.

It seems to me that your estimate of the . . . is based on wide and intimate knowledge of human character—that is, it exactly coincides with mine. I never had a row with him—not for want of temptation; he really had the whip hand of me, and it was no use fighting when even the men who disliked his line thought that his object was the true one. Since Creighton left, and even he was scarcely to be regarded as free from the tutorial bias, the historical teaching of history has been practically left out in favour of the class-getting system of training. I hope that you and the wise men who are springing up will get things straight. Since 1874 I have scarcely had a good class or any of the better men. It was hard; but I hope that your lot will be lighter. *Macte nova virtute*—or, rather, I should say, break down the monopoly.

Yours ever,
W. CESTR.

BISHOP OF CHESTER, 1884-1889

Sir Lewis Dibdin, who first made his acquaintance when he was a witness at the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, corresponded with him in 1885 in regard to a new edition of J. S. Brewer's *Endowment and Establishment*, which he was editing. "Whenever I felt in a hole deep enough to be worthy of his notice," says Sir Lewis, "he always extricated me, and even when he was a busy Bishop he answered me by return of post and encouraged me in applying to him."

CHESTER,

March 30, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. DIBDIN,—

I should be very glad if I could help you at all with your notice on the origin, etc., of tithe. It is an extremely difficult piece of work; for in all the documents of early date the personal and praedial tithe are confusedly mixed up—the civil and ecclesiastical duty are likewise hard very often to discriminate; and the right of the donor to determine where his own gift of tithe is to go is a curiously recurring incident of difficulty. I do not envy your having to go over Brewer's work. I do not know the particular book, but his work was so very unequal that I am sure you will have much difficulty in making it square; and, if you will allow me to say so, I should very much like to see what you do say about this point before you publish it.

Archdeacon Hale's book is the only one, so far as I know, that deals with the question of Tripartite and Quatripartite Tithe; his conclusions I believe to be true, but his criticism is not good, and he disposes of some of the documentary evidence on principles that would not hold water. Still, his conclusions are just.

As to the origin and growth of the legal obligation you will find a long note of mine in the *Councils*, etc., vol. iii., on the interpretation of Ethelwulf's grant. Briefly stated, I believe that tithe-paying was a religious duty from the time of the Conversion, and that this may be proved from Bede and Theodore (whose last section in the *Penitential* shows that it was paid by landowners to their churches: tithe being still personal and praedial, and also paid from the spoils of war) that about the time of Charles the Great, when the payment was

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

becoming obligatory everywhere in the West, it began to be enforced by Church Councils ; and shortly after, when England was united under the West Saxon kings, such order was enforced by the laws of the land which define to what church, as a rule, the tithe should go. Notwithstanding that, the land owners gave tithe occasionally at discretion until the close of the 12th century, when it was assigned to the parish churches finally. It will take a good deal of labour to reconcile the discrepancies of the intervening periods. Possibly, if there ever was a tripartite division, it was of the mixed tithe (personal and praedial) that came into the hands of the bishop, before the parochial system was universally organized. But I weary you and myself too.

Yours ever,

W. CESTR.

MY DEAR MR. DIBDIN,—

I wrote the other letter enclosed before I found that you had put in your envelope a copy of your note. I will make a comment or two—

(1) Was not the tithe subject to *division* in the Western Church the general contribution of personal tithe as well as tithe of increase ?

(2) The genuine Canon of Theodore, which you will find in my *Councils*, vol. iii. p. 203—(different from Thorpe, 308),—certainly recognizes a voluntary element in laymen giving to their own churches—but does not mention any *tripartite assignment*.

(3) The so-called Canon of Egbert (Thorpe, 326) is not an English canon, but Frank or German, and of the ninth century ; see c. vii., same page, where the *emperor* is spoken of.

(4) The Canons of Elfric are not Ecclesiastical laws, but the *dicta* of an expert—like the “scientific definitions” of later jurists.

Excuse my clumsy answer to your letter ; but I have had two Confirmations and a long journey to-day, and do not like to leave the letter unanswered.

Yours ever,

W. CESTR.

BISHOP OF CHESTER, 1884-1889

All the rest of your paper I fully agree with. It is well to be cautious.

14, GAYTON CRESCENT, HAMPSTEAD, N.W.

April 10, 1885.

DEAR LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER,—

I have gone over the points you were kind enough to give me, as carefully as I could, absence from town having rather limited my access to books. There is one point which still bothers me. Wilkins' *Anglo-Saxon Laws* (1721, A.D.), according to a quotation before me (the book itself I have not yet seen, but hope to do so in a day or two at the British Museum), gives a *law* of Ethelred, 1013, which enjoins tripartition. It is distinct from the ecclesiastical constitutions of Ethelred, 1010, and is not given in Wilkins' *Concilia* or in Spelman. I can find nothing about it elsewhere. Is it undoubtedly spurious and to be ignored?

The point that tithe was originally personal as well as praedial I had overlooked in this context, but it seems of first-rate consequence as showing how much more relatively tithe meant in early times.

I have revised my note with reference to these matters, and venture to ask you to look over it once more. I don't know what to say about Ethelred's law, and have left a blank.

I read your letter as to the origin of tithes with the greatest feeling of satisfaction and relief, for it is just there where Brewer seems to me to have carried his argument too far. He lays so much stress on specific donations that he rather leaves the reader to suppose that *all* tithes, even parochial ones, were in every case the subject of actual and specific grant or donation. In my profession we learn to be very much afraid of proving too much, and on that account I thought a new edition ought not to go out without some reservation. I have accordingly written the note p. 88, etc., in proof of Brewer's book sent by Book Post. I am delighted to find how closely I had followed the view you express in your letter to me. It is no doubt partly that I had read your books attentively on these matters. The note was in type before I got your letter.

I am taking a great liberty in sending you the proof of

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

Brewer's book, but as you do not know the book, I should like you to see what kind of thing it is. You will see, it is designed to be quite popular and elementary. There is all the more need to be *right*. The second part on Establishment I do not trouble you with.

One word more. May I add to the preface words to this effect: "I desire to express my gratitude to the Bishop of Chester for his ready kindness in giving me help on one or two points in which I found difficulty"? I should like to put something of the sort, but I must not do it without your leave, as it might be misconstrued into an attempt to obtain the advantage of your *imprimatur* unjustifiably. Whether you let me say so in print or not, I trust you will believe that I am *very* grateful.

Your faithful servant,
LEWIS T. DIBDIN.

CHESTER,
April 11, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. DIBDIN,—

I return your note, with this comment: The law of Ethelred touching tripartite division you will find in Thorpe, p. 146, folio edition, and in Schmid, p. 244. It is the law, I imagine, which you refer to as The law of 1014, on page 1 of your note, and is treated by Archd. Hale in the second (1837) edition of his tract on the subject. I did not know, when I wrote before, that you had used the earlier edition in which it is not discussed. It certainly treats the tripartite division as the just and lawful arrangement, and its authority can only be disposed of by maintaining that it is not really a law, but a part of a private compilation, as Hale says Mr. Price understood it to be; it is perhaps quite as easy to put it aside as altogether devoid of the proof contained in the *consensus utentium* and as owing its existence to the tradition of foreign and primitive subdivision, for which there is no other scintilla of authority here in England. However, it is perhaps the most direct passage on the subject. I should not feel inclined to minimize the importance of the wording, although the date assigned to it would show it to belong to a period of Ethelred's reign when

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he was half deposed and floundering about in search of support, and, moreover, it does not reappear in the re-enactments and confirmations of the Laws by his successors, a point which shows that if genuine it was inoperative. If I am right in supposing this to be the passage mentioned in your letter, as well as in the note (No. 4), I think that your word "spurious" is too strong—and that it would be better to refer it to the class of private (or tentative) compositions. If you read the whole series of articles in which it occurs you will see that although it may be a royal letter or manifesto, it certainly has not the *form* of a law. I shall be honoured if you choose to mention my name in connexion with your own treatment of the book; I do not think, after running my eye over the text of the Book itself, that I could do more than express a general approval of dear old Brewer's treatment. I think that his use of the word "establishment" is risky, but I suppose you treat that in another note; and a good deal of the theory of the final note is concerned with a set of antiquities with which I am not familiar. I quite agree with all that you say. I think I should use the form "tithe of increase" as opposed to personal tithe, and not repeat the word "praedial."

Yours very faithfully,

W. CESTR.

As an addendum to this, may be given a letter to Mr. J. C. Medd, which reiterates the view that the payment of tithe was made imperative by the Legatine Councils held in England (*Const. Hist.* i. p. 228, 2nd ed.), which was challenged by Lord Selborne in his *Ancient Facts and Fictions*.

MY DEAR MR. MEDD,—

My opinions as to the character and validity of the Legatine Canon of 787 are not seriously affected by Lord Selborne's criticism, and I cannot see that the language which I have used respecting it can in any honest way be made to support the contention of the Liberationist Society. It would be as true to say that the Tithe Commutation Acts were the origin of tithe.

Yours faithfully

W. OXON.

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The following letter refers partly to the gallant attempt which Mr. Freeman was making at Oxford to assert the claims of the Professor as against the College Tutor in the direction of the lines of historical study in the University, and partly to Mark Pattison's *Memoirs*.

CHESTER,

April 7, 1885.

MY DEAR CREIGHTON,—

Thank you very much for your letter. If I get to Cambridge next week, it will only be for an hour or so with Bradshaw.¹ I must defer any longer business to some day of more leisure.

As for poor Freeman, I am sorry but amused and to a certain extent comforted by the assurance that I was not really supersensitive when I revolted against the treatment which I had to undergo since 1873. However, I am sorry that he takes his troubles so much to heart. I had tried to arm him against some mortifications—but he was very sanguine.

Poor Pattison—if his book were real, a true picture of his life and growth, it would be a real *reductio ad horribile* of the life of intellectual selfishness, and I dare say so far it is true in the abstract. But it is not true of him—he never was, and never became, what he describes in the memoir, and if it were not cruel one would be tempted to say that the whole thing was a sort of last malign-(not malignant)-ent sarcastic cut at his disciples. You know how he used at all meetings to wait until the resolution had been passed and then explain what fools we had all made of ourselves.

It is no true picture of him, I am quite sure ; but whether it was the result of a depression that made him miserable, or the expression [of] a cynicism that after all was only superficial, I cannot say.

Of course, so far as it represents his final thoughts about great subjects, on which it must be serious, it is extremely painful to all who like me were personally attached to him ;

¹ Henry Bradshaw, the University Librarian.

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and indeed I never thought that he could have strayed so far.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Creighton,

Believe me

Yours faithfully,

W. CESTR.

In 1885 he was able to have nearly a month's holiday in Italy, taking Paris on the way, to consult MSS. of William of Malmesbury, and thus he wrote to Dean Church :—

CHESTER,

September 6, 1885.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

I have got home, and seen more of the world than I ever saw before or perhaps care to see any more. We worked Ravenna pretty thoroughly and Bologna too. From Bologna we went to Florence, and then to Cortona, where we spent a very tiring day ; on to Perugia and then to Rome. Perugia was delightful. Rome was hot, but perhaps not too hot. We slept at Frascati two nights and two at Rome. Frascati was in the midst of a *Festa*, noisy and uncomfortable. At Rome I saw S. Peter's, S. John Lat., S. Paul's without the Walls, the old parts and the galleries at the Vatican, not the Library, which was closed. We drove as far as Cecilia Metella's tomb and saw some other places, San Clemente in particular. But I did not care to see too many things, and chiefly remember S. Peter's and the Forum. We went from Rome to Orvieto, Siena, Pisa, Genoa, and on home by the S. Gothard Railway, reaching Chester on Wednesday night. We caught no Malaria or cholera, and are I hope all the better for the run. Anyhow, I ought to have a large supply of new ideas. We met very few English or Americans, the few people at the hotels were Germans and seemed to enjoy themselves. At Perugia I heard of Wordsworth's appointment. I think he will do well, but wish that Liddon had come first. Here all is very quiet. The Dean gone to Mull, and the Cathedral shut up. Next week begins the Ordination work, and after that is over the full pressure of Sermons, etc., which I wish was over. I hope that your Sunday afternoon work in August has not tired

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you, and that Mrs. Church and the young ladies are well and cheerful.

What a great many people there are in the world to whom the disestablishment of the English Church will make no difference! I could not help thinking in Italy that after all we are a little insular—but perhaps that is what we were intended to be.

Best love to all,

Yours very faithfully,
W. CESTR.

(Mr. Freeman came to Chester in 1886 for a meeting of the Archeological Institute.)

CHESTER,
January 22, 1886.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I enclose a letter from the Arch. Inst. I hope you will agree to their terms and come and stay with us if we are all alive. I did propose that they should drop the meeting, but they had asked the Duke to be president, so I suppose they could not. Of course if he asks you to Eaton you will go, and stay with us, before or after, as you please. I should not like you to miss it, and you might persuade him to believe a little in me. You see what a Jesuit I am becoming, but I spent Tuesday at Liverpool.

I am publishing some of my old Lectures, which you will not agree with unless you read them *through*. So either do that or abstain. With best wishes for the New Year,

Ever yours,
W. CESTR.

1886 was a busy year, and a holiday was much needed.

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S,
September 14, 1886.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—

* * * * *

We do not like the account you give of yourself, and if you

BISHOP OF CHESTER, 1884-1889

were here, there are tongues which would make you understand how much some of us disapprove of your self-sacrifice even to Archaeological Institutes. I do wish you could get a whiff of German, or even French or Swiss air, before the days get dark and dreary—or even Scotch, if that would [be] easier. Do think how much easier it is to run down than to be wound up again. Could not you make a Vicar-General for the time of the Very Rev. the Dean ?

* * * * *

Ever yours affecy.,

R. W. C.

In 1886 the Lectures on Medieval and Modern History (mentioned in the last letter to Mr. Freeman) were published. Thus Mr. Gladstone acknowledged the gift of the book.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,

October 7, 1886.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF CHESTER,—

Let me thank you very much for sending me your volume, which I shall examine with very great interest. This acknowledgment I delayed in the hope, encouraged by Lord Acton, that he and Bishop Strossmayer might have paid us a visit next week, and that I might have prevailed upon you to come and meet them. The delay is in one point of view not unhappy, as my daughter, Mrs. Drew, continues to be very seriously an invalid, although, thanks be to God, we are assured there is not at present any cause for alarm about her.

I take this opportunity of sending to your lordship a scarce book which possibly you may not have seen, the letters of Father Walsh the Franciscan, lent me by Lord Acton. I should much like to know your opinion of pp. 76-125. They contain a defence of the ecclesiastical position of the Church of England which appears to me an extremely able one.

During my late visit to South Germany I saw much of Dr. Döllinger. He is still very desirous to promote by personal aid the scheme which began in the form of a republication of Palmer's work on the Church, and he suggested that a kind

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of voluntary Syndicate might be formed to divide the labour.

I remain, with much respect,
My dear Lord Bishop,
Sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

HAWARDEN,
October 13, 1886.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—

Lord Acton I now find is to be here on Tuesday. It is unfortunately a gentleman's party, for we have been unable to induce him to bring any of his family. Will you kindly consent to dine and sleep here, or to dine if you cannot do both? and to let us know the *train*, if we may send for you to Broughton Hall or Sandicroft.

I thank you very much for so promptly returning my paper. I have not said, but I think, that Elizabeth worked on a system if not as much, yet nearly as much, as Laud, and might in Laud's circumstances have had her head parted from her shoulders in much the same way.

Believe me,
With great respect,
Sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Lord Bishop of Chester.

In the same year, 1886, the Bishop, at the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury, printed for private circulation among the members of the Upper House of Convocation an elaborate letter to his Grace on "the question of the possibility, and possible conditions, of a national Synod of the Church of England, to be constituted by a union or joint sitting of the Convocations of the two provinces," a paper of great historical value. It may be compared with the extremely careful constitutional statement made on a slightly different subject, the proposed reform of Convocation, of February 15, 1898, which is printed in the *Chronicle of Convocation* for that year (xiv. 6, pp. 18 *sqq.*).

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Mrs. Green, who had consulted her husband's old friend some time before on the subject, having followed the Bishop's advice not to submit the revision of the *Short History* to another hand, undertook it herself. She received now the following letter—

CHESTER,

March 29, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. GREEN,—

I have read the slips and compared them with the original *Short History*. I think that you are doing a difficult piece of work as well as it can be done. The English Conquest is not a favourite subject of mine, as your good husband knew, and I favoured him with some ill-natured criticisms on that part of his book many long years ago. But he was fond of it himself, and you are following out the plan which he deliberately adopted—so I will not reiterate my views. It seems to me that you dovetail with considerable adroitness and due ideas of proportion. You need not be afraid of Father Freeman: he believes all the details (although not perhaps the same details, but that does not matter) just as your husband did. I am “agnostic.”

I do not think that I have anything to suggest about the later slips. We shall be very glad if you will come from Saturday to Monday, or longer if you can.

Yours ever,

W. CESTR.

He wrote thus in thanks to Professor F. W. Maitland, for his *Bracton's Note Book*—

CHESTER,

November 7, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. MAITLAND,—

I have to thank you, and do so very heartily, for your kindness in sending me your book. It ought to make an era in that part of English legal study which to me is the most interesting of all; and by the way make an example of the Twiss travesty. I have already read a good deal of the introductory matter, and have to thank you for dealing so gently with my misapprehension about Segrave. I see that there is

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much to learn about the Statute of Merton—some of the difficulties are not new to me, but you seem to have exhausted the matter, at all events for the present. But I cannot pretend to have worked through that section.

I am very much indeed obliged to you,

Yours faithfully,

W. CESTR.

In the Lambeth Conference of 1888 the Bishop of Chester played a prominent part; and the present Archbishop tells me that "the wording of the Encyclical Letter was mainly the joint work of Bishop Lightfoot, Bishop Stubbs, and myself, and a large part of the actual document was written out in Bishop Stubbs's own clear hand. We sat up two whole nights, or nearly so, in the Lollards' Tower doing the work."

In 1888 Mr. Gladstone asked his assistance in the revision of an historical paper.

16, JAMES COURT,

January 10, 1888.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—

I hope to send you *early* this week, in type, a paper of mine on the Elizabethan settlement of Religion; and the immediate object of this note is to beg that you would have the kindness to survey with a strict historical eye the last half of it (the first being a slight and general outline). In this statement, which occupies some six or seven pages (probably), I have endeavoured to set out, more minutely than Palmer has done it, the juridical argument which establishes the lawfulness of the succession to the Elizabethan Sees; and, by consequence, of the position of the Church of England *as against* the contention which charges her with intrusion under the orders of the State. Canon MacColl informed me that you shared in a desire that I should undertake to state this argument for the new work, or recast, which is in contemplation. If I am to be so bold as to do this, the paper I now announce will prepare the ground for it. The argument in my view is one as strictly knit together as the steps of a sum in arithmetic. But, the matter being historical, and we not having (as far as I know)

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the advantage of resort to any one absolutely complete collection of the documents, I have felt that a prior publication such as to challenge criticism is essential in order to give the confidence, if it pass the ordeal, without which I should not like to be responsible for tendering such an argument in order that it might form a sub-section (so to speak) of a work intended to be classical. Even before the far less serious step of printing in the *Nineteenth Century* I am extremely desirous to have the advantage of your close review. The looseness of many of the books is astonishing, and even Palmer in his section on the Elizabethan proceedings has, I think, for once, a little understated his case. The interests involved in this matter will, I am sure, form a sufficient apology for this request.

I remain,

With great respect,

Your lordship's very sincere and faithful

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Lord Bishop of Chester.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF CHESTER,—

I am exceedingly obliged and have greatly profited by your kindness. I think that I have met in the main every one of your objections or qualifications, except about Fisher's taking the oath, which is stated implicitly by Lingard, and expressly by Sanders, who dwells on his subsequent repentance, (pp. 106-7, ed. 1586). In no point have I profited more than by your lordship's admonition to strike out the reference to the Irish Prelates, and Antonius de Dominis, on which your remark is evidently conclusive. It does not appear to me that the Roman temper of the Episcopate and Clergy (after purgation) under Mary touches in any manner the argument I have endeavoured to make ; but possibly I have not caught your idea.

Believe me, with great respect,

Sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

LONDON, *January 15*, 1888.

If it be needed to sum up the work which Bishop Stubbs

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did at Chester it might best be said that he *led*. He put aside all his old habits of seclusion, reticence, diffidence, and stood forward on every occasion to express, as a leader, his own personal opinion, and to direct the work that was to be done. He still retained the simple style of living to which he had always been accustomed : a Bishop who lives in a town, and whose diocese can easily be covered without excessively long journeys and contains no parishes far from a railway station, can dispense with any appearance of grandeur. And appearance of grandeur, more than anything else, Bishop Stubbs abhorred. But when it came to action, so long as it could be apart from show, he was unweariedly energetic. He ruthlessly cut away trivialities, he was not at all considerate of things which seemed to him trifles, but he avoided no labour, and above all he shrank from no responsibility.

The course of his work, so clearly sketched by Canon Gore, can be followed in the Chester Diocesan Gazette. Sermons and speeches all take the tone not so much of advice as of instruction, not pedantic, not dictatorial, but distinctly the teaching of a leader. "I am placed," he seems again and again to be saying, "where I am by God, and what I think—as God teaches me—is what it is my bounden duty to make known to you : I am set here as your leader, and I mean to guide." So he powerfully exposed the dangers of class division, the increasing dangers, in a sermon at Chester on November 16, 1884 ; he painted the lesson of true reform at Witton ; he denounced the controversial spirit in one Ordination sermon, he taught the meaning of true edification in another ; he showed the true meaning of the consecration of beauty, at the consecration of S. Mary-without-the-Walls ; of the vocation to be like Christ, in the life of Bishop Heber, at Malpas ; he denounced as an apostacy the idea of enlarging the basis of the Church Communion "by waiving the principles of the Church of England to include sects and schools that will not waive theirs," at one time in a Diocesan Conference ; at another he emphasized the continued, spiritual, organized life of the Church, and showed that what opponents hated was not the establishment but the very idea of the Church ; at another he insisted on the absolute need of religious education ; and then, once, when the first head of the German Empire was called to his

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rest, and his son lay in the grasp of a fatal sickness, he showed the sweep of his historical knowledge, the keenness of his spiritual vision of the world of his time, in a sermon of commemoration and intercession at the Chapel Royal, S. James's.

He was first a Bishop of Chester, then a Bishop of England. Certainly the promise that his wise friends had seen in his call to the Episcopate was fulfilled. And, though he was not free from the sorrows that spare no man, his life at Chester as a whole was happy as it was strenuous. A word, a word only, must be added, of his generosity and of the strong sense of dedication that belonged to it. Once he had offered £500 to a plan for the diocese, which fell through : some one said, "Well, you can save that." The Bishop instantly answered, "Do you think me an Ananias ?" It was pledged to God. He was anxious to give a difficult charge to a clergyman who was obliged to explain to him that he was too poor to take it. "Can you if I give you a hundred a year?" said the Bishop. He could, and he undertook the work and received the £100 the first year. Then the Bishop went to Oxford, and the clergyman wondered how he should do when the year came round. Nothing was said, but when the day came round, and so onward, the £100 came, without comment, from the Bishop of Oxford.

Enough has been said in my words : I will now use those of two who knew him most intimately. Mr. John Gamon, the Bishop's legal secretary at Chester, thus writes to me, (Chester, July 28, 1903,) "From my first acquaintance with the Bishop, on my visit to him at Kettel Hall in 1884 to the time of his death, he was good enough to trust me with that simple frankness, which his intimate friends valued as one of the most pleasing characteristics of his disposition, and the friendship he extended to me in our almost daily intercourse while he was at Chester grew on my part to one of most affectionate esteem and respect.

"It was my privilege to discuss with him many questions other than those bearing on legal subjects, with which I was more intimately concerned, and I was invariably struck with the clear judgment and sure grasp with which his opinions were always formed.

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"A High Churchman in principle of the most uncompromising views, any approach to Ritualism was distasteful to him, and ornate musical services were not only not appreciated, but proved even to be so wearisome to him as to be frequently deprecated on occasions when he necessarily took part in functions to which they were considered appropriate. How far this arose from associations with Church Services of an earlier period I am unable to judge, but opinions once formed by him never seemed to admit of any material modification or change.

"In the more intimate knowledge of the Bishop in his home at Cuddesdon, amidst the abundance of jocose references and witty sayings about many things and many persons, the simplicity of his every-day life could not fail to disclose his deep personal piety and determination always to do his duty to the utmost of his power.

"His great liberality is well known and was sustained by the practice of laying aside at the end of each year to a separate fund all the surplus of his episcopal income not spent on his immediate requirements. In this way I have known the Bishop to have given away in one year nearly half of his official income.

"The Bishop was many times misunderstood, from a love he had of almost boyish mischief in shocking people very harmlessly, especially when any one approached him in a more than usually sanctimonious manner. Such utterances generally took place at bidding good-bye to his visitor, and after shutting the door he would burst into the merriest laughter at the astonished face of the caller, in which those present could not help but join.

"To me personally and to very many of his friends here his removal to Oxford was the source of deep regret, as he had become more at home with and endeared to those who were most earnest in the Church work of the diocese the longer he remained with us. Indeed, I have reasons to think if he had followed his own personal inclinations he would have remained at Chester, but under the sense that it was his duty to obey the call to what seemed a higher sphere of service and usefulness, he accepted the appointment to the See of Oxford.

"None who were present at the reception of the Bishop at

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Christ Church on his enthronization and heard his simple and direct utterance in acknowledgment of Dean Liddell's welcome in Christ Church Hall could fail to be aware that the student of Christ Church had become her Bishop in fulfilment of the purpose of a laborious life under the sense of obligation to duty to which he had always bowed, and in obedience to Him who was the Guide and Sustainer of his early and later life-long activity.

"No one who knew him well can look back with other feeling than that in Bishop Stubbs we lost the influence of a clear and powerful intellect guided always by the strongest and soundest sense and knowledge, and a friend whose affection and whole-hearted loyalty to his God and his Church was a support as well as a call to us all collectively and individually to the highest aims and ends."

And, lastly, this section may well end with the memories of his very intimate friend, Dr. J. L. Darby, first his Archdeacon at Chester, then, at his own earnest desire, the Dean. Though some of these memories belong to another time, I will not separate them, but give them as the Dean—whose kind help in all I have had to do I cannot sufficiently acknowledge—has sent them to me :—

"No one could have been with the late Bishop of Oxford without at once observing his accuracy, his completeness in the various subjects with which he could deal, and the unassuming modesty with which he allowed others to share his knowledge.

"One instance will suffice to illustrate this. In the common room after dinner at Exeter College in 1874 a question was asked about the value of a mark in a particular reign ; with one consent those present turned to the Professor of Modern History, as the Bishop then was, and in answer he gave a very interesting account of the mark, its value at different periods of history and its relative value to the German mark of the present day. All was done with such readiness as to denote the inherent pleasure he had in letting others know what he knew, as well as the method with which his knowledge was stored. He never forgot anything, which was all the more

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remarkable from the rapidity with which he read. Two instances may be given. He read the whole of Salmon's *Introduction to the New Testament* in one afternoon and knew it well enough to examine in it ; he placed it in the list of books for examination for Holy Orders. Again, when completing the revision of his *William of Malmesbury* he went to the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris and asked for the manuscript there preserved. In less than five minutes he said, 'This MS. is far better than I expected to find it ; it will take me more than an hour to consult it.' Immediately he put his quarto note-book on the desk, and in an hour and a quarter he had verified every word about which he had a doubt, and that from a MS. which it would have taken many men much time to read. He was somewhat impatient when those about him pleaded difficulty in reading charters : he would reply, 'Five minutes would suffice for mastering the writing if you would only take the trouble to apply your minds to it.' He attributed his life's work to the fact that his father used to employ him to decipher and translate charters when he was a boy at Ripon. His handwriting, so beautifully clear, might not have led one to suppose that he wrote very rapidly ; but so it was : in an Ordination week he said, 'I must write the Address for this afternoon,' and in three-quarters of an hour he had completed the Address which took twenty minutes to deliver. It has been printed in the volume edited by Canon E. E. Holmes. He acted on the advice which he gave—'Think out your subject well, and write rapidly.'

"He did not always follow the advice which his life-long friend gave him when it was known that Mr. Gladstone had nominated him to the Bishopric of Chester. Canon Liddon, who had been his pupil in 1849, as one of a reading party at S. David's said, 'Now that you are going to be a Bishop, you must not see the funny side of everything.' Sometimes those who did not know the man were tried by his playfulness, but no one could say that it was ever tainted by ill-nature. No doubt he sometimes disguised severity of judgment by a joke. If he detected any pretence, any symptom of sentimental piety, he was ready enough to acknowledge that he had a sense of the ridiculous ; but who would not have welcomed his reproving jest rather than have withered before

1
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the scorn which was in his heart? His own genuine character, his striking honesty, and his utter abhorrence of parade made him recoil from anything approaching to insincerity. His sermons reveal what he really was: it is greatly to be wished that these may be given to the world, not only those which he preached as Bishop but those preached before that time. One printed at the request of Dean Church entitled 'Clericalism' contains wholesome words for this time. Although his preaching could not be called popular, because it was so excellent, his sermons often struck people very much, and those moreover whom *primâ facie* one might not have expected to be moved by them. 'The people of Chester,' said an intellectual lady, 'do not like the Bishop's sermons because they require thought to understand them.' Although this may be too sweeping, it expresses a truth.

"His Charges have been given to the public, and they show his very conspicuous ability, and what was as certain, his firmness of principle. Once a principle was touched he was unbending. For instance, it was proposed in committee of the Diocesan Conference that the subject of divorce should be discussed: the Bishop, with a little stamp of his foot, said, 'You shall never discuss a subject which the Church has decided.' In writing an answer as to whether those who married a deceased wife's sister might be admitted to Holy Communion, he replied, 'You do it at the peril of your conscience'; as he had said before with a deep sigh, 'If the Church is to go down in this country before her foes, let her go down fighting a moral question like this and not a mere ritual question.' Although he by no means despised a majestic worship, he looked on ritual as important only when expressing a truth which the Church had always held. He disliked the philosophic mode of thought when applied to revealed truth, and distrusted the abstruse refinements which had come into fashion. His criticism of a Christmas sermon was 'I like the old method of stating the truth better.'

"He could not tolerate the arguments concerning the limitations supposed to be the conditions under which the Son of God lived while He was on earth.¹ He accepted with approba-

¹ On this passage the Rev. W. T. Stubbs sends me the following

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tion a saying of his learned predecessor, 'When you begin to argue about that Personality, you find yourself very soon out of your depth.' Whilst he was keen to perceive any neglect of reverence or any approach to sacrilege in holy things, he was emphatic against horror about possible irreverence *per accidens*. 'If it is an accident, it is an accident.'

"It is difficult to determine his appreciation of Art. He was more moved by sculpture than by painting. He wrote on the day when he first saw the reredos in S. Paul's, 'It is very beautiful.' This, coming from him, conveys a great deal, all the more as when the proposal was first made when he was a Canon of S. Paul's he was not in favour of it.

"One reason why pictures did not seem to impress him so much was the rapidity with which he took in the subject. His conversations after a visit to a gallery showed that he had observed pictures before which he had not lingered. But he would spend a long time in examining historical pictures: there are such paintings in the gallery of Venice of naval battles; before them he would stand and discuss all that led to them, all that came as a result from the victory; he would discuss how far the painter knew anything about his subject, and how far the canvas conveyed any real impression of what happened. His quickness in gathering up any simple reference to history was shown by his seeing the name 'Cattrick' on a tombstone on the floor of Santa Croce in Florence. Instantly he gave all the incidents of Cattrick dying at Florence, having been consecrated by John XXIII at Bologna,

note: "It may interest you to hear that there is a note at the end of my father's copy of Gore's Bampton, and in his handwriting, viz.:

"Can God alter His intention? No? Then there is something that He cannot do. Can He keep in His own power the coming of the day? If He cannot, His freedom is limited—if He can, can knowledge in any sense in which we can understand the word be distinctly predicated? *εἰ μὴ οὐ πατήρ.*

"This is not a dilemma, only a proof of the impossibility of our limiting the action of God by our metaphysic definitions or even common language.

"Is it that He put Himself so in our place as not to avail Himself of powers which we under the same circumstances could not avail ourselves?

"Difference between a single act of renunciation and a continuous effort of restraint."

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being the Ambassador of his sovereign to negotiate a loan.¹ All about the consecration of Cattryck had been worked out for the *Registrum Sacrum*, but the readiness with which the whole history was expounded could not fail to strike one.

"His historic instinct was such as to enable him not only to judge of men and of the course of events, but made him capable of predicting with remarkable precision how a man would act in certain circumstances. He would say with a little chuckle and with a twinkle of his bright eye, 'Did not I tell you the fellow would do so?'

"He was quite amusing about being managed: he would say with perfect good humour, but with equal determination, 'I won't be organized.' His powers led him to depreciate the counsel of others. It was no conceit, no overweening opinion of himself, that used to lead him to say, 'Do you suppose that I do not know as well as all thirty of them what to do?'

"His answer to Lord Salisbury when asked to undertake the charge of the Diocese of Oxford was truly characteristic: 'If he had asked me to do the easiest thing in the world I probably should have done it; as he has asked me to do the hardest, I must.' After he had accepted and had visited Cuddesdon he wavered for a moment; he said, 'I feel as if I had committed suicide'; but Dean Church, whom he consulted, said to him, 'Not now, not now; you cannot draw back: go to see Liddon.' The Bishop went across to Amen Corner and had his interview with Liddon, and did not draw back. But it was a trial. He never was reconciled to the place at Cuddesdon; he thought it entailed on him and on others a great waste of time. This to one who had never wasted a minute of his time was a continual burden.

"To read his speech in Convocation on the Reform of Convocation, and his letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury about the joint action of the two Convocations of Canterbury

¹ I am indebted to the kindness of the Dean of Chester for the inscription he refers to. It runs thus: "Hic jacet dominus Johannes Catryk Epus. quondam Exoniensis, ambasciator serenissimi dñi regis Angliae, qui obiit 28 die Decr. A.D. MCCCCXIX.¹/₂ ejus aet̃ae propitiatur Deus."—W. H. H.

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and York, makes one wish that he might have been spared to guide the Church which he loved and served so well. But this wish is wrong : the strong and far-seeing Bishop is taken from us, and we seem about to fall into the ditch."

II. BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

IN 1888 the health of Dr. Mackarness, Bishop of Oxford, became seriously impaired, and he decided to resign the work which he had carried on with such devotion since the translation of Bishop Wilberforce in 1870 to Winchester.

Some one said to Dean Church, when the resignation was announced, that he hoped the new Bishop would be Mr. Paget (the present Bishop of Oxford). "No," said the Dean, "at least not yet; the Bishop of Chester ought to go." And so it seemed to those in authority. Towards the end of July the Bishop received the following letter from the Prime Minister—

(Private.)

July 23, 1888.

MY DEAR LORD,—

I have the Queen's permission to ask you whether you will consent to be translated to the See of Oxford. I am aware that, in a secular sense, I am asking a great deal, for as long as Dr. Mackarness lives the income of the See of Oxford will be burdened with a pension from which your present See is free.

I should not have made such a proposal if I were not convinced that there is no one else, whom I could recommend, who would be accepted by Oxford as equal in point of intellect and learning to this very peculiar Bishopric. I earnestly hope that you may see your way to undertake a work of the highest importance to the Church, which you are exceptionally qualified to discharge.

Believe me

Yours very truly,

SALISBURY.

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This letter did not reach the Bishop, his diary shows, till July 30.

Dr. Stubbs was not at all anxious to leave the work to which he was now accustomed. He felt the difficulties acutely. He consulted one or two friends, and when the Dean of S. Paul's telegraphed to him that he ought to accept the translation, he thus replied—

CHESTER,

July 31, 1888.

MY DEAR LORD SALISBURY,—

Your Lordship's letter has given me occasion for very careful consideration, and I have sought the advice of two or three men whose opinion I felt that I could best trust, and who were the least likely to counsel me to desert my work here. I feel that I ought not to hesitate to accept your proposal that I should be translated to Oxford, and accordingly I do accept it. I will not trouble you with reasons—some of them are obvious. I feel, too, that if you had called me to work lighter than my present work I should have certainly accepted it, and as this is likely to be heavier I must accept, trusting in the same strength that has helped me hitherto.

I do not know that the occasion is one which comports with an expression of gratitude, but your lordship will, I am sure, give me credit for being grateful for the kind feeling which led you to put the question to me in such kind words.

I am

Very faithfully yours,

W. CESTR.

[This is printed from the Bishop's copy of his reply.]

The same day Dean Church, who had already telegraphed, wrote to confirm his advice—

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S,

July 31, 1888.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF CHESTER,—

I cannot doubt that it is best both for you and for the See of Oxford that you should move there. It is a more suitable

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place for you. You will not have the beginnings of a new bishop's life to go through, as you have already gone through them at Chester. And I am sure that you will meet with warm sympathy and welcome, both in the Diocese and University. It is *quod erat in votis* to many : place and man fittingly suited. And I am glad, too, that you are coming South, where, after all, the centre of gravity is, at least in the Church world.

The only thing that abates my entire satisfaction is that you will part with your good Dean. I am very sorry for him, both as to what he loses, and what he may have in place of what he loses. Still, he has a sufficiently "public soul" to see what is most for the good of the whole body.

I hope you understood my telegram, which I don't think could reveal anything to the Chester telegraphist.

Ever yours afft.,

R. W. C.

The translation was received everywhere, and most of all in Oxford, with the warmest satisfaction. Three letters which express the feeling may well be printed here. One is from the present Archbishop of Canterbury, one from Dr. Liddon, and one from the Bishop of Lincoln.

DEANERY, WINDSOR CASTLE,

August 6, 1888.

MY DEAR LORD,—

I have for some days been wondering whether I might write to you, and this morning's *Times* releases me.

I need not say to you how thankful I am for the outcome of what has been to so many a subject of anxiety and of earnest prayer. The whole Church, and most of all the diocese which "surrounds" us here, will now rejoice at seeing the University See occupied by one of the foremost of her *alumni*, and it is delightful to think how happy it will make the good man who is now laying down the charge of that great diocese.

We shall look forward to the advantage of seeing you sometimes at the Deanery when Windsor and Eton and Clewer draw you hither for diocesan work, and I can assure you that you will find no lack of loyalty in this "exempted" islet. The

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Chancellor of our Order is always more than welcome in the Chapel, which is his as well as ours.

It is seldom that an ecclesiastical appointment gives such unfeigned and general joy as this will give to all sorts and conditions of men.

I am
Ever most truly and dutifully yours,
RANDALL T. DAVIDSON.

P.S.—The Queen has expressed to me privately the very *warmest* satisfaction.

August 6, 1888.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—

Although I have now no connexion with Oxford save that of occasional residence, I must write one line to express my thankfulness and joy that you will succeed Bishop Mackarness, and will find yourself among so many friends who will welcome your rule. Your coming is a guarantee that Church interests will be cared for, and you will command the respect of the University as no one else could. I pray God that you may have many years before you in your new home.

With my best regards,

I am affectionately yours,
H. P. LIDDON.

Thus wrote the Bishop of Lincoln, with the shadow already hanging over him of the Trial, in the troubles of which Bishop Stubbs too, it soon appeared, was to be involved—

May 6, 1888.

MY DEAREST BISHOP,—

I *am thankful!* for Cuddesdon and Oxford and for the Province of Canterbury—*most* thankful. You will love the poor people in the Parish, at Cuddesdon, and the College, and you will go in and talk to the undergraduates, and look after Oxford. Now I shall go to prison cheerfully! My love and

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best congratulations to Mrs. Stubbs, and best wishes for yourself.

Ever your sincere and affec.

E. LINCOLN.

Each of these letters must have been a support and comfort to one who hesitated so much to take on him the new charge ; but most touching of all was the welcome of the good man whose work he was to take up.

CUDDESDON,

August 6, 1888.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

I can write but little ; but I must write at once, partly by another hand, to say how heartily I desire to bid you God-speed in your entrance on the work which it is a sore trial to me to lay down. The University will welcome one who knows its history, its needs, and its interests as you do—far better than I have ever pretended to know them. I fear that I have sometimes neglected them, in comparison with my pastoral work. . . .

Your affec. brother,

J. F. OXON.

When the news became known, Sir George Bowen, so long a friend of both Stubbs and Freeman, wrote—“ ‘ Oh ! my prophetic soul ! ’ Perhaps you may recollect that at the garden party at Lambeth I ventured to express the hope and belief (which I had high authority for entertaining) that you would be translated to Oxford. I beg permission to congratulate you most heartily and sincerely on the realization of my hope. I feel not only pleasure on my own account as a careful student of your works and an admirer of the vast services which you have rendered to Modern History, but also on account of the delight which your translation cannot fail to cause to our friend Freeman. I know, moreover, what satisfaction our friend Dean Liddell feels, for, in discussing probable appointments, he told me how glad he and the Chapter would be if you should return to Oxford. We need not fear *there* any such complications as those referred to by Edwin

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Palmer, who told me that when some American Bishops consulted certain English Bishops about founding Chapters in their dioceses, the English Bishops unanimously advised—
‘ Whatever you do, don’t have Deans ! ’ ”

But no sooner had the Bishop of Chester taken the inevitable step than the chief difficulty, as it appeared to him—the great difficulty of all his later years it came to be—appeared before him. It is best explained in the following letter to Archbishop Benson—

CHESTER,

August 14, 1888.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,—

Thank you very much for your kind and gracious thoughts for me. I want sadly all your prayers and counsels.

I returned yesterday after a visit to Cuddesdon and two talks with the poor Bishop. And now for it !

I cannot live at Cuddesdon—and, if I had had any idea of the nature of the life to be lived there, I would never have accepted the See. My whole life, work, substance, will and deed, are at the service of the Church ; but to live a slave to gardeners and coachmen would be death at once both to me and to my wife, who is and has been to me for more than thirty years such a helper as rarely falls to a bishop’s lot. There, you, with your own experience, can understand me well. There is no question of money in this, simply of the strain of mind and responsibility, and an absolute incapacity for tackling such a situation.

Now I have seen Sir George Pringle and consulted Lord Salisbury, and I believe that I may be allowed to tell your Grace that they see no objection and are willing to help to get an Order in Council for the sale of the Palace and purchase or building of a new one in or close to Oxford. It is a shock to historical minds and affectionate sentiments ; but to me it is life or death. It might or might not be necessary to act upon the Order in Council ; but the fact of its existing would dispense me from the attempt to live at Cuddesdon—and for the seven years which, according to David’s rule, I may expect to be able to serve the generation, to live in a place and on a

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scale to which I am accustomed would be a great, very great thing.

I write then to ask your Grace to help, or not to oppose, the issue of the Order which Sir George and Lord Salisbury are willing to further.

Thank you again and again.

Yours ever,
W. CESTR.

Dr. Stubbs had a horror of wasting time. His mass of knowledge had been acquired, his historical work accomplished, he would have said, in the very first place by allowing no waste. When he took a holiday, which was not often, he took it. When he needed a thorough diversion from troubles too serious or thoughts too anxious, he read a novel—and that was very often, and oftener and oftener as the years went on. It used to be said that he read *Monte Cristo* once a year before he was a Bishop, and twice afterwards; and the statement was probably true, though it inadequately suggested his enormous capacity for novel reading. He had also a great affection, which increased as he grew older, for plain living, absolute simplicity in household and personal habits. Cuddesdon, a country residence with a history going back to Bishop Bancroft, and intimately associated with Bishop Wilberforce, might be an intense relief to one who could give himself time to enjoy the country in his few hours of leisure. But it is a large country house, and it necessitates an “establishment”; it is far away from an important railway station; and as the Duke of Westminster said, it requires an “equipage.”

Bishop Stubbs, in his later years at least, did not enjoy the country: he abhorred the idea of an establishment and an equipage. But the Archbishop did not wholly sympathise with his dislike for either, and he had to think of future bishops, so thus he replied—

August 18, 1888.

MY VERY DEAR BISHOP,—

You as Bishop of Oxford would be splendidly in your place *at* Oxford. The gratitude for your professorship, and

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the immense help you would be to every one in study and in thought, and the love of so many friends would make you as welcome as day. But of all the other Bishops you have known—or that even you knew as well as if you had known them in the flesh—*which*, beside yourself, would have had that with any peace or comfort to himself? You know that M., admirable as he has proved for that diocese, could not have lived there at first. Wilberforce was scarcely tolerated. Bagot, a nice country gentleman. And it has been well hitherto through the whole line that they have lived sufficiently out of the way—and so it will be again. If with the proceeds of the sale of Cuddesdon another house were to be built, Oxford is not the place where it should be set down. And where else? Didcot? Once I spent half a day there!

The Bishop of Oxford is not wanted in *that* Cathedral. It would be impolitic and not for the good of the University that he should eclipse the Dean in affairs, and worse more widely that the Dean should eclipse him. And though Mrs. Stubbs would be absolutely apart from all jealousies and rivalries, yet ordinarily Episcopa and Decana would be in most awkward relations to each other and to the *orbis Oxoniensis*.

If any new sects, schisms, or isms ever arise, the position would be intolerable among the streets and colleges at such close quarters. And they will arise, or Oxford will have ceased to be Oxford. Fancy the Bishop with (or without) his whole heart siding with either faction, or remaining an *ιδιώτης* between them. Nothing could be more impolitic than to arrange arrangements by which the Bishop should be tied to Oxford in the long future as a resident.

Materially Cuddesdon would in these days fetch nothing—nothing without demesne, and rather less if it had demesne. It is not a country gentleman's place, and seriously I do not believe it would fetch enough money to build a new house with. Meantime, I think its disadvantages are exaggerated; but, as this is such matter of taste, I will say no more on this head, though I could. But, again, there is no reason to fear "bother" with either garden or stables—one good head-gardener and one good head-coachman (and you wouldn't have bad ones) seem better altogether in comparison with any other arrangements.

I do not believe that the historical argument and sentiment

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are to be neglected. I know historians despise them as confectioners dislike sugar. But other people do not. And the whole matter turns on what *other* people feel about it, not on what the personage who fills the historical position thinks. The only persons who would give a good price for Cuddesdon are the Roman Catholics.

Considering that for some of the above reasons and for some not above, it is not desirable to move the Bishop of Oxford (the Corporation *sole* so called *εἰς αἰῶνας*) from Cuddesdon, and that it is very desirable that *ὁ μέλλων* should live in Oxford, all things seem to favour this as the desirable solution. When you have £3,000 a year only from the See, why should you not take such a house in Oxford as would exactly suit the requirements and no more—say for three years, and let Bishop Mackarness live on, as he wishes, in your palace of Cuddesdon, paying you the rent of your Oxford house (you cannot let Cuddesdon, I suppose?), and then when the £5,000 comes to you, some arrangement will be possible. I think, perhaps, you may find, as Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln did as to Riseholme (which he declared he would never inhabit) that it was a very suitable place. Anyhow, something must occur, which I hope may not be the sale of Cuddesdon, for in these days I do not think it well for Bishops to begin selling Church properties—which is *de plus*. You will forgive freedom and shortness, I know, and believe me always

Your very affectionate

EDW. CANTUAR.

Meanwhile the Bishop had taken a short holiday abroad. On the day the Archbishop's letter was written he was at Brussels, on the 20th at Aachen; thence he went to Cologne, Coblenz, Würzburg, Nürnberg, Munich, Salzburg, Königsee, Ulm, Heidelberg, Mainz, Bonn, and so home on September 7. He still did not despair of the Cuddesdon difficulty, or he might even yet have tried to draw back.

But already his successor at Chester had been nominated, and he exchanged most cordial letters with Dr. Jayne, whose "presence" Dr. Stubbs had in his farewell lecture at Oxford spoken of as "the earnest of sound work," and who was now to follow him as Bishop.

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Thus then he wrote to the Archbishop—

CHESTER,

September 9, 1888.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,—

When I got home on Friday I found your very kind and gracious letter. I see the force of what you say. I see also a good deal that might be said on the other side. I even go so far as to think that it would be a very good thing for the whole Cuddesdon tradition to be broken, and the Bishop set free from the close association of the College, as well as for the clergy not to be taxed to attend for advice or business at such an awkward distance from all centres. If something could be done which would leave it optional for the future Bishops to live there, and for the present designate to live somewhere else, it would be very advisable. A "Short Act" enabling the Commissioners to take over the management and charge the Bishop with expenses would meet the case. However, the recent change in the poor Bishop's condition removes the question a little further off, and we are trying to find a house at Oxford; from which, if we can only get one, you will have to exercise your legatine authority to move us.

At present I feel rather like a candidate for the good offices of Dr. Barnardo; but I hope that Jayne will be tolerant and not evict us without some refuge in view. I think that, when I see you, matters may have ripened a little towards solution, but at present we are a good deal depressed. So pardon this infliction. When I am translated, you will have to construe me, kindly I know, but still not as an original document.

Yours very faithfully,

W. CESTR.

The hopes expressed were doomed to disappointment: the Ecclesiastical Commissioners decided against the sale of Cuddesdon, and, very likely to the benefit of his successors, Dr. Stubbs was obliged to accept what was to him from the first a distress and a burden.

Some at least of those who had a right to judge thought with the new Bishop. The Marquess of Salisbury wrote him, on June 3 1889—"I heard with dismay that the Ecclesiastical

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Commissioners refused to let you sell Cuddesdon. I almost wish that you had given the whole Commission a chance of voting." And, it may at once be said, the Bishop was never reconciled to Cuddesdon. He felt bitterly the delays, the waste of time as it seemed to him, that were caused by his position in the country. He was not young enough to win new strength by exercise, or free enough to find refreshment in the society of the young men in the Theological College placed at his doors, where Bishop Wilberforce had designed that it should be always under the Bishop's eye. He was too busy ; he was continually overworked in a way which he was not young enough successfully to fight against. The weariness of continual railway journeys, the constant and necessary absence from home, made a break in the whole course of his life, against which he struggled in vain. And the expense of even such simple "state" as he was forced to keep was a continual distress to him. "Have I three glass houses?" he said when he had been a long time at Cuddesdon. He could not bear to see the things which seemed to him to cost so much. And the reason was that he was always thinking, thinking with acute distress, of the sad tales which reached him, and guessing at those which did not, of the poverty of the clergy in his large agricultural diocese. "It is for this, and this," he would say continually, "that I cannot help where I would." It may truly be said that he came to grudge every penny that he did not give away. And every sum he spent on long tours about the diocese, on horses and carriages, and menservants and maidservants, every journey that a poor clergyman had to make to see his Bishop in his distant dwelling-place, he felt as a personal trouble. His letters contain constant reference to this continual sorrow at his heart. It is a new note in what had seemed to be so happy a life. It brought into prominence features in his character which had been in the background, and which the illness which as time went on was developed through overstrain made more emphatic—a certain restlessness and impatience and sense of hurry, a dread of neglecting trivial letters, a disgust at trivial engagements, a continual fear of interruptions. And all this seemed to be exaggerated at Cuddesdon. He could not find distraction in minute work among documents, as he would have done at Oxford, or relief, as at Chester, in

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the support of a number of close friends and fellow-workers. Solitude, retirement, repose, these Cuddesdon might have offered to other men, but these his intense feeling of work that needed to be done, and of the obstacles that stood in the way of doing it, seemed to make useless to him. "Life gets very wearisome sometimes," he wrote from Cuddesdon to one of his oldest friends,—“here at all events where the shortest cessation from work means intolerable *ennui*.”

At first he tried to throw off the growing sense of depression and strain by indulging to the full the sense of humour and fun which were so deep set in his nature. Even Cuddesdon and its troubles should be turned into amusement. Thus the Alexander Selkirk of the Oxfordshire desert island expressed his woes—

Whitsuntide, 1889.

1.

I am Bishop of all I survey,
Dean and Chapter don't matter a fig,
In the central demesne of the See
I am master of Peacock and Pig.
O Cuddesdon, where can be the charms
The Commissioners see in thy face?
Kettel Hall had been better by far
Than this most inaccessible place.

2.

I am out of the reach of the rail,
I must take all my journeys alone,
There isn't a horse to be hired,
I'm obliged to keep four of my own.
The boys that look after the beasts
My hat with indifference see,
They don't seem to care in the least
For my Gaiters, or Apron, or me.

3.

O Oxford, O Chester, and Town,
O Bodley, S. Paul's, and Roodee,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove
I know where I'd willingly be.
My sorrows I then might assuage
With a leisurely stroll in the Rows,
I'd endure a Beethoven in "C,"
I'd wear unprofessional clothes.

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4.

Though I do not complain of the work,
And silence is good for a change,
I like to be able to shirk
The functions I feel to be strange.
But the sound of the church-going bell
Is the only sweet note that I hear ;
I might like the tone very well
Were it not so confoundedly near.

5.

The winds that have borne me aloft
Up here with the pigeons and rooks,
Convey me a kindly review
Of some of my lectures and books.
My friends on the Council may send
Me a vote of regret by decree,
Or the men that were passed in the schools,
Who might have been plucked but for me.

6.

How slow is the Great Western train
As it crawls up by Wycombe to Town !
It is hard work enough to get up,
It is harder work still to get down.
When the milk-cans are fairly on board
For a moment I seem to be there,
But they only are shunting the train,
And I find that we are where we were.

7.

But the ring-dove has gone to its nest,
The Peacock is up in his tree,
I'm afraid that I can get no rest—
They'll be cooing and squawking by three.
But to cry over milk that is spilt
Is a weakness I cannot endure,
We must e'en make the best of a lot
Which only Translation can cure.

Often his thoughts would go back to his trouble, and he would pass it off with a joke. At Dinton he admired the clergyman's study ; " so different," he said, " from my library at Cuddesdon ; but there ! what's the use of a study to a man who hasn't time to take a seidlitz powder ? "

There was a peculiar quality about his humour, which only long experience, perhaps, could make thoroughly understood.

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It was very closely akin to that sympathy which was, at the bottom, the most marked feature of his character. It was that which gave a special tone to his wide tolerance and to his episcopal prudence and judgment. And akin to the deeper qualities of his mind and heart was that delightful simplicity and freedom of humour. He always seemed a happy man as well as one who loved to make others happy. He had the joyful gladness to such as are true-hearted, of which he spoke once in a memorable sermon.

It was a relief to deeper feelings that he seemed in these later years so often to suffer the lighter thoughts to come uppermost. Stories of fun are as commonly told of him as of Archbishop Magee, though the fun has hardly the same tone. His *mot* on his transference to Oxford has been told without point. It was, of course, "Like Homer, I lose so much by translation"—Bishop Mackarness having a pension. Those who saw the becoming reverence and deepening solemnity with which a gathering of city notables listened to him when, at a prize-giving at the Oxford High School, he elaborated for nearly five minutes the constant resort that he made to the one book which he had ever at hand, night and day, the one book that a bishop must have always "You know it well—it begins with B.—Bradshaw," will not forget the scene. "Could not this be done without all this *organizing*?" he once said in the vestry of a church where a particularly noisy clergyman was fussing about the arrangements, while his organ, in which he took great pride, was playing its loudest.

It is remembered how he astonished a porter at Oxford Station who was helping him and his parcels into the train and said, "How many articles, my lord?" by replying, "Why, thirty-nine, of course." Mr. H. S. Holland, who succeeded him as Canon of S. Paul's, recalls him as taking up one hand after another of Lord Grimthorpe, who had cried to him, in pride over a Parliamentary enactment which he had introduced into a Bill of Lord Halifax's, "What do you think of my Clause?" and saying, "I can't see them." Mr. Sidney Lee remembers that when the Bishop called on him the morning after a great dinner commemorative of Mr. George Smith's public spirited work in regard to the Dictionary of National Biography, and he inquired how the prelate had

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enjoyed the evening, he replied: "I walked back to Lambeth. I was quite well, thank you, but my boots were tight."

He often relieved the tedium of meetings which seemed to him to do no practical good, by the manufacture of epigrams. Here is one which he wrote down for me when we were once waiting for others to come before business could be begun—

To the *l'Etat c'est moi* of Louis *le Roi*

A parallel case I afford.

Something like it, you see, may be said about me:

Am I not the Diocesan Board?

A few others out of a large stock may find place here. Here is an Acrostic—

William and Martha having reckoned
(He my *third*, and she my *second*),
Unfortunately fail to see
How very small my *first* will be.
Determined still to do my *last*,
They bind themselves together fast:
My *whole* develops sadly soon;
They come before Sir Francis Jeune,
And—failing reconciliation—
End in judicial separation.
You'll find my answer if you try:
'Tis incom-pati-bili-ty.

Another, at the time of the beginning of troubles with the "peaceful Czar"—

People wonder why the Czar
Professing peace prepares for war.
If they ask him, he will tell 'em
Si vis pacem para bellum.
The proverb's true, let all misgivings cease,
The Czar will have his war: you part in peace.

The last line refers to "Sinful sister, part in peace," the euphemistic words when the nun in *Marmion* is walled up.

Another, when he was travelling in Germany—

S. Peter, as the Pope believes,
Lost his pastoral staff at Treves,
But found his triple cap at Rome.
Unlike him I, by sad mishap,
Lost at Treves my travelling cap.
I'd left my pastoral staff at home.

Two of his *jeux d'esprit* belong to his revived connexion with

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Christ Church. He had been an Honorary Student since 1878, and his affection and loyalty towards the House had never wavered. Perhaps his greatest pleasure in coming back to Oxford as Bishop was the renewal of old links with the place where he had begun his life at the University. Old friends continued there, and new friends were made. To Dr. Liddon and Mr. Vere Bayne were added Dr. Paget, an intimate friend already at S. Paul's, Dr. Moberly, who returned to Christ Church in 1892, Mr. Strong (now the Dean), and many more. It was when the last-named became Censor with the Rev. E. F. Sampson that he wrote these lines—

Be Sampson strong as strong can be,
And Strong as strong as Sampson,
And may they never want a rod
To drive the idle scamps on.

In another, the Dean thinks, some touch of annoyance may mingle with the humour. He says—"It is probable that among the details which vexed him in the position as Bishop of Oxford, one was the peculiarity of his relation to his old College. A touch of this feeling appears in the following poem addressed to the then Senior Censor in 1895. The Bishop was a regular guest at the Censors' dinner, and the Censor of the day had asked him to return thanks for the toast of the Censors' Visitors. This meant the people who (resident in Oxford or elsewhere) were not in the Governing Body of the House. The Bishop declined to be described as a visitor as follows—

Though to dinner, dear Censor, you kindly invite us,
I cannot your Visitor be ;
For *incorporatus, annexus, unitus*,
You can't make a stranger of me.
The Chapter and Dean must go to the Queen
If they would their Visitor see ;
The *Fidei Defensor* might visit the Censor
If he should invite her to tea.
But I'm the old man of the See, dear Strong,
You cannot eliminate me,
In the House I'm at home, as the Pope is at Rome,
How can you exist without me ?
However you treat me, you cannot unseat me,
I am the old man of the See ;
I'm W. Oxon, D.D., C.G.,
You cannot disintegrate me ;
Yes, I *am* the old man of the See."

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Many more poems, no doubt, could be recaptured ; but the stories of witty attack or reply seem inexhaustible. Let two suffice. A friend of his asked him if he had read Mr. Purcell's *Life of Manning*, and "do you think Purcell was justified?" "By works ; not by faith," he instantly replied. The same lady asked him, at a garden party at which the Prince of Wales (the present King) was present—"Have you seen the Prince?" "No ; but my suffragan has."

Of course, the humours overflowed more than ever into the letters. We shall have many examples. Here is one, before we pass on, in a letter to Bishop Creighton—

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

March 28, 1895.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—

Thank you very much for *Persecution and Tolerance*. Is it not you who tolerate me, and I will persecute you? At least, historically. Philosophically—where is the line between persecution—discipline—criticism—tolerance—praise—testimonials? Where is the place of "Exams" in all this?

My best love,

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

His humour, so easy and delightful, was the outward sign of a nature which was full of kindly thought. All classes of men liked him, because he seemed to understand and sympathize with all classes. He would "get on" as well with the clerk at a bookstall or a railway porter as with a college don. The only people who could not get on with him were those in whom there was a spice at least of the prig or the pretentious bore. The words in which he half seriously described himself in his last Oxford lecture may well sum up all that need here be said¹—

"I know that I have great faults ; I have a good deal of sympathy, but too little zeal ; sometimes I have feared that, in my lack of zeal, my fellow-workers have detected or suspected a lack of sympathy : somehow the adage *melior est conditio prohibentis*

¹ *Lectures*, 3rd edition, pp. 442-43.

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does come to be confused with or to be interpreted into the policy of "How not to do it": perhaps I have tried to work too much in my own way and too little in theirs."

These last words touch a sadder note, and they are not wholly without foundation. His earliest work had been so entirely his own, he had struck out so clearly a line for himself and never turned aside, whatever critics might say, that when he came to a position of authority it was especially difficult for him to adopt or follow others' methods. He saw so clearly in his own mind how things ought to be done, that he was not readily able to make allowance for ways that were not his own. And as the strain of work fell more hardly upon him he was less and less able to adapt himself to new schemes and new persons.

Thus it came about, as his old friend Dr. Wood has expressed it, that "while his published works were so carefully weighed and premeditated, his verbal utterances were often the reverse. And he seemed to take pleasure in startling people by his unconventionality. Religious affectation was his especial abhorrence." It was indeed. And he seemed to dread it in himself with a peculiar dread. He seemed, to some of his friends, almost to fly to an opposite extreme, in his fear of appearing to claim goodness in himself. "He came to pretend not to be so good as he was," said one who knew him well. "It is my form of hypocrisy," he once said himself. And there is truth in what one of his old friends wrote to another some three years after he returned to Oxford—

"The Bishop seems to me to be, in some very faint and distant way, like Swift, who would have family prayers regularly in the household, but so secretly that a guest of long standing had never discovered the fact. I do not profess to understand him, though I love him: he is a bit of rather knotty Yorkshire oak. I think that *contrarieness* in him is almost morbidly developed: 'the more you expect me to be responsive to your ecclesiastical questions, the more I won't be; so there now!' He has an intense dread of unreality. That, I think, is plain; and he is also conscious that a good deal of the work now expected from a Bishop does not 'come natural' to him, and that his clergy are aware of the fact. So, at least, I seem to see, or to 'guess.' The pity of it is, that the affection and

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confidence of the clergy have not been won by him, whether he cared to win them or not."

It is true that the mass of the clergy in his great diocese never came to know him intimately. It was Cuddesdon, he would have said, which was chiefly to blame: still more it was his age, and the strain of his work. But there were not a few who felt his fatherly goodness as well as his commanding power, and learned that he was to be loved as well as to be trusted and obeyed.

To true insight, indeed, "his cynical humour," says Canon Holland again, "was as characteristic as it was excellent. But, then, it was characteristic because of the man behind it. It was characteristic because, behind it, was a man of intense emotional passion, who dared not let himself go, and who, through many circumstances in his life, had little field for any such emotional expression. Now and again it would become visible: the whole man would quiver with the heat of impulses which he could with difficulty control. Sometimes he would allow a sermon to become a vent for his own personal emotion; and when he did he preached with singular unction and profound impressiveness. This often gave startling interest to those utterances in which he broke through his habitual reserve, as in the great Charge in which he told of his own personal relation to the Tractarian Movement.

"Immersed as he was, through the great part of his life, in the dusty details of Charters and Rolls, of Inventories and Leases, he retained all his impetuous passions in full freshness. He could be very angry, almost with the vehemence of a child. He felt intensely the burning questions of the day, and had intimate concern with its immediate politics.

"As an historian, his favourite foes were the lawyers. At them he was never tired of poking fun. He delighted in chaffing their determination to fix precisely things that were fluid, and to invent when they could not explain. He himself was keenly sensitive to the fact that life moves, and refuses to be branded by fixed outlines, and to be cut and dried and squared. A great-hearted man, with a soul as large as his brain. He could be wilful, and impulsive, and what the late Dean of S. Paul's would call 'naughty'—naughty in trying to shock, and in perversely concealing his best feelings. But he was a

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man of noble temper and of splendid force ; with something pathetic hanging about him, as over a man who had never quite got the world to understand him, or had ever found full expression for that emotional self which was so deep in him. This pathos drew to him the affection of those who were near enough to know what lay behind the incomparable master in History."

There were times when, as the Bishop of Stepney¹ wrote after his death, " he seemed just for a moment to let his real heart out : they were revelations of such deep simple faith and strong human sympathy, which the outer world must often have failed to recognize."

Those revelations came most clearly, perhaps, in the charges which the Bishop gave to candidates for Ordination and in the addresses which he gave at Confirmation. It was hardly, most men would have said, to be expected that so close a thinker, so deep a scholar, should adapt himself readily to the comprehension of children. There is indeed no more difficult part of a Bishop's duty than the speaking, day after day, and often twice or thrice daily, during many weeks of the year, to young lads and girls, and with them persons of mature years, of all classes, all stages of education, all circumstances of life and work. But no one, from the youngest boy who was timidly trusting to Divine strength in the midst of new and distracting temptation to the oldest priest who had taught generations to prepare for the holy rite, ever came away from a Confirmation given by Bishop Stubbs without a deepened sense of the sinfulness of sin, and the reality of God's grace and mercy. No one else, it was often said as the people walked away, seemed to know human nature as he did ; no one seemed to be so secure in the sympathy, and knowledge, and power of God ; and he took intense pains—that was the secret of it—to impress all that he knew and all that he felt on those to whom he came as the minister of God. No work did he feel to be more solemn, none did he more carefully prepare for, than the apostolic ordinance of laying on of hands.

How deep were his thoughts at Embertide a volume of

¹ Then the Rev. C. G. Lang, Vicar of Portsea, who had been his examining chaplain.

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Ordination charges and sermons collected after his death abundantly shows.

The addresses have "the mark of high seriousness born of absolute sincerity." They are intensely solemn, dignified, earnest, penetrating. At the same time they bear many marks of the Bishop's individuality in its freshness and quaintness, the reiterated North Country "well" at the beginning of a sentence, for example, and the modest and quite genuine self-depreciation. Under all is the intense reality of his personal religion. Whether he is talking of self-education or of the Real Presence—where we have only half of what he said, an address being apparently lost—of the obligation of the daily offices, of the paramount necessity of individual parish visitation, of the power and breadth of the collects, of the beauty of "that blessed book" the *Imitatio Christi*, or of the place of the Holy Scriptures in the life of the Church and the individual, he is always clear, earnest, powerful, uncompromising in the assertion of his beliefs.

Again and again there are phrases which deeply impress and will linger in the minds of those who read them. The Bishop was never afraid of saying strong words because they ran counter to popular opinion. "The whole array of modern philosophy, negative or positive, has not got nearer to the solution of the problem of existence than the schoolmen of the Middle Ages." "If He were incarnate once, is He not incarnate still? how has His humanity come to the perfection of knowledge which those who believe and pray trust in and have trusted ever since S. Stephen saw the heavens opened? If He ever could forget, may He forget us still?" "Never rise from your knees until you have got into focus before the eye of your mind the thing, the person, the exigency about which you are speaking to God." "You may read and study books and men and women, methods and ideals, but the great ideal is to get heart to heart with your people, and so find yourselves heart to heart with your Lord."

But only a long quotation will show the style, the earnest sincerity, of these addresses—

"You are not prepared to find the preaching of Christ crucified an easy work, or the proving in His accomplished work the fulness of the power or the wisdom. It is not likely

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that you should ; you are going with experience of your own to earn ! true, but however old you may grow, and however many experiences you may earn, you will not find it easy. Take one thought now and look it in the face. Picture it to yourself, realize it to yourself : you want to preach Christ crucified—the Saviour from sin and death—the Crucified drawing men by the need of salvation and the conviction of sin. How shall you begin—how shall you end it ? The need of the Saviour realized by the sense of sin, the first note of the calling. To the Jews and Greeks alike the call must begin with the apprehension of the need. When and where in it shall the power and wisdom come in evidence—the sense of sin, the curse of sin, the infection, the unforgettable knowledge of the first breach with truth and purity, and the shame of conscience awakened ? We call this the sense of sin ; but it is much more than that, it is the sense of a present judge trying, and of a present friend and comforter grieving, and of a present crucified Lord offering forgiveness and strength to sin no more. There is forgiveness ; and the trust in the forgiveness is a part of the call which comes to those to whom the Crucified is the power and the wisdom. There is forgiveness and there is recognition, and the beginning of love. And then comes time and other temptation, and even easier failure and less appreciated pardon. And so in recurring and widening series, for one sin does not dominate the soul without parasites and satellites ; we cannot forget, we cannot feel forgiveness, we strive, and sometimes we conquer, sometimes we do not, and we wonder what was or is the experience of the saints. It is a short story, but it comes into most lives, modified by physical constitution, or by education, or by hard early struggles ; but lightly or heavily, strongly or weakly, it comes into them : each human soul that has a consciousness of being a soul, having a memory or a conscience, goes through this much. As the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is Mine : the soul that sinneth, it shall die ; the soul which sees the Crucified shall live. But of a surety and for ever for them that obey the call, will come the love that opens up the revelation of the glory and wisdom.”

On the practical side the addresses were full of weighty counsel. Individuality of faithfulness, without which the most faithful preaching of sermons, the most zealous conduct of missions,

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the most splendid manifestation of administrative talent are in vain, is the dominant note of all the exhortation. Constant intimate visitation, constant prayer and intercession for individual souls, these are the necessities of the pastoral life on which the Bishop dwelt with earnest reiteration. His addresses were, indeed, those of a true pastor. They will serve to preserve one of the most striking aspects of his many-sided character ; and it is for that reason that they are named here, before the later years of his work are traced in the letters which he wrote. It is indeed in the light of his personal religion, as well as of his knowledge and his sympathy, that his life must be regarded if it is to be truly understood. This quotation at least from his diary may be allowed, because it is the true summing up of his earnest faith. The lines were written in 1897.

O Lord, my God, I humbly pray,
Give me Thy help throughout this day
To speak Thy Word, to know Thy will,
Thy sovereign purpose to fulfil.
And bless, O Lord, my work to me,
And those through whom I work for Thee.
Let not my fault Thy work betray,
Uphold my goings in Thy way ;
And when I have tried to do my best
Give me Thy light and welcome rest.

It is time to turn to the work which Dr. Stubbs undertook when he became Bishop of Oxford.

"Whatever you do," writes one of his clergy to me, "do not say that he was a great bishop" : perhaps it shows a mutual misunderstanding that I find the Bishop describing one of this clergyman's letters to him as "insolent." And yet there were few better Bishops or better priests than these two. But certainly, in the sense in which greatness is to be predicated of modern Bishops, Bishop Stubbs was not, at Oxford, great.

"The Bishops of England will soon be a name without a meaning," wrote Archbishop Benson,¹ in the year when Bishop Stubbs was called to Oxford : "they are Bishops of dioceses, and make an immense fuss about their business and their letters, so that people groan over their lamentations about the work—they are good Diocesan Bishops—not Bishops of

¹ *Life*, ii. 260.

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England.” Whoever may have been the exceptions to that judgment, Bishop Stubbs was one.

He did not fulfil all the demands which the clergy made on him. But in the devotion of an old man to laborious duty, in the wise counsel which he gave in times of difficulty, in his work for the nation and the whole Church, there was true greatness. That greatness may be seen in the four Charges which he gave to his diocese. It is impossible to summarize these here. I will only express my belief that there has been no better service to-day to the English Church and to the Bishop’s memory than their recent publication by Canon Holmes.¹

Here I must content myself with a few quotations, without detailed reference to their contents. The very strong protest which the Bishop made on the subject of the Higher Criticism will not be forgotten ; and its impressiveness was increased by the fact that it came from a man of trained historical and critical judgment, who was accustomed to weigh his words ; but I need say no more of it here.

When he first came to Oxfordshire he showed how well he knew the history of the See, and how clearly he saw the enormous difficulties of its administration. He said in his primary Charge (p. 9)—

“ The diocese consists of three counties of very similar size and population ; Oxfordshire containing 739 square miles, and, by the census of 1881, a population of 179,650 ; Berkshire 752 square miles and 218,382 souls ; Buckinghamshire 738 square miles and 176,277 souls. All three counties, judging from a comparison of the successive censuses, are increasing in population ; but Berkshire, owing to the development of Reading and the Windsor neighbourhood, out of all proportion to the other two. Ecclesiastically, each of the counties forms an archdeaconry, and each archdeaconry contains a different number of rural deaneries : Oxford ten deaneries with 240 benefices ; Berkshire nine deaneries with 192 parishes ; Bucks eleven deaneries and 213 livings. Each has a varied character of scenery, interest, and inhabitants, and each a varied sort of industrial interest ; each, I may add, has a different history, and historical and political associations of its own, nationally and ecclesiastically.

¹ *Visitation Charges*. Edited by E. E. Holmes (unfortunately with omissions), 1904.

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"The county of Oxford has been for three centuries under its own Bishop, retaining little more than a traditional connexion with the mother church at Lincoln; Buckinghamshire and Berkshire were within our own memory brought in, the former from Lincoln, and the latter from Salisbury. Oxfordshire, under a succession of eminent prelates, and to some extent because of its closer connexion with the University, seems to have been, since the creation of the See, well cared for; it has always had good churches, and a long series of eminent clergymen among its incumbents; judging too from the mass of letters which my predecessors have left behind them, I should say that discipline has, as a rule, been carefully administered. The same may be said for Berkshire, which lay very conveniently under the eye of the Bishop of Salisbury. Buckinghamshire, owing doubtless to its distance from Lincoln or from the residence of the Bishop, was less well looked after, and perhaps the diversified character of its conformation and population may have made it difficult of communication. Since the Reformation, too, and especially since the great Rebellion, in which Buckinghamshire took a strong part on the side opposed to the king, the Puritan element in that county was stronger than in the other two; and many illustrations of this inclination as still operative are traceable in remote effects."

From his second Charge I will only quote three passages—the first on disestablishment, the second on the position of the English Church, the third on the English Reformers' belief in episcopacy.

"I can but say, as I have said long ago in S. Paul's Cathedral: Disestablish and disendow the Church of England to-day, and such is my confidence in the good hand of my God upon her, and my belief in the mission of my people, that I am ready to say that in less than fifty years she would be more powerful in all ways than she is now—but the risk could be run only on the jeopardy of the millions of souls that would be left to ruin in the first stages of the experiment, and it cannot be incurred by us who are in trust, without a certain desertion of our duty, and disloyalty to the cause that we are sworn to serve. If the change is forced on us from without, we will face it manfully, and in faith continue our work on new conditions; but it is no

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true honesty, and it cannot be true policy, to betray the citadel because our forces can be possibly better handled in the field.”¹

He spoke thus strongly because of his firm belief in the Catholic Church.

“Next, what is the Church of England? The Church of England I hold to be a portion of this Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, One Church, which is the presentation of the same, to us and our nation and country, and in which we and our fellow Church men realize our own condition as members of the mystical body of the Lord. I believe that I am justified in this by the evidence which I have of the continuity of faith, of apostolic order and succession, of ministry and service, and I am desirous to uphold my belief, notwithstanding the claims and assumptions of attacking parties, Roman or Puritan. We unchurch no one, so far as I can see, but claim and hold fast what we have received.”²

And this belief he knew was shared by the leaders of the English Reformation.

“Up to the period of the Reformation there was no other idea of episcopacy except that of transmission of apostolic commission: that the ministry of the episcopal government could be introduced without such a link was never contemplated until Bugenhagen reconstituted a nominal episcopate in Denmark, and this was an example not likely to be taken in England; nor was it so accepted. There is then no occasion to test the writings of the Elizabethan divines in search of traces of a belief in their own official existence.”³

His third Charge to the See of Oxford, in 1896, was notable for a careful discussion of the approaches that seemed to be made towards unity by an investigation of the authority of Anglican Orders, and for a noble defence of the marriage law of the Church. It contained, too, a passage, half autobiographical, which, for many reasons, is worth repeating to-day.

“I think that, after ten years of an episcopal income, I can truly say, and am justified in saying it, that it does not place its earner in a position that on pecuniary grounds is to be coveted: his income may be increased sevenfold, his liabilities are increased seventy and sevenfold; when the absolutely inseparable charges and obligations are satisfied, the man who

¹ *Second Charge*, p. 55.

² *Ibid.* p. 38.

³ *Ibid.* p. 50.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

holds it finds himself, as the successful lawyer when he becomes a judge, considerably poorer than he might fairly reckon on being if he had chosen to retain the way of making his own living which, supposing himself to be a person qualified for his post, he may be understood to have held before promotion. The appropriation of the income of the See of Oxford to the increase of parochial incomes in the diocese would add an average sum of some £7 10s. to each ; and that would of course mean the cessation of such work and help as the Bishop, who, on the theory of our critics, is an unnecessary excrescence in other respects, is expected to provide. I need not dilate on this ; for indeed, as you know, these speculations on the wealth of the Bishops and Chapters are all calculations on the theory that such offices are not only unnecessary but mischievous parts of ecclesiastical machinery ; with such a prejudice you, I conceive, have no sympathy.”¹

It contained, too, an impressive answer to those who are always asking for union on the basis of a sort of fluid undenominationalism—

“ We cannot accept invitations to exhibit Unity by casting away beliefs that are an integral part of the deposition which we are trying to build ourselves up in the Lord, and whose history and development, at all events, is an integral part of that training by which we have been brought, so far as we have been brought, in the way of realizing the growing truth. From the one side and from the other comes the cry, ‘ Lo, here is Christ, or, lo, there.’ ” From the one side the invitation, Cast away the discipline in which you have learned of Him as you have learned, and take up an ancient imperious, authoritative assumption that the whole Unity of past, present, and future is in the rock of S. Peter as it claims to be, forgetting that S. Peter’s rock was Christ, and not less ours than theirs. We cannot follow. And on another side, Come, and we will build a tower that shall reach up to heaven, only cast away the dogmatic chains in which you have been trained, declare yourselves free from Creeds and Articles, and we shall present to the world a Unity that shall convince the world, a Unity—heaven help us—which, without one real conviction of its own,

¹ *Third Charge*, p. 41.

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can carry confusion only worse confounded wherever it works. We cannot follow.”¹

In 1899 several of the subjects already discussed claimed a new attention ; but there was added the disturbance of the so-called “Crisis.” The Bishop’s wise words on confession, his sturdy refusal to follow a popular cry, his brilliant historical sketches—notably that of the Evangelical party—were thoroughly characteristic. Most characteristic of all were the noble words with which he concluded—the last words which he addressed as Bishop to his diocese—

“Nothing in this world can justify the malice of controversy—no, not even the love of the Eternal Truth, if we could conceive it to operate in combination with it. No truth in the world is worth fighting for with weapons like these : nothing in the world is so certain as, and nothing in heaven more certain than, the authority of the law of love.”²

Those who knew the Bishop only as an historian and an administrator might form a wholly inadequate conception of his character. The noble loyalty, the charity, the sympathy of the man, as well as his great learning, were conspicuous in his sermons. It is greatly to be wished that at least a selection from these may be given to the world. Four were printed privately in 1896, and the last sermon he ever preached, that on Queen Victoria, on “The Throne established by righteousness,” was sent to a few friends not long before the preacher’s death. The last was, as we shall have to say, a very special example of its author’s great powers. The other four have each their characteristic excellences. The first was preached before the British Association, and was a powerful and touching expression of the love of knowledge, the desire for truth, the sincerity of faith, which made the Bishop what he was. “Wisdom reacheth from one end to another mightily : and sweetly doth she order all things” was the text, and the thought was the final unity of all true work.

“The lover of wisdom counts no sphere of knowledge as alien to or disconnected from his own ; and so he can despise no honest worker or field of work, being ready to wait till a time when all results shall be seen to combine that which is in part being done away.”

¹ Ibid. pp. 19–20.

² *Fourth Charge*, p. 63.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

And the conclusion of the whole matter was found in the noble faith—

“We have a revelation of God in the spiritual world, and he who would in the natural world seek Him, or seek that finality of wisdom which we can never think of except as an attribute of such a Being as in the spiritual world is revealed to us, must seek Him there in the same way. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way : to him who does his work is more light given ; wisdom here is justified of her children ; the meek spirited are refreshed in the multitude of peace ; they find Him who seek Him with all their heart.”

The two following sermons were preached at his own Advent Ordinations in 1894 and 1895—one on S. Thomas, a vindication, characteristic and original, of the province of faith ; the other, most beautiful, on the touch of Christ. The fourth sermon was preached to a great congregation at the Cuddesdon Festival of 1896, a very striking appeal for firmness in the ancient paths—

“There must be no thought of fighting the world with its own weapons, with that sort of sword that they who use it perish by ; no playing with the sort of nets into which those fall who have set them for others ; none of the wisdom that is taken in its own craftiness ; none of the candour that leaves open questions that we know and feel to be closed ; none of the sympathy with doubtfulness that approaches halfway to meet the doubters.”

The sermons—many others, too, I remember, preached before the University of Oxford and in S. Paul’s Cathedral—were indeed those of a great man, a deep thinker, a true father in God.

Almost the first work to which the Bishop was called, when he was translated to Oxford, was to assist the Archbishop of Canterbury in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln.

The case, and the Archbishop’s attitude towards it, has been so fully and so lucidly explained by Mr. A. C. Benson in his *Life of his father*, that no detailed summary of the positions involved need be given here. It will only be necessary to explain, with some precision, the part which Bishop Stubbs played throughout the case.

The first question, raised early in June, 1888, was,—whether

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the Archbishop had, in his own person and office, jurisdiction. And if he had jurisdiction, had he discretion as to using it? The question was one of grave constitutional importance. There were many who thought that the Archbishop had not such jurisdiction, or thought the claim extremely doubtful, the authority, as Mr. Benson tells us, "altogether nebulous"; among them was Dean Church. He expressed his strong sense of the difficulties that lay in the way of a course so bold as the Archbishop proposed to adopt; and he expressed, in so doing, the opinion of Mr. Gladstone.

THE DEANERY, S. PAUL'S,

June 21, 1888.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF CHESTER,—

It is thought by friendly people, e.g. Mr. Gladstone, that it is important that "those who know" should let the Archbishop understand what they think about this awkward but dangerous question about the Bp. of Lincoln. Mr. Gladstone is strong for the Archbishop having a discretion about entertaining the suit, and about using it. But you are one of "those who know"; and whatever is the right track, no one could keep him in it so well as yourself. He *may* not let you; but at any rate, I venture to write about it, because Mr. Gladstone thinks the matter very grave, and that a mistake on the Abp.'s part would be a serious matter.

Please forgive my fussiness.

Ever your afft.,

R. W. CHURCH.

The Bishop of Chester replied the next day—

CHESTER,

June 22, 1888.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

I had a very long talk with the Archbishop on Tuesday, and have written him a very long letter, in consequence of yours which I received this morning. I am sure that he is faithful and true, but I really dare not say much more just now. I will do my best.

Yours ever,

W. CESTR.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

This was Dr. Stubbs's letter to the Archbishop.

CHESTER,

June 22, 1888.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,—

Since our talk on Tuesday I have been thinking continually and (in every sense) painfully about the subject of it, but I should have waited longer before writing to you had I not received this morning a letter from the Dean of S. Paul's, conveying to me the impression that I was intended to signify the bearing of it to you. "Mr. Gladstone is strong for the Archbishop having a discretion about entertaining the suit, and about using it." "Mr. Gladstone thinks the matter very grave and that a mistake on the Archbishop's part would be a serious matter."¹

With this latter sentence I am sure your Grace would be the first to agree. As to the former, you will not mind my saying that I think it deserves very serious consideration. Mr. Gladstone's judgment on a tactical point is most important, and I think more important than that of any lawyer.

Might I suggest to you that it would be possible to follow this indication? I recommend it, not with misgiving, but with a hesitation arising from my own uncertainty as to the precedent on which you would be expected to act—the Watson case. But if it could be made clear—

(1) That you have the jurisdiction, and

(2) that you have the discretion,—would it not be the best thing at once to refuse to allow process to be issued, using your discretion, and justifying it by balancing the frivolous and vexatious character of the complaint against the perilous and grave results that would follow upon the prosecution of it: that is, in fact, giving, as your reasons for stopping the suit, the reasons which would determine your decision, if you had to come to a legal decision, on the grounds now sufficiently well known which would be placed before you. By taking this course you would be able to put the matter before the

¹ Mr. Benson writes—"Mr. Gladstone urged that merely as the inculpatated party the Bishop had a right to every point that could be given in his favour—that the discretionary power was one such point."—*Life of Archbishop Benson*, ii. 322.

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Church and People, on a larger and truer scale than the mere legal treatment would allow you to do—to weigh the importance of the theory of greater liberty, and even of enlightened policy—considerations which as Archbishop you would be justified in entertaining at this stage more reasonably than at a later one.

If after this a mandamus was applied for, your jurisdiction would be placed beyond all doubt, and your discretion would be in no greater peril than before ; the responsibility of what follows would not lie upon you ; and it may be nothing serious would follow.

If, on the other hand, you entertain the suit, and decide even in a modified way against the Bishop, you might either compel him to appeal and recognize by his appeal a jurisdiction of the Privy Council which I am sure would be most painful, or to forsake the cause of the clergy who would forthwith be attacked, or, if the other way be even more painful and serious for him, to resign his See, and enable the complainants to obtain from the same Court a series of decisions even more fatal than those pronounced already. I am not putting this as a dilemma, because the Privy Council might decide otherwise, but the risks are enormous. It is most improbable that they would venture to desert the ground which they have so peremptorily taken up on the merits of the case, and the cause would be saved on some technical or side issue.

Here the draught of the letter ends. The Archbishop, as we know, fortified by the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council,—the unanimous decision of five judges and five episcopal assessors,—that he had the jurisdiction, decided to hear the case.

Meanwhile the process of translation from Chester was on the point of being completed. On December 24 Dr. Stubbs was elected Bishop of Oxford. To the Dean of S. Paul's he wrote on January 10, 1889 :—

MY DEAR DEAN,—

Will you kindly advise me ? On Saturday the Archbp. of Canterbury wrote rather urgently to ask me to be assessor

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

in his hearing of the charges against the Bishop of Lincoln.¹ The same day I answered in a long letter, begging him not to put it upon me, and stating that the very fact of my being named as assessor would weaken the authority of the Court in the eyes of the hostile party, whilst my disbelief in the constitutional competency of his Court disqualified me from honestly acting as a member of it.

To-day brings me a very urgent and personal appeal, on the ground of regard and loyalty to him, with arguments on both points which I had put before him, [At this point the Bishop adds that his own opinion as to the competency of the Court is unaltered, and he concludes—] Still, there may be something still to be said on the other side; and it is not like him to be unreasonable. If you could see your way to concentrate Yes or No intelligibly in a telegram, I would ask you to telegraph so that I may answer him to-morrow.

I do hope that Torquay is doing you all good, and that progress is being made. This bother coming on the physical and moral worries of our move is really quite bewildering.

With best love,

Yours ever,

W. CESTR.

This was the Dean's answer—

ETTENHEIM, TORQUAY,

January 11, 1889.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—

I telegraphed at once what it seemed to me that I ought to say. I hope it was not made unintelligible in transmission. Certain things do not depend on us, as whether the trial should take place I don't think much of what the hostile parties might say. If anything is certain, it is that all England would be perplexed if your name was not among the Abp.'s assessors, if there are to be any assessors at all. I think that you were quite right in stating clearly your objections to the whole thing. The Abp. knows your mind, and what he is

¹ On the question of the assessors see *Life of Archbishop Benson* ii. 340-343.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

doing in asking you. If he repeats his invitation, and you decline, I think he might say that he was deserted at an extreme point by those on whose help he had a right to count, even if they did not agree with him.

I know, my dear Bishop, that I am laying a burden on you, which I should very likely try to escape from if the case was mine. But, as far as I can see, I think I am advising right. I do not venture to say that you may prevent mischief, or do any good—that will be as it may be. But I do not think that you could safely say No to a second application from the Archbishop. Your refusal would be turned into an apology, *beforehand*, for anything that went wrong.

I do not like applying Bible words to our trials and circumstances. But I confess that in the Morning Psalms of to-day (the 11th Morning) I could not help reading into them a good deal of modern legal and ecclesiastical history. The Bp. of London's mandamus question is to be decided to-day, I hear.¹ I have been *stunning* my mind by a study of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. Did you ever study it?

Ever yours afftly.,

R. W. CHURCH.

The Bishop of Chester at once yielded to the advice of his wise counsellor.

CHESTER,

January 13, 1889.

MY DEAR DEAN,—

Thank you very much. As soon as I got your telegram I wrote to the Patriarch, consenting. I hope he liked my letter. But it is no use now to fret, so I try to think as little as I can. If the Ch. Assoc. chose to oppose my confirmation on Tuesday, I think that I should pocket the affront, stay here, and shirk half my troubles.

I should like to know how you are all getting on, but I am going to write to many when I get my new wings. Two of my children, Isabella and Ted, are coming to Torquay during the period of removal to stay with our friends the Frosts, who have a house there. I wish that I could come too, for really

¹ The question of the reredos at S. Paul's.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

some of my troubles are so funny that it would divide them to talk them over with you.

Moberly is going to continue with Jayne as Examining Chaplain. I hope that things will go on nicely and steadily. I have had some very nice addresses; and the people are going to give me what the Duke calls an Equipage—very appropriate for a departing guest. But there are many things that I am sorry to leave, and more that I dread to encounter. However, at Oxford they are all very kind and so considerate that, when the wrench is once over, we may pull our nerves together again; but from August to February is a long time to suffer from moral insomnia. Well,

Grata superveniet, etc.

Our best love.

I remain

I suppose (*pace* Ch. Assoc.) for the last time,
but for always Yours,

W. CESTR.

The Church Association did not save the Bishop of Chester from translation; and before the Lincoln case was in actual progress he was hard at work as Bishop of Oxford.

On May 11, 1889, the Archbishop delivered judgment as to the constitution of his Court, "stating that this judgment, which concerned his jurisdiction only, was his own judgment, and not to be looked upon as that of the episcopal assessors." On July 23 he began to hear the case. The assessors were—Bishops Temple (London), Stubbs (Oxford), Thorold (Rochester), Wordsworth (Salisbury), Atlay (Hereford). The judgment was delivered on November 21, 1890.

Only a few letters have even a distant reference to the case. Bishop Stubbs's intimate friend, the Dean of Chester, remembers how very chary he was of mentioning the subject, of giving any opinion; how he said repeatedly, "It is not my subject: it is not in my line at all," and how greatly the case distressed him, "I think more than any other."

During the eighteen months he wrote little to Dean Church, little to other friends, on the matter. A few allusions only need here be collected. The first is from a letter of Bishop Mackarness.

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(25th March, 1889.)

“ . . . The Lincoln trial must be indeed a trouble to you ! I remember how distracted I was by the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission when I had pastoral work at home. It is melancholy to feel that no possible good can arise out of this trial. Church parties are too bitterly opposed to one another, and the great mass of Churchmen too idle or indifferent to supply the conditions for any settlement. The *status quo* would have lasted for a time ; but when that is disturbed the fanatics and zealots on either side have too hot a temper to acquiesce in peace. Nor can I think that a Canterbury Papacy will hold long, if *that* should be the issue.”

A letter of December 17, 1889, refers to the questions of sympathy or intercommunion with the Moravians and the Old Catholics, mentioned in the Encyclical Letter of the Lambeth Conference of 1897. From these the Old Catholic Church of Holland stood apart, but not in a wholly different position. It had, however, reported unfavourably on Anglican Orders. The Bishop was asked to consider the Report. He said that it “ was a production the learning and logic of which are quite beyond me.” He consented to “ write to the Bishop of Salisbury and try to concert some measure with him that might be useful.” And he added, “ I suppose that John of Salisbury in his infinite charity has a better opinion of them than I have ; but I am at this moment a little savage, being in the midst of the *Moravian* as well as the *Jansenist* doubts.” It should be observed that the Old Roman Catholics of Holland, as they call themselves, strongly repudiate the name of Jansenists. The Bishop concluded thus—

“ I think that I will keep the papers until I have heard from the ‘ Doctor Ecumenicus ’—do not tell him that I called him so.

“ I will wish your Grace a happy Christmas. I should be glad to know, as soon as possible, when I am expected to bring up my faggot to Lambeth.”¹

¹ That is to say, carry after the Marian fashion, a faggot to his own burning, i.e. take part in the case which he so much regretted.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

One letter, the last from his dear friend at S. Paul's, came to him with remembrance of old ties and reference to the new troubles.

10, EAST CLIFF, DOVER,

March 16, 1890.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—

I, and that means we, want you to do us a great favour. Will you let us hear you preach once more in your old place, S. Paul's, say, April 27, or June 8, or June 15, at the Evening Service, 7 p.m. ? It would make us very happy, and it may be our last chance.

I am afraid that we are getting near some rough water. But after all, the sea is always rough.

Ever yours afftly.,

R. W. CHURCH.

His last letter to the Dean was written when he heard of the death of Cardinal Newman.

FLORENCE,

August 14, 1890.

MY DEAREST DEAN,—

I have just seen in *The Times* the notice of the Cardinal's death. I have been thinking of you, for I knew that you will feel it a good deal. Now I suppose people will begin to say a lot of new things about him, which those who knew him really will have to reduce to their proper dimensions of blame and praise. But although he was so very old, it comes like a surprise and a break at last.

Launce and I are here for our holyday, but it is too hot to enjoy it much. Still, after the work I have got through this year, I felt that I must exercise another set of mental muscles, so we have come so far. I had never seen Turin, and two or three other things that I have come across are new to me, but I almost think that Yorkshire, if I could have lost my letters, would have been a better holyday.

I hope that you are well and Mrs. Church better, and the young ladies nicely well. I saw the Archbishop before I came away and think that it is possible that his Judgment may be

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ready by November. Patience is hard—but I wish that people would exercise a little more discrimination. I hope that Holmes sent you a copy of my Charge, which only came the day before I left. Good-bye—I hope to be home by the 26th or 27th.

Ever yours,
W. OXON.

The Bishop of Oxford having consented to be an assessor in the Lincoln case, discharged the duty with the most constant attention. He took full and elaborate notes of the speeches, he studied books on the points in detail, and he placed all his knowledge unreservedly at the disposal of the Archbishop, for whom he had a deep affection, and in whom he was entirely confident. He attended the sessions diligently, and no one would have doubted that his mind was entirely fixed on the proceedings. But it is unquestionable that he was extremely bored.

This was an attitude that was becoming not at all uncommon with Bishop Stubbs. He took pleasure in showing impatience at what seemed to him to be trivialities by “shocking” people. These letters on the Lincoln case are a typical example. No one who knew him will imagine for one moment that he had the very smallest levity of thought in regard to great questions of theology, that he thought lightly of matters of Church discipline, or that he disregarded the difficulties which party spirit brings upon the Church of England. Very far indeed from it! No man in England perhaps thought so deeply and earnestly and anxiously on such subjects, no man felt more deeply the distress which every good man must feel that the most sacred ordinances of religion should become the centre of controversy and partisan attack. Indeed, what he said with regard to one particular question in the Lincoln Case represented his view of the whole matter:—

“To the great majority of sound Churchmen to whom the point is entirely subordinate to the infinitely greater matter of the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ and the strengthening and refreshing of their souls by His Body and Blood, quarrels and bitterness, disputation upon

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this, as upon several of the other points of the judgment, are simply matters of wondering and sorrowing apprehension."

Nothing then could be farther from the truth than to imagine that the Bishop of Oxford, sitting as an assessor when the Archbishop of Canterbury was hearing and deciding upon grave questions of sacramental usage, spent his time in writing squibs or pouring scorn upon the whole matter. He did write squibs, he did pour scorn, upon trivialities; but upon trivialities. The fact is, that in many respects he had the point of view of what people call "the good layman." Indeed, he often said, "What a good layman I should have made!" He meant that he was intolerant of minor matters, such as dress and posture and accessory ceremonial, when they seemed for a moment to stand in the way of weightier matters. He could not and would not put out of his mind the feeling that it was an outrage that a devoted bishop should be prosecuted for ceremonial in which he had taken part. His feeling may have been right or wrong, but it was an eminently serious one. He was shocked at discussions, which tended to become wrangles, on the most sacred truths of Christianity. In the Lincoln case he regretted and resented the whole proceedings. And though he did his duty honestly and seriously, he felt all along, with real bitterness of sorrow, how trifling were the matters on which so much animosity was displayed. Bishop Creighton said of the Vestiarian controversy in Elizabeth's time: "The unfortunate legacy of fighting great principles over outward trifles was bequeathed to the English Church." It was this *damnosa hereditas* which weighed upon Bishop Stubbs when he sat in the Lambeth library at the trial of one whom he honoured and loved.

Fragments of his letters to his friend and chaplain, the Rev. E. E. Holmes, show how he concealed his impatience and relieved his feelings by scribbling notes and concocting humorous verses. "Here we are stupid and stuffy; nobody listens to anything any one says, or believes it will make any difference to any one's opinion. His Grace is grace itself, and patience on a monument of books." Another day—"How does his Grace get his patience? Is it from the Stores? I sit and admire him, and then sleep it off." "I am miserable.

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The Archbishop put me on the Court (which is no Court) to keep me from saying anything about it." Or again—

NORTH END.

DEAREST H.,—

I am thinking of you !

The merits next of end and side
How can his Grace decide on,
Whilst arguments have ne'er an end,
And counsel so much side on ?

'Tis true the question was discussed
With most consummate learning ;
But to the Court it seems to be
A case of table turning.

And as the Priest can't find a place,
He must, as say the Q.C.s,
In lack of North, East, West, and South,
Fall back on ancient uses.

The use of Crossing next appears
Too hard for our digestion ;
The question of the Cross remains
A very crucial question.

W. O.

And still again—" My dear Chaplain,—Stoles again ! Is it anything to do with ' Lincoln Green,' I wonder ? Doesn't the hymn say something about these young curates—thousands meekly stoling—or is it stealing ? On the whole, I shd. prefer stealing. It wd. be appropriate to go to prison for meekly stealing, or having meekly stoled ;—and dear E. L. is as meek as Moses. Let him that stole steal no more, and bring an end to all this flummery. How shocked you will be ! Don't give up being shocked. It is my only recreation. With love, W. O." And again—" Dear Pedagogue,—We are discussing forms and ceremonies. Oh, the wearing weariness of it all ! Once the earth was without form and void, now it is full of forms and has not ceased to be void, judging by empty heads and hard chairs. Certainly this Court is quite informal and the subject void of all interest. One feels inclined to deal with forms without any ceremony and with ceremonies without much formality.

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When we are Archbps. we will *reform* the *performances* of these high-jinksters ;—but I forget : you are one of them. You, my *alter ego*, my *fidus Achates* ! I will make you an Archdeacon, or Mother Superior, and keep you steady ! My love.

“ W. O.”

But all along his annoyance did not prevent his warm admiration for the Archbishop. “ Benson is wonderful,” he wrote. “ He knows all about it, has his authorities on the spot at the right moment, and probably knows more than any of us about the case. Who cares about all these lights and crossings and ablutions ? He does ; and yet he is really great in many ways What a puzzle he is ! I am very, very fond of him, and I think he likes me. He has a great grasp of the subjects before him, but these fellows won’t accept anything he or any one else says if they don’t like it. It’s sheer waste of time, and the Court has not a shadow of real authority. The evil of it is that his successors may do badly what he is doing so well, unless we get a man like *Stubbs* / or Creighton, or Davidson to succeed him. A joint committee of our three wives would soon settle things. K . . . ’s indifference to dress would appeal to the Protestants, and L. C. would fill any “ position,” east or west. R. D.’s wife would keep them both in a good temper, and they would give a verdict for both sides, which both would accept, instead of a verdict for either, which neither will accept ! ! ”

With these little explosions, the Bishop got through the case to the end. To the end he kept saying (to himself), “ It is not a Court ; it is an Archbishop sitting in his Library.” He had no doubt at all that on the constitutional point the Archbishop was wrong—as to his possessing the jurisdiction, that is, apart from his suffragans ; but as I have not his reasons formally set out by himself, I must simply state the fact. But equally clear was his satisfaction at the decision. At first he wrote—“ The Archbishop is thanking the learned prelates for the help we have given him. I entirely demur to being thought to agree with all his conclusions, though, after all, I don’t know that I don’t—or do ! ” When the end of the trial came, writes the Dean of Chester—“ the Bishop wished it

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‘to be distinctly understood’ that the judgment was entirely the Archbishop’s own. When, however, I said to him I should act on the judgment before it went to the Privy Council, he cordially assented.” He disclaimed all part beyond this : “The assessors, so far as I know—I can only speak for myself—followed up the details, and carefully criticized and talked over what was drafted, but no more. My contribution was the two words in the last clause of the judgment, ‘exaggerated suspicion,’ ” he wrote.¹ This he constantly repeated. For example, the report of a meeting of Rural Deans on April 10, 1891 (signed by the Bishop), states that the Bishop referred to the Archbishop’s judgment, and “assured the clergy that, in spite of rumours to the contrary, the judgment was wholly the Primate’s own ; the Bishop himself was answerable for but two words in it, although he expressed his hearty approval of all and every part of it.”²

The “hearty approval” was not merely in word. He carried out, in his conduct of divine service, all that the Archbishop declared to be essential, and would not tolerate anything which the Archbishop decided to be illegal. In practice he gave his full assent to the judgment, and he gave it gladly and willingly. And he stated his opinions fully in his Second Visitation Charge, 1893.

The letters from which I have been quoting, in regard to the Lincoln trial, were written to a new and now intimate friend. When the Bishop accepted translation to Oxford, the Rev. E. E. Holmes, who had for several years been chaplain to Bishop Mackarness, and who knew the diocese and its work most intimately, consented, by the pressing advice of several friends who well knew them both, and particularly of Dr. Liddon, to remain at Cuddesdon as the new Bishop’s domestic chaplain. Before many months Bishop Stubbs became warmly attached to Mr. Holmes, and placed the most absolute confidence in him. In familiar letters, when he was travelling abroad, or when Mr. Holmes was away ill, as was often the case, the Bishop wrote freely of all diocesan

¹ *Life of Archbishop Benson*, ii. 378.

² It has been thought, however, that the Bishop also wrote a sentence in the earlier part of the judgment as to the “wish and intention of the minister,” and a letter to Canon Holmes shows that his view is therein expressed : but his own statement seems explicit.

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matters, and of his own experiences and opinions. Mr. Holmes became to the Bishop "My dear Person," "Rev. and Dr.," "My dear Locum Tenens," "Dear Vizier," "Dear Monseigneur," "My dear Father," "My dear Patriarch," "My dear Oeconomus," "My dear Treasurer," "My dear Cardinal," and "My dear guide, philosopher, and friend." The troubles, little and great, which beset the Bishop were familiarly discussed with his friend: when they were separated, the tone often came to be, half in jest perhaps,—as he wrote not very long before the end, on January 18, 1901,—"I am sorry that you have had a bad time; I have had several." The heavy work of a large and difficult diocese told on the Bishop as the years went on, but it was lightened by the indefatigable assistance of Mr. Holmes; and the letters show that, terribly though it weighed upon the Bishop, it was lightly written of. When one wrote to say "I think I believe, but I am doubtful even about my doubts," the Bishop sent on the letter to his chaplain, who was ill and away, with the words, "Can you amuse yourself with drafting a series of questions for this man?" Or there were half-pathetic interjections in letters, such as "Bryce, M.P., has asked us to dine on Ash Wednesday," and "I got to Lambeth after an inconceivably tiring day—lunch at Buol's—at eight p.m. yesterday, with my Season Ticket on the Brain;" and, when he was away in London, "The change of air and habit is doing us both good, but still anxieties make one anxious, only they make one still more so at Cuddesdon, where there is no means of shunting them;" and "Here we are practically prisoners; the roads are of glass. We are, however, like the nation that has no history, and I have had nothing to do since Christmas Day, except the flow of letters that make one incapable of doing anything else;" and "The annoying letters have set in with their usual vigour as soon as you have quitted your post." But they were almost always turned off with a laugh. He wrote at a time of illness and anxiety, in the words of the famous comedian, "Let us all be unhappy together!" Sometimes there was a tone of slight exasperation, as when the Bishop had found himself taking part in a service too "High" for his taste, or when the Vicar of an important church in an important town "seems neither to read nor answer my letters, and at

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the same time seems ready to accuse me of shirking my work." In the last case the chaplain was directed to inform the clergyman, with a list of dates offered on which the Bishop could come to him, "that nothing whatever is gained by arguing as if I did not know what an important place . . . is. I do not mind your telling him that I am much put out by the tone that he takes, but you need not if you do not like." Such a feeling—it was characteristic of the Bishop—did not in the least disturb his appreciation of good work: a year and a half later he was writing to recommend this same clergyman to the Prime Minister for a Deanery which was then vacant.

As is often the case with busy people, criticism was a great relief to the Bishop's feelings, and it is continual in his letters to Mr. Holmes. Thus, for example, he writes of a sermon: ". . . was exasperating; the world could not have been saved but for the faith of the B.V.M., and miracles were impossible unless somebody or other had faith"; and again of the same person: ". . . excelled himself on Sunday: five minutes' sermon in the morning, fifteen in the evening; absolute trash; no redeeming point at all, and dogmatic. *Ugh!*"

It was with Mr. Holmes's aid that the Bishop embarked on the work of the large diocese to which he came in the spring of 1889.

A detailed account of the Bishop's administration of the diocese need not be given here; but a few letters, or passages from letters, may serve as examples of his opinions and of his action. It should be said that from All Saints' Day, 1889, when Archdeacon James Leslie Randall was consecrated Bishop of Reading, as his Suffragan, he was assisted by one whose friendship and whose devotion to duty he cordially appreciated, and who was beloved throughout the whole diocese.

The Bishop, early in his tenure of the See of Oxford, expressed an opinion similar to that of all his predecessors with regard to the practice of Evening Communion, with which at Chester he had declined to interfere in any parish where the incumbent, after experience, had found them beneficial to his people. He now stated to his Rural Deans "that as

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a general rule his own feeling was extremely averse to such a practice, and he wished that his clergy should know this," and he spoke with emphasis on the subject in his Second Visitation Charge. Another Bishop at one time brought the question into prominence by criticizing the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury in a letter to *The Times* newspaper. The Bishop of Oxford expressed to his Rural Deans his regrets at this (1893), and "he regretted still more the avowed policy of the Church Association in encouraging the practice of Evening Communion by way of reprisals against the Lincoln judgment. He could hardly imagine a much greater desecration of the Holy Sacrament than that involved in this," states the report of the Conferences of Rural Deans.

The Bishop was twice consulted on a question regarding the force of the rubrical direction of the Book of Common Prayer, "And there shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion, until such time as he be confirmed, or be ready and desirous to be confirmed." In 1897 a request was made to him for his opinion on the question whether a member of the Free Church of Scotland, qualified to receive Communion there, might be admitted to Communion in the English Church without giving up the membership of the body to which she belonged. He replied (June 21, 1897)—"I cannot say that I have ever laid down a rule in such cases, nor have I any conviction that the rubric in the Prayer Book applies to persons who are like what Mr. X. describes. So much depends on the circumstances of the case, i.e. whether the would-be communicant is making a new domicile or only a temporary sojourn. If the latter, then I do not think [it] wise to advise the clergyman to refuse. But I think that he should show the candidate the passage in the Prayer Book and explain the doctrine of Confirmation, explaining also that there is nothing in it about declaring or renouncing Communion, or religious profession. I am not sure that this is quite clear, but it is my experience." He added a private "P.S."—"I mean that I do not think that the Presbyterian was in the eye of the Church when the rubric was inserted, and that I think it more dangerous to repel a person from the means of grace than to risk somewhat on his or her personal qualification according to the

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purification of the sanctuary.” Again in 1900, in a somewhat similar case, when a master in a school applied for his instructions in the case of a Scots boy who desired to become a communicant in the Church of England, without any intention of being confirmed, and while remaining a member of the Established Church of Scotland, he wrote—

MY DEAR MR. —,

If, after your pupil has been admitted as fully qualified to receive the Sacrament in the Scottish Kirk, he presents himself for Communion at . . . , I should not raise any objections to his receiving it there. I really do not see that the point need be argued.

I am yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

Side by side with this illustration of his interpretation of a rubric may be placed another. He was consulted, in the case of a small country parish (I quote a letter to me from the person who consulted him), “respecting the lawfulness of continuing the early celebration after the offertory, when only one or two were present at our church. He said at once, ‘What does the Prayer Book say?’ Of course I answered, ‘Three.’ ‘Well,’ he said, ‘I think this is a case in which to sacrifice is better than to obey. I should certainly go on for two, and I am not sure that I should not for one.’”

In connexion with this “dispensing” from rubrics, it may be observed that in another matter, that of fasting, the Bishop would never, as so many English Bishops have done since the Reformation, give a dispensation. For example: a Vicar in his diocese asking for a dispensation when the parish festival—a saint’s day—fell on a Friday, received this reply—

June 8, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. . . . ,—

Dispensations of the kind you want I have never given, and do not intend to give. If the fasting is a matter of conscience, I cannot pretend to dispense; and if it is not, I see

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no reason why I should go through an unmeaning form. I should say, do as you think best in the circumstances.

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

He would often joke on the subject. Once I was staying with him, and said "No, thank you" to roast beef. "I'll dispense you," he called out.

In 1900 the Bishop's advice was asked with regard to the marriage of the "innocent party" after divorce. He thus replied—

[DRAUGHT LETTER.]
THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

May 18, 1900.

DEAR MR. . . .,—

As to the precise points you put to me in your letter, I am sorry to be obliged to say that the Act which relieves an incumbent from penalties which would be incurred by refusing to marry the guilty party does not relieve him from such liabilities in the case of the innocent party.

In publication of the banns, if it should be necessary to do it at all, the designation of bachelor or other might be omitted, as it does not occur in the Prayer Book form.

As to the question you ask—"Would you advise me to refuse to marry?"—I can only say that I myself should certainly refuse, and that the fact that, in common with my predecessors, I have refused to allow the issue of licences for the purpose (in either case), compels me to advise that you should not perform such a ceremony. The scandal seems to me to turn, not on the guilt or innocence of the parties, but on the breach of the solemn engagement entered into in the first marriage.

W. O.

P.S.—You will believe that I am sincerely sorry for the predicament in which you are.

Couldn't somebody persuade them to go to the Registry Office?

He certainly never failed to give true sympathy, as well as strong advice, to his clergy when they were in distress

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or perplexity. An aged clergyman in his diocese had had a disturbance stirred up against him, and doubted whether he ought not to resign his living. The Bishop concluded the correspondence on the subject thus—

March 1, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. . . . ,—

I think that after your telegram it is my duty, and certainly it is my pleasure, to advise you to think no more about resignation. The circumstances mentioned in the second letter are untoward and painful, but by no means peculiar to your case. I think that the less attention you pay to the annoyance, the sooner it will pass away. And I need not tell you how much harm would be done by surrender. If you find, after the present visitation is overpassed, that it gives you dangerous anxiety, you might reconsider the advisability of resigning ; but pray do not now.

I am yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

Another clergyman who was doing hard work in a difficult parish had met with much opposition when he was restoring his church, and was accused, by a gentleman who belonged to a Protestant League, of “Romanizing.” He, unfortunately, on one occasion lost his temper and spoke with unbecoming severity to his accuser ; he then wrote and told the Bishop of his error, and received this reply—

July 8, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. . . . ,—

I need scarcely tell you that I have read your letter with much interest and a great deal of sympathy. I do not wonder that your patience is tried. In fact, I should wonder if a man who has tried, as you have done, to do his duty faithfully, escaped the sort of misrepresentation that you find so hard to bear. Everybody in these days who does good work has something of the kind to undergo. It always has been so—the disciple is not above his Master—and I should think it always will be so. It is worth while, however, to consider that the persons who use the weapons of misrepresentation,

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whether in anonymous letters or in irritating newspaper articles, are using weapons which really hurt only themselves. No decent man will tolerate the writer of anonymous letters ; irritating newspaper attacks are certainly trying, but very few people are really interested or influenced by them. Anyhow, it is a great mistake, as the Duke of Wellington said, to read what is written about yourself in the papers in the idea that nobody reads anything else. Patience gets her perfect work with a good deal of trouble ; and somehow, as you grow older, you will find that the things worry you less. I am sorry if this business has any discouraging effect on you, or on your projects of restoration. I am sure that it will stimulate sympathy, and even that is a hopeful sign. Only do not show yourself too sensitive. I need not tell you that you must not meet the world with the world's weapons.

I am yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

It may be added, as a comment on this letter, that the Bishop repeatedly advised his clergy, both at Chester and at Oxford, never to read partisan church newspapers, and never to write to the papers themselves. He had an abhorrence of newspaper controversy, which he considered futile where it was not harmful.

Among the little worries which if not wisely treated may grow into serious troubles, may be mentioned the correspondence in which the Bishop was involved in 1898 in regard to the Alcuin Club. This is a club "founded with the object of promoting the study of the history and use of the Book of Common Prayer by the publication of tracts and other works that may seem desirable" ; and the Bishop was a member, and on June 16, 1898, was requested to be chairman of it. But a clergyman, not beneficed, but resident in the diocese of Oxford, happening, as he said, to meet with a book called *The Secret History of the Oxford Movement*, was led to conclude that it was engaged in work of a "Romanizing" tendency, and was a continuation of a certain defunct "Society of S. Osmund." He wrote vehement denunciatory letters to the Bishop on the subject, making inferences as to the Bishop's acceptance of Roman doctrines and practices

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which can only be described as unwarrantable, uncharitable and impertinent. Whatever the club might have published the Bishop was no more committed to acceptance of the contents of the books than he was to the York Breviary or Missal published by the Surtees Society, of which he was president. But the aim of the founders of the Alcuin Club was to discountenance all that the S. Osmund's Society had done. The first chairman of the club wrote that he had "never heard of the circular to the members of the Society of S. Osmund inviting them to join the Alcuin Club until" he "saw it in Mr. Walsh's Comic History of the Tractarian Movement"; while one of its most learned members, whom the Bishop consulted, replied—"I regard the Alcuin Club as a learned society, and do not feel at all bound to give an account of it or of myself to a Protestant controversialist. These people seem to have societies on the brain." The idea of any connexion between the two societies, or of any "Romanizing" on the part of the Bishop, was preposterous.

It might have been thought that in view of misrepresentations which were at one time current the Bishop would have been much concerned with regard to the position of the House founded in Oxford in memory of Dr. Pusey. One letter of his may be quoted as showing his position, both as Bishop and as chairman of the governors of that institution. When the present Bishop of Worcester resigned the position of Principal Librarian, and the governors desired the Rev. R. L. Ottley (then Fellow of Magdalen College, now Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology) to be his successor, the Bishop wrote to him to express his strong feeling that the House ought not in any way to be connected with a "*quasi* political and *quasi* economical partisanship," or with any suspicion "of patronizing the negative side of the historic criticism of the Old Testament," or with "a theory on the Incarnation which had been attributed to the retiring Principal"; and he continued—"You know the point about Philippians ii. 7, and that I regard this as very critical. Now I know, from what you have told me yourself, that you are inclined to value the Higher Criticism more than I do; but the more important and direct point touching the Incarnation I have no doubt of your sympathy upon, although you might not use exactly

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the same language that I should. It is in this assurance that I offer you my best sympathy in the task that you are thinking of taking up."

A further letter from Mr. Ottley received the following reply—

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
May 19, 1893.

MY DEAR OTTLEY,—

Thank you very much for your letter, which very much confirms my impressions of the line that you were likely to take in the Pusey House work, which is, I am sure, the right line. I have sent your note of acceptance to Hutton, to be notified to the members of the "governing body." I do not think that on either of the two important points mentioned in my letter and your answer there is likely to be between us any serious difference of opinion, but no doubt there is some difference of attitude. For mine I must refer you to my Charge, when I get it into print; and if you will read it, you will see, I think, that I have tried fairly to state the attitude of criticism which seems to me dangerous, and which, as you get pastoral experience, you will find, to say the least, needing very careful treatment. I do not think that, as Principal of the Pusey House, you could very well continue to be my examining chaplain—the reasons are obvious—but I do hope that you will let me call you one of my chaplains, and I am sure you will have no need to be ashamed of the company in which you find yourself. If so, I shall trust you to help us occasionally, at all events until I can find a successor—perhaps Moberly will consent to be put on active service again. Anyhow, I am most grateful for the service you have done me since Aubrey Moore's death, although you have sometimes looked severe.

Wishing you all good wishes,

I am yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

From a mass of letters, on every conceivable subject connected with diocesan work, much of interest might be gleaned; but I think it may suffice to sum up most of them in the

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description the Bishop of Reading gives me of the letters which he himself received—"very characteristic, very short, always to the point, and always with some touch of humour, and showing, where occasion required, great discernment of character." Yet I cannot forbear to insert two brief letters to a clergyman in the diocese, both in answer to requests for assistance in church restoration—

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
November 18, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. . . . ,—

"I give thee all" this. "I can no more, though poor the offering be."

I am yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

(A cheque was enclosed for £14.)

The second, to the same person, is this—

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
September 1, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. . . . ,—

I think that you told me that you were recognized as the "Archi-Mendicant" of the Church in Oxfordshire. But I am a match for you, and will not subscribe for niches. With all good will

I am
Yours ever,
W. OXON.

The work of the diocese was varied by more general activities. The Bishop was consulted on every kind of historical as well as ecclesiastical subject, as the letters which follow may show. He was, for some part of each year, in residence at Lambeth Palace, in the Lollards' Tower, where his association with several of the Bishops was very close; but few letters preserve any reminiscence of it. The present Archbishop of Canterbury says—"As we lived together in the Lollards' Tower, our intercourse was so close and personal that correspondence was the less necessary." It was

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the same in regard to Archbishops Benson and Temple. Archbishop Davidson says—"He was in such constant communication with the Archbishops, either personally or through myself, that letters were less necessary, and were few and far between. . . . This was, of course, due not to the infrequency but to the frequency of his communications with both Primates." Of their association as neighbours in the Lollards' Tower Bishop Westcott once wrote—"It has been a happy thing that the Bishop of Oxford has been staying here all the time. He is always cheery, and so is Mrs. Stubbs."¹

I may pass, then, to the more general correspondence, which I have roughly arranged according to subjects, ecclesiastical, historical, personal. I may, perhaps, introduce them by two personal reminiscences sent me by Mr. A. C. Benson. He writes—

"The Bishop of Oxford came down to Eton for a Confirmation, I think in 1897. I dined at the Provost's, and after dinner sate next the Bishop. He made me an ironical little bow as I sate down beside him, and began almost immediately to talk about Yorkshire with great interest and geniality. I had in the previous year sent him a little pedigree of my own family, with notes, which he mentioned, saying, 'Your pedigree book is a proof of what I believe to be a fact—that all eminent men trace their descent to some family that lived within ten miles of Ripon.' In the middle of our talk he stopped and said, 'But I must not go on like this—I dreamed the other night that Bishop Creighton came up to me, and said, "You have one fault—you talk too much: too much in public, and a great deal too much in private."' I demurred to this, and he said, 'Oh, I have a great belief in dreams as revealing the weaknesses to which one is blind in waking hours.'"

And he adds an extract from his diary—

"In Nov., 1899, I went over to Wellington College on the occasion of the opening of the new aisle of the chapel—a memorial to my father . . . sate next the Bishop of Oxford at luncheon, who was very rosy and good-humoured—he was in a most amusing autobiographical vein. He said, 'I have only three rules of life—Never do anything underhand, never

¹ *Life of Bishop Westcott*, ii. 234.

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get your feet wet, go to bed at ten.' I asked whether he had always kept them. 'Yes,' he said, smiling. Some one (I think Sir G. Higginson) said, 'Then we must ask at what time you get up.' 'No, that is inquisitorial,' he said, 'and I must run away.'"

To what Mr. Benson writes a little reminiscence from Dr. Wood may be a pendant—

"Alas! I find very little remaining of any letters of the Bishop which would be at all useful. Old letters from him I seem to have destroyed, and in late years, though he always answered a question immediately by return of post, he did so very briefly, often on a card. Indeed, I often wondered how, with his incessant occupations as Bishop and Historian, and with all the correspondence which that involved, he could find time for general correspondence. His memory, however, was so powerful and clear that he could depend upon it without hesitation, even on the most sudden emergency.

"I happened in 1893 to have an amusing illustration of this. I was endeavouring to find out something of the legend of S. Fremund in connexion with the Parish of Cropredy, his name appearing in a bequest in a will of 1488 leaving some gifts to his 'shrine.' But I had failed to get any information about the Saint, apart from the scanty notice in Baring Gould's *Lives of the Saints*. Just then I met the Bishop at the reopening of Heyford Church, in our neighbourhood. The service was over, ending with the Bishop's sermon, and a crowd surrounded him on the Rectory lawn, where a band was playing. One person after another came up to speak to the Bishop or consult him. Now, I thought, is the chance of asking him a question to which he will be obliged to answer, 'I don't know!' So I came up and, with mock seriousness, said, 'May I speak to your Lordship for a moment?' 'What do you want?' he answered, with a smile, holding out his hand. 'Who was S. Fremund?' I blurted out, feeling sure he would have to confess his ignorance, for I had already asked that question of other historians who shall be nameless. 'Ah!' he said, 'there's a good deal of the legendary in his life.' 'Yes, I have got so far.' 'H'm! he was connected with Mercia.' Then, after a moment's recollection, as if he

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had been present at the ceremony, 'he was buried at Dunstable.' And he added, 'When I get back to Cuddesdon I'll send you some references which you must look up.' "

First among the letters may come a few, on different subjects, to Archbishop Benson, with one from him.

CUDDESDON,
March 24, 1891.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—

Will you kindly advise me as to these two matters ?

(1) I have to consecrate the new Chapel at Eton College. Can you tell me where I shall find (A) a sentence, and (B) a service, fit for the occasion ? I think that your experience at Wellington College may suggest a source of information or example.

(2) What term of probation and testimonial would you exact from a Roman Catholic Priest who has married and been received into our Communion, before allowing him to officiate as a Clergyman ? I do not want to have him at all, but I am bound to try to be just, and have asked for his Letters of Orders, which I suppose that I shall not get. I do not want to trouble *you* with these questions, but perhaps you will tell Mr. Baynes¹ what to say.

With kindest regards,

I am
Yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
May 19, 1892.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,—

Thank you very much for the Hints, which I shall study and will value.

I am afraid that there is simply no chance of my coming to Folkestone. I am feeling my work here very oppressive,

¹ Then private chaplain to Archbishop Benson, afterwards Bishop of Natal, and now Vicar of S. Mary's, Nottingham.

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although I am sure that I have a good will, but the wind seems always in the East.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

22, PORTLAND PLACE, W.,
January 24, 1892.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,—

By the time you get this you will have reached home, I hope, all the better for your pilgrimage. I write to acknowledge your letter of the 16th from Constantine.

I confess that when I read the first page I thought that you were going to ask me to become protosyncellus, or apocrisiarius, of your Patriarchate; or, at least, what you know is the height of my secular ambition, a trustee of the British Museum. When I found what it was, I subsided into a consciousness of discipline. I shall be very glad to act as an episcopal referee in the counsels of the S.P.C.K. "If I have a weakness," it is for rejecting bad books. I shall be proud to indulge it.

I do not know whether you know of the terrible anxiety that we have been in about my second son—football accident, blood-poisoning, incisions, etc., etc. He is still quite helpless, but, we hope, mending. You will feel with us and think of us sometimes in this.

* * * * *

Then there is the Bampton. Oh, dear! I wish that we were all well—as I am not. Trusting that you are, I am

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON,
January 6, 1894.

MY DEAREST BISHOP,—

I am rather appalled at what I have done. If I have done wrong, what will you say to me?

I felt so much the force of what you said in our last talk of the need of a lawyer-like putting of the case of the English Church against Rome, and the nullity of the Roman case, that I told Dibdin, whom you named, all about it—as much as I

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could in your words—and told him that you said there were plenty of people ready to provide the results of research and historical investigation, if the lawyer could be found who could marshal all, and require points to be made certain, and omit the really irrelevant, however important and interesting to the scholar.

If Dibdin could undertake it, he would just do the thing wanted. I send you his answer, and now I am rather aghast. However, I do so thoroughly feel the necessity of a masterly argument, and do so believe that Dibdin would be an excellent *collaborateur*, that I cannot say my repentance is worth much.

And now I wonder what you will say.

Yours affectionately,

E. CANTUAR.

Every best New Year wish and hope.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

January 9, 1894.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—

I return with thanks Mr. Dibdin's very pretty letter. It must be thought over before I can say what I think about a plan. But I rather gather from it that he understands the proposal as for a more comprehensive thing than I had thought of. The claims of the Church of England, as against the Roman Church, to be the National Church, need not to be stated at great length, but to be stated clearly and with answers to the assumptions and presumptions that are just now set out as if they had never been refuted, and argued as if they were new material. If all is well, I may get some idea of a plan before we meet, then we can consult Mr. Dibdin. He is a very clear-headed man, and I could work very well with him if I could work at all, which is very problematical.

Ever yours,

W. OXON.

In 1891 an Irish Bishop wrote to the Bishop of Oxford to ask his opinion on the relations with the Spanish Reformed body. He said—"In my correspondence with the Archbishop of Dublin, in reference to the ordaining in Ireland of the Spanish Bishops, and using *their* Ordinal, I doubted if a Clerk so ordained

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

could legally officiate in the *Anglican communion*, and I also doubted the legality of the act, or at least its canonical character. In corresponding with the Bishop of . . . , he maintains it is lawful for a Bishop of one National Church to use a different ordination form, in ordaining a Clerk for another National Church, on the principle that the Form is *immaterial*, the essence being Imposition of Hands, and he quoted Pope Innocent IV. as affirming this. I maintain that ordination cannot be verified *solely* by Imposition of Hands, without a specified form of words. I believe there are instances in which it is acknowledged that ordination was conveyed without *Imposition of Hands*, and S. Jerome says it was added 'lest any one by silent and solitary prayer should be ordained without his knowledge.' Must we not, therefore, conclude that there must be always matter and form, and if a form of words is necessary, is it competent for a Bishop to ordain in any National Church using the ordinance of that Church, or is the form of words so immaterial that it can be *dispensed with*, or altered at pleasure?"

The Bishop's reply was as follows :—

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

August 26, 1891.

MY DEAR . . . ,

I got home from Germany yesterday, and have been reading and thinking over your letter of the 19th. I send you the following as my opinion, but as an opinion only.

(1) I do not think that a Bishop can independently confer Orders at all except according to the rule of the Church to which he owes his own ordination. Although he might perhaps join in the laying on of hands on a Bishop-elect in another Communion, his act would be supplementary and not of original jurisdiction or authority. Of course I would recognize the power of the particular Church to vary its forms within certain limits, so as not to compel a Bishop to use in ordination a form which his Church had thought fit to revise. Hence, I think that a Deacon ordained by an Irish Bishop according to a Spanish or other rite (not formally recognized by his own Church) would be in such an irregular condition that he would

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

not be legally qualified to work in our Church without supplementary or conditional reordination ; and I think that the Prelate who ordained him would be liable to legal or canonical censure.

(2) As to the questions about matter and form—irrespective of the point which I have just put—I have no doubt that both the imposition of hands and definite words of prayer are requisite for valid ordination—definite words, I mean, conveying the designation of the office or order for which the person to be ordained is intended. For although it may be shown that diversities of forms of prayer have been used in the same or different Churches during the long life of the Church, a designation of the special grace prayed for seems to be a *sine quâ non*. I do not know where to find the references you mention, but as this is only an opinion, perhaps it does not matter.

Even supposing that on general and equitable principles such a wild ordination as we have supposed could be regarded as valid, the acceptance or rejection of a person so ordained would be a matter for canonical scrutiny, and a Bishop who licensed him to officiate in his diocese would do so at his own peril—moral or legal—whatever that might mean in practice.

Believe me

Your faithful friend,

W. OXON.

In 1895 the Bishop of Oxford referred again to the subject in addressing his Rural Deans : he said “ that it was undesirable that strong and *ex parte* statements should be made [with regard to the consecration of a Spanish bishop] . . . but he could not but regard the consecration as an arbitrary even if it were a legal act, while the school and tone represented by the Spanish Reformed Prayer Book were not such as commended themselves to the sympathy of Churchmen.”

The two following letters to Bishop Creighton refer to the Pope's pronouncement on Anglican Orders.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

September 26, 1896.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—

Your intimation of the Archbishop's wish and intention is rather upsetting. I do not see, either, what sort of an answer to the Pope he can be contemplating. If it is to be a controversial reply it would be better in the hands of the specialists who have the Pope's *τόποι* in hand already: if it is for the comforting of the unhappy (about whom . . . writes), surely he himself should draft the thing, and ask his counsellors to revise it; and if it is something betwixt and between, the first step must be for him to mark distinctly the controversial points on which people will want to be reassured. I do not see that I can be of any possible use in any of the three courses. However, I imagine, the first thing that must be done is to get a clear abstract of what the Pope has said; and that I have certainly, under the pressure of work, not been able to attempt. If I could have talked a bit with you, I might have got some light; and John of Salisbury will by this time have got the *rationale* of the thing into his head. But all my life I have steered clear of controversy, and I have neither the knowledge nor the temper that qualifies people for such tasks. And just now, when all diocesan work is beginning, the proposal is puzzling and embarrassing in the highest degree.

So far as I can see now, the Pope seems to set the whole question on the connexion of the priestly function with his own or the Tridentine teaching on the Eucharist. To disprove his thesis would be a very long piece of work, and to answer his encyclical without tackling it would be neither dignified nor I think useful. Any explanation of his misrepresentations of Anglican beliefs and history might be managed best by the scholars who have been working at the subject; but such controversy is like struggling with feather-beds. But if he is to be met on the Eucharistic thesis, the champion on our side will be in terrible danger of being tripped up by the existing Protestant party, who must play into the Pope's hands. That is all that I can see to say as yet.

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

September 30, 1896.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—

Thank you for your second letter. Since I wrote to you on Saturday I have had time to read the Pope's and to gather up the point and meaning of it.

I can see how the declarations of his predecessors which he quotes, as well as the Tridentine canons, are all posterior to the formation of our Ordinal, and, however authoritative with him and his, are not the standard by which the editors of the Ordinal can be judged. Yet I think that the Roman party have always been consistent in declaring that our form is insufficient or unlawful, although not on the grounds which the Pope now sets up. This evidently has the aim of dividing us on the Sacramental question as well as of defining the present Roman theory. This being so, I do not see that the occasional half-promises to consider the matter have ever been more than diplomatic subterfuges: I do not believe that any of them ever intended the due recognition, and doubt whether they ever were made.

As for the Pope's argument, as opposed to his citations, I think that we may fairly say that our words of Ordination to the Priesthood cover the whole ground of the Sacraments as understood from time to time in the Church from the beginning. "Be thou a faithful dispenser, etc.," would cover any *theory* of the Sacraments, whilst the Roman and very ancient prayers, especially the one in which the words *panem et vinum in corpus et sanguinem transforment* occur, do not limit the dispensing of that Sacrament by a definition which can scarcely be called primitive—and certainly is not inseparable from faith in the true presence of the Saviour in the Sacrament.

And the rest of the papal letter is verbiage.

As for Vaughan, I do not think that any man writing or speaking in the spirit of Christ would express himself as he did—but he is already doing more harm to his own cause than to ours

However, none of these things can well be put into a draft of a letter for the Archbishop to put his name to; nor could he well go into a controversy to show that Eastern Liturgies

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

which Leo regards as sufficient do not contain the defining words ; nor indeed that the Roman forms themselves do not insert them in the vital portion of their Ordinal. And if he did, the contention would not carry much weight with people outside.

The alternative would seem to be what you put, a distinct assertion of our historical and justifiable theological position. But how to frame this without getting into argument I do not see. Still, the Bishop of Salisbury, like the Archbishop himself, is a ready draftsman ; and I dare say you are too. I think that the *Guardian* will have an article to-night which may help the weak brethren—but as for the outside to which the Archbishop must speak, I can suggest nothing beyond what I have said already, in my Charge and in this letter.

Ever yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

Two other letters to Professor Collins (now Bishop of Gibraltar) refer to the same subject.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

January 11, 1898.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—

I have no notes, or anything to say, about the answer to Cardinal Vaughan.

I suppose that the Archbishops will consider the expediency and the character of an answer. The one thing that strikes me is the cool way in which they—the Vaughan, etc—leave the grace of God out of the discussion.

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

January 24, 1898.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—

I see that the *Vindication* makes a good deal of the words *propter nullitatem consecrationis* quoted by Wharton in his notes on Burnet, in reference to the deprivation of Bishop Taylor of Lincoln in 1554. I cannot find that I have anywhere a copy of the document in the register of the D.S.C. of Canterbury, from which Wharton took the words.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

It might be important to ascertain whether they occur in a formal act of Court, or in a cursory description of the events of the day.

The commission which deprived Taylor is in Rymer ; and it does not mention nullity of consecration, but defect of title arising from the Bishop's accepting the appointment *quamdiu se bene gesserint*.

I hope that I am not giving you trouble. It is possible that you have the thing at hand. I think that the quotation is from the Canterbury Register and not from the D.S.C. Register S.V. at Lambeth.

Ever yours,

W. OXON.

The following letter of Bishop Westcott refers to the Charge which dealt especially with Leo XIII's letter to the people of England, with the re-marriage of divorced persons, and with "Church Reform."

AUCKLAND CASTLE, BISHOP AUCKLAND,

July 6, 1896.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF OXFORD,—

Let me thank you heartily for your Charge. I read it for my spiritual refreshment yesterday. It is refreshing to find the clear and wise acknowledgment of many sides to great questions, and I find myself, to my great comfort, in full agreement with you on most of the "burning" topics of the day. ἐν τῇ ὑπομονῇ ὑμῶν κτήσεσθε τὰς ψυχὰς ὑμῶν¹ is the most cheering promise. I think I can be patient, even if I am summoned away on Friday for an eight hours' journey.

Ever yrs. most sincerely,

B. F. DUNELM.

During the last years of his life, the Bishop, though he constantly and half humorously complained that he never read anything—but he did read an amazing number of novels—was not far behind in all the advances of historical criticism. An extremely interesting letter to Professor W. E. Collins

¹ S. Luke xxi. 19.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

criticized in detail a suggested list of books to be issued by the Church Historical Society. "The suggestions are admirable, the selections questionable, and the criticisms risky." He read Professor Vinogradoff, Professor Maitland, Dr. Liebermann, and many more; he found time to run through the books of young authors and send them words of kind encouragement; he was always ready to consider new lights on constitutional history, and, if he thought it needful, to modify what he himself had written. And above all, he would always answer, fully and by return of post, the many inquirers who wrote to him on historical points. The next few letters are examples of the inquiries addressed to him, and of some of the answers he sent.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,

October 6, 1889.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF OXFORD,—

I have found it necessary to reply to some criticisms on a paper of mine in the *Nineteenth Century* last year which you were good enough to look over.

I rely again upon your kindness to look over the proofs which I send herewith, and to see whether they contain anything that shocks your fine and true historic sense.

I have only corrected one or two palpable 'printer's' errors.

You will I am sure agree that the argument is of importance and the positions worth defending.

I trust the inconveniences of transplanting are now at an end.

Believe me,

With great regard and respect,

Faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Of course I do not dream of imposing any responsibility for reference and the like.

The two following letters are from Dr. Bright, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, the first with regard to the proposed gift of a pastoral staff to the Bishop of Reading, the

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

second on the "Higher Criticism" of the Old Testament. They were addressed to Canon Holmes, but intended for the Bishop also.

CHRIST CHURCH,

September 11, 1889.

MY DEAR HOLMES,—

So far as the Roman Pontifical can be a guide, one would say that any person consecrated to the episcopal office may use a pastoral staff, just as he may wear a mitre. In that rite both "ornaments" are formally conferred. But I do not well know whether—now, at any rate—Rome recognizes the institution of Bishops Suffragan in our sense of the word. I think that the Bishops are either (1) real, or (2) titular, diocesans, or (3) coadjutors *cum jure successionis*. A Bishop Suffragan, such as we know in England, comes under neither head. Still a Roman divine would grant that if his church were to appoint such a Bishop, he would possess the full episcopal rank, and, I presume, would wear the full episcopal insignia.

At the same time, if the Bishop of the Diocese does not use a pastoral staff it might seem a little incongruous for his Suffragan to accept one! But perhaps that "if" needn't be taken account of; perhaps *the* Bishop intends to use his. I hope so.

Yours ever sincerely,

W. BRIGHT.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,

October 2, 1892.

MY DEAR HOLMES,—

My best thanks again to the Bishop. I have made extracts from both the sermons as I wished to do.

I should like to see both printed, but with some expansion of several passages. This would bar misconception such as might perhaps result from the inevitable brevity of an oral address on such points as e.g. the taking of the Bible from our Lord as He gives it. For I think people might say the question turns on how He gives it, how far, that is, He

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

commits us, as servants accepting His teaching with absolute submission and faith, to all hitherto received opinions as to the Old Testament canon. And one would not like to hear such a cavil as that young clergymen were told they must close their minds to all critical questions until, in the next life, answers should be attainable. This would be a gross cavil, but it is the sort of thing which in some quarters would be taken up. And apart from the expediency of providing against misapprehension, one would be so glad to have that extremely suggestive point about "schemes of agreeing to differ" brought out into yet further light: it might be of eminent service after "Grindelwald." In the previous address—(or was it a sermon? I don't think I was present if it was preached)—the enforcement of a distinction between an actual surrender of divine powers in the "Kenosis" and a "continuous" (or habitual) self-restraint in the use of them, in accordance with self-improved conditions of work, is to me the most valuable contribution that has yet been made to a true estimate of that tremendously important passage.

Yours affectionately,

W. BRIGHT.

The next is to the Bishop of S. Asaph, who sent for his inspection some ancient documents of his See. "I sent him"—the Bishop writes to me—"an old book found here with the entry of Bishop Warton's election (1536), together with some old deeds."

February 27, 1896.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—

I return with many thanks the bundle of documents you so kindly sent me.

The Warton sheet is invaluable, as a waif and stray encouraging the hope that some such record may yet turn up in the case of Barlow, and also as showing that care was at the time taken to make such record, whilst its condition shows how little care was taken to preserve the documents so carefully drawn. It agrees in all points with the Lambeth record of Warton's consecration. Of the other documents the Bishop

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

of Bangor's little act (copy) is most interesting. The charter of which it is a copy is described as *antiquam* by the notary public, who looks ancient himself. It must, as you say, belong to Lewis, not Llewelyn as the notary seems to have read him. This could only be the schismatic rebel who was set up by Owen Glendower. The charter seems to show that he was really consecrated, probably under the patronage of one of the schismatic Popes, and at some date unknown was at the head of the Chapter. Brady makes him out to be translated in 1418 to Ross in Scotland. He must have been a "Home Rule" Bishop anyhow.

I hope that you will get them back safe. I am very glad to have seen them.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

As a comment on the reference to Barlow I may add this extract from a letter (December 15, 1892) to Canon Holmes in which the Bishop says that he has written to another person "As at Parker's consecration all the four Bishops laid on their hands and joined in the invocation, I see no reason to doubt their joint action. The whole quibble of the R.C. argument against the consecration turns on the question of Barlow's consecration. They think that by challenging us to produce the record of that act they can invalidate his position, and then by making him the sole consecrator can invalidate that of Parker. It has to be shown, however, that even supposing him not to be a Bishop, the action of the other three was not valid. *I have not the shadow of a doubt that Barlow was a Consecrated Bishop*, or that the other three were valid co-consecrators.

The following is an example of an immediate reply to a question of some difficulty. The question was put thus in a letter from Mr. F. Haverfield—

I wonder if I may ask your aid in answering a question sent me by Mommsen. An unknown MS. (10th cent.) of Nennius was recently unearthed at Chartres: in it are some paragraphs which are not in the known N., and in one of these

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

paragraphs is a statement that the Saxons invaded England, or something else happened of the sort, in such and such a year, *sicut Libine abas iae* (? de) *Inripum civitate invenit vel reperit* (Printed *Revue Celtique*, last No., p. 177). Mommsen is editing Nennius and wants to find out about this abbot—historian (or novelist). I can find nothing in Dugdale or Fowler's *Memorials* (Surtees Soc.)—I am sure that, if any one knows, you do. If you could make Holmes write me a post-card with the answer, I should be most grateful. You will believe that, except for Mommsen's sake, I should not have troubled you at all.

And this was the answer—

(1) Libranus *Abbot of Ia* (Iona) see Bishop Forbes' *Kalendar of Scottish Saints*, p. 378—only known as his story is told by Adamnan (Reeves, *Adamn. V.S. Columba* (ed. 1874) p. 278, etc.)—what he could have to do at Ripon I know not. There seems to be nothing to fix the date except the mention by Adamnan, and the two Librans may not have been the same.

(2) If you read *de* instead of *Iæ*, the man may be Leobwin, the apostle of Friesland; whose life by Hucbald (Pertz, *Monum* II., 361–363) is very valuable. He was an Englishman and may have been connected with Ripon or have visited the place; but, as you see by Fowler's *Ripon Books*, there is no known connexion. If the reading *de* is right it would be an interesting addition to the history of S. Leobwin.

(3) It is curious that the best known man of the name belongs to Chartres—but his date is too early.

(4) S. Suidbert—first Bishop of *Fresia* (Bede, V. 11.)—was ordained by S. Wilfrid of *Ripon* about 964. Leobwin is mentioned in the Apocryphal Marcellinus (V.S. Suidberti) as a disciple of S. Suidbert.

The next are two letters to the Bishop's old friend the Dean of Durham.

Dr. Kitchin forwarded on to Bishop Stubbs a letter of questions as to the Poore family, and Richard of Ilchester, Bishop of Winchester.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

October 12, 1893.

MY DEAR KITCHIN,—

Mr. X. is a bore : he writes and asks questions that the slightest acquaintance with the books on his subject would clear up. Refer him to Cassan's lives of the Bishops of Winchester and to Foss's *Judges* for Richard of Ilchester, and let him search their references.

The descent of the Poores of Tarrant from the Bishop's family is an old story for which I have never seen any authority produced. Whatever can be made out of it must be made by searching the origin of the Poores—not by pottering among the graves of the Bishops. It is like the descent of the Yorkshire *Pudseys* from Hugh de Puiset—absolutely, so far as evidence goes, unproved. But if Mr. X. wants to work it out he must learn how to work. Richard of Ilchester was born in the Diocese of Bath ; it is said at a place called Soch (or Sock ?) (Richardson's *Godwin*), near Taunton. No doubt, if his son was born at Tarrant, he may have lived there. He was probably not ordained priest until he became elect of Winton. Archdeacons were then generally in deacon's orders. I wish Mr. X. was.

Lawrence is to matriculate to-day or to-morrow. I hope that Mrs. Kitchen is well.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

December 31, 1896.

MY DEAR KITCHIN,—

I am thankful to see your handwriting again even if it be the terror of having to read a sermon of mine that has compelled you to write. I am very glad that you can give such a good account of yourself and Mrs. Kitchen and most heartily wish you and all your party a Happy New Year.

As for Cyprian, I do not believe that he was a negro ; somebody would surely have said so. Certainly the highly civilized people of North Africa would be Italian, or Greek, or Semitic enough to be free from the black infusion. I see that

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

Archbishop Benson does not question his colour in the *Dictionary of Biography*, and if he does not, who could have a right to do it? So I leave him. Watson, who was at Oxford in our time and is now Chaplain to John of Salisbury, has I believe parsed all that Cyprian ever wrote;—he may know, being young.

I was at the Censors' supper the other night. It is curious how much and how little is left of old times. Now they are looking for a successor at Hawkhurst for the still Senior Student Jeffreys. But the idea of little Sidney Owen as Censor is sensational indeed.

All our best love.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

Among foreign correspondents was still to be found Dr. Liebermann, to whom there are a few letters. Writing in 1894 to Dr. G. W. Prothero the Bishop said—

“I know Liebermann very well, and have known him ever since he took his degree. He is a man of first-rate ability in both research and criticism on historical matters, and a clear and judicious critic of men, as well as books.”

CUDDESDON, WHEATLEY,
September 8, 1889.

MY DEAR LIEBERMANN,—

Thank you most devoutly for your little tractate and edition of the *De locis Sanctis*, if that is the right name. It has arrived just in time to “orientate” me in my Preface to *W. Malmesb.*, vol. ii.

I hope that you are flourishing, and that we shall meet again some day.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
November 16, 1891.

MY DEAR DR. LIEBERMANN,—

Thank you very much for the *Quadripartitus*, which arrived yesterday. I am delighted with it, and rejoice to think that

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

you are continuing your most effective labours on the subjects which are still most interesting to me, although I must cease to work at them myself.

I am yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
March 19, 1894.

MY DEAR LIEBERMANN,—

Thank you very much for your paper on the London Collection of Laws. It is really kind of you not to forget me, and I wish that I had anything better than my gratitude to offer you in return.

I am, however,
Always yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
October 15, 1897.

I have just received the first instalment of the *Anglo-Saxon Laws*. Let me offer you my very best thanks, both for the invaluable gift, and for the indication it gives me of your continued friendship and regard.

It is a very splendid piece of work, and ought to set many vexed questions at rest, either by settling them summarily, or by determining that they are to be questions, provoking and stimulating, for ever. For one really cannot venture to anticipate as probable any new discoveries of material.

It was a great pleasure to catch sight of you, even for a few minutes, as I did early in the year at Oxford. I am beginning to fear that of my old German friends very few indeed are left. And I value more than ever the work and kindness of the few who, like you, remember me as having been once a fellow-worker. Believe me,

Ever yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

June 27, 1899.

MY DEAR LIEBERMANN,—

Thank you very much for your kindness in sending me the slips of reviews, and most especially for the second instalment of your great invaluable work on the Anglo-Saxon Laws.

I am glad that you have incorporated the letter of Cnut, which I unearthed at York with the aid of Chancellor Raine, and which I was the first to print. I enclose you a copy of private issue, containing, I doubt not, some misreadings and some misrepresentations, but still an *Editio princeps*.¹

I hope and trust that you are well, and in health and studies flourishing as you deserve.

Believe me

Ever yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

The letters which follow are addressed to Dr. George Prothero, now President of the Royal Historical Society, who when the first letters were written was Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and later was Professor of History at Edinburgh. A suggestion had often been made that Dr. Stubbs's *Select Charters* should be continued: the following letters are placed together for convenience, as they trace the history of what eventually became a valuable companion volume of *Constitutional Documents of the Reign of Elizabeth and James I*, edited by Dr. Prothero, and published by the Delegates of the University Press at Oxford.

CHESTER,

June 8, 1884.

MY DEAR PROTHERO,—

I have been too busy to answer your note before. The reason why I have never done a second series of *Select Charters* is that I could not make up my mind whether to give the Norman-French with the translation, or the translation alone. If the translation alone, one rather throws over the principle of originality. What do you think?

¹ See bibliography, Appendix.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

I have lectured in continuation on several important things of Edw. II and Edw. III: after whom the matter becomes thin until the Reformation. I think that we might very well in conjunction do a second series, in one thick or two thin volumes. I would select and comment to the reign of Eliz. if you would from that date to 1688. The bulk of the Editorial work would fall on you, but that could be settled between us in dividing the profits. What do you think? If we could arrive at a good basis, we might begin negotiating with the Press.

Yours ever,
W. CESTR.

CHESTER,
August 20, 1884.

MY DEAR PROTHERO,—

Thank you for your letter, which requires to be thought over, as we must be careful about the *size* of the book we contemplate. This consideration makes me hesitate about the translation of the French documents. But we must talk all the details over when we meet.

I am not likely to be at Oxford or London this year for more than a day at a time. So when your holyday is over you must make up your mind to come here and hold a conference about the book.

Yours very faithfully,
W. CESTR.

CHESTER,
March 30, 1885.

MY DEAR PROTHERO,—

I am so busy that I must answer your letter now for fear I should forget it.

I think that your programme is sufficiently far advanced to be sent in to the Delegates, and when you write, I will communicate with them too. But (1) I am inclined to think that your book had better not wait for mine, but be a third series at once—leaving me to provide a second, which I will undertake to do in good time; only it will be a pity to keep back yours for mine.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

(2) You *must* be able to define space and size of volume. I confess that your programme seems to me too large for one volume, and I do not feel sure that the Delegates will accept more than two (mine and yours).

I think that your plan is admirable, large as it is. But I would try to get a provisional promise from the Delegates before quite deciding on the extent of material to be included. Better leave out a whole topic than cut down the more essential parts.

I will write again if any light comes to me. I shall not get to Cambridge until May.

Yours ever,
W. CESTR.

CHESTER,
October 20, 1885.

MY DEAR PROTHERO,—

Your letter of July 26 arrived just as I was starting for Ravenna, and Ravenna has driven all modern things out of my head.

I return your residuum of 1 Eliz. c. 1. I think that you have given enough of it, but a note might as well supply the references to the repealed Acts.

I also return your sketch of plan of illustration, which seems to me to be very sufficient. I think that if you can succeed in getting the whole period so illustrated you will have made a very valuable addition to our accessible stores.

I am afraid that for anything like illustrations of the Council and Star Chamber, etc., you will have to go first to the Record Office, and next to such collections as the Burghley papers, printed and MS. I suppose, however, that you have already ransacked the latter. I would also go carefully over the references in Froude, in case he has hit on any store of papers that may furnish interesting matter. I am afraid that you will have to go through a deal of chaff and dust before you get any new grain for this.

I am very sorry that I have kept your papers so long ; but

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ever since I got home I have been trotted up and down the country and scarcely able to read my letters.

Yours ever,
W. CESTR.

CH. CH.,
February 9, 1889.

MY DEAR PROTHERO,—

I am so overwhelmed with engagements that even the shadow of so distant a one as the Examination of Essays in 1891 is somewhat appalling. I am very much honoured by your wish to nominate me as examiner for the Thirlwall Prize, but I must, I think, decline. So far as I can see now "my history is written."

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
August 18, 1893.

MY DEAR PROTHERO,—

I think that it is very desirable to print the oath of James I as you have sent it to me : of course you would have a note giving warning of the controversial point connected with it, and not committing yourself to the assertion that the additional clauses were used (although I think they must have been) unless you are quite clear about it. It might be as well to be quite sure that there is no copy at the Record Office—that would settle the point.

The clauses are more like Whitgift than Laud, and the occasion of James' coronation much more fit for the introduction of them than Charles's. I have only had Wordsworth's edition to consult.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
January 10, 1894.

MY DEAR PROTHERO,—

I have been obliged to write my suggestions on your beautiful copy. You can easily cross them out if you do not like them.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

In doing so I am going a little beyond my last, for it must be thoroughly understood that you alone are responsible for the Introduction. It covers a great deal of ground on which I have very much less knowledge than you have ; and if my approval has to be signified at all, it had better be done in a prefatory note in which our relation can be made clear.

Most of my suggestions are verbal ; but unless you are in the body of the book committed to the form "Stuart"—please spell "Stewart."

You will see that in my suggestions I have tried to eliminate words of controversy—perhaps more than you would care ?—but I think safer.

I think you have managed the whole thing wonderfully well. I should not always have written as you do, but I belong to the reign of George IV.

The only bit that I have serious misgivings about is that on special commissions, in reference to which you mention the trial of Sir Thos. More. I think that you are wrong, but it may be that I am confused.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

The last is a postcard.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
February 1, 1894.

MY DEAR PROTHERO,—

I have nothing to suggest with reference to your Preface. It says all that need be said, and that is the highest praise. I hope that the omens are good.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

The following letter to Miss Frances Arnold-Forster, the author of the valuable *Studies in Church Dedications*, who wrote to ask his opinion on a difficult point relating to the identity of S. Eadburga, the patroness of Lyminge, is interesting, as Miss Arnold-Forster says, "as illustrating the prompt kindness with which the Bishop met the inquiry, bringing all the fulness of his scholarly knowledge to bear upon it."

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THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

October 11, 1896.

MY DEAR MADAM,—

I am afraid that I cannot resolve your doubts about S. Eadburga of Lyminge. That such a person was buried there I think cannot be doubted: *ubi pausat corpus beate Eadburgae* (Charter of 804, Birch, *Cart. Sax.* No. 317; Kemble, *Cod. Dipl.* No. 188). This is too early, I should think, to suggest a confusion with Ethelburga. I suppose that Murray's editor simply adopted the view given in the *Monasticon*, I. 452, that the two were identical. Canon Jenkyns, the late Vicar of Lyminge, worked up the whole of the history, according to his lights, very thoroughly, and printed some little books about it. I am sorry that I have not got them; but I believe that he identified some graves to his own satisfaction. It seems odd that, in the Charter of 804, Eadburga should be mentioned and not Ethelburga, unless you suppose them identical. And it is also odd that this Eadburga does not appear in the genealogies.

There are, you see, presumptions both ways, but supposing the reading of the Charter of 804 (which is given likewise in the *Monasticon*, I. 453) to be right, the balance is slightly in favour of distinguishing Eadburga from Ethelburga.

I do not know what value can be attached to the grant by one Athelstan (A.D. 964) to Liminges, *ubi sepulta est Sancta Eadburga*—but that looks in the same direction. Birch, *Cart. Sax.* No. 1126. I am afraid that I can get no further. As a rule, a statement by Capgrave, or his class, about an early identification, is suspicious; but in the case of the Kentish monasteries it does seem that we have occasional glimpses of lost record, which it is not well to reject absolutely.

I am yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

Mr. Stevenson, Fellow of Exeter College, might be able to tell you something new.¹

It may be said here that the Bishop did not always answer unknown inquirers so fully. As the Knaresborough worthy

¹ The publication of Dr. Liebermann's *Die Heiligen Englands* has settled the question in favour of the existence of S. Eadburga.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

says, he was not one of those "that write for writing's sake." He was obliged often to return a rapid, if not a sharp, answer to applicants for information. Here is one (October 16, 1892), addressed to one of his clergy:—

"I return Mr. . . . 's letter. I see that he is contemplating the publication of a book. If that means that he wants my opinion to quote, I will not answer his questions. I presume that he has the materials before him, and my opinion on his use of them must wait until I see what he makes of them." He adds—"The matter which he is meddling with will simply arouse the Roman Catholic and Protestant partisans, and do no good whatever. Pray choke him off."

This by the way. There are many more examples on the other side, and to those who knew what they were writing about he always replied with consideration.

The following letter, to Dr. Augustus Jessopp, contains an interesting reminiscence of the famous Dr. S. R. Maitland.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

June 17, 1891.

MY DEAR DR. JESSOPP,—

I can really tell you hardly anything about Dr. Maitland's doings at Lambeth. I went and stayed with him at Gloucester in 1862 or 1863, just after I was appointed Librarian, with an idea of getting from him some notion of what his plan of management was. He was very kind, but very sleepy, and told me very little. He did, however, give me a box full of slips prepared for an improved Catalogue, which I left in the Library in 1867, and which were (possibly) used in making the Catalogue (Interleaved Bodleian) now used in the Library. This, with the two volumes of Catalogue and Description of early printed books, and the collecting of a quantity of fragments taken from the Bindings of the older volumes, comprises pretty nearly all the Librarian work which he did in the Library itself. He contemplated, I think, a classified Catalogue, but did not alter materially the existing shelf arrangements. He had an old clerk, whom I used to know very well, who wrote for him and attended generally in the Library. The Literary work which he did there would have to be calculated out of

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the *British Magazine*—but, so far as I remember, his references in his printed books are not often made to Lambeth copies, but to books in his own library or at Gloucester.

The exact circumstances of his leaving the Library I never could hear. In all probability, however, it would be that Abp. Sumner did not ask him to continue his work, and the appointment being regarded as a personal chaplaincy, the Archbishop nominated his son John Thomas, whose appointment, I suppose, lapsed when Abp. Longley nominated me. In the condition of things in 1848, the Archbishop knowing Maitland principally as critic of Milner and Fox, would scarcely be likely to give him the option of remaining—but he certainly ought to have done something complimentary—and as he did not, I have no doubt that Dr. Maitland was a little disgusted. He did not talk much to me, and not at all about that—chiefly about Dr. Mill and Hugh James Rose, which talk brightened him up very much, as did the *Record* and the *Spiritualists' Magazine*, which he told me were the only papers he then read. That is pretty nearly all.

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

This is to the Rev. R. L. Ottley, who was engaged on a *Life of Bishop Andrewes*, and concerned as to the burning of Leggatt.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

November 27, 1893.

MY DEAR OTTLEY,—

Thank you very much for the reference which I have been hunting for for years. I am most grateful.

About Andrewes—Pattison had a way of looking at things very distortingly, and would make the worst of anything that he found connecting the Bishops with burning people. But I do not think that he ever invented things. I find nothing in any book that I have here that illustrates the matter. But I have not got Fuller, who I suspect is, with a light heart, the authority for Pattison. Leggatt was tried in the Bishop of London's Court, and condemned under the commonly received practice of the Bishop's Court. But it was no doubt, every way, an extreme and exceptional case, and was likely to have been

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

before the Court of High Commission, of which Andrewes would be a member before it came to its unfortunate end. There are some references in Lingard which might be useful—but Macray at the Bodleian would be the likeliest man to refer you to original material. I have not got even Andrewes's own books.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

The following is the response to a suggestion for abridgment of the *Constitutional History*.

(To E. AUSTIN, Esq.)

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

June 1, 1899.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am very much obliged to you for your kind and interesting letter on the subject of a possible abridgment of my *Constitutional History*.

The matter has been before me and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press for many years, and we have, after due consideration of the proposal and of the proposers at various times, answered that we could not see our way to accept the scheme. One result no doubt has been to put Mr. Langmead's book forward rather prominently—but that we cannot help. But another has been to facilitate the production of really valuable and useful works like Mr. Medley's on the same subject, in which the materials are treated succinctly and progressively, and, as is almost equally important, successfully. I am afraid that, so far as my work is concerned, the book must be left alone, except so far as revision at each opening for a new edition is possible. And this is what I have felt myself obliged to say to the History Board and Tutors at Oxford when abridgment or re-writing has been wanted. I hope that you will not think me ungrateful for your kind communication.

I am yours sincerely,
W. OXON.

This letter to one of the ablest of those men who knew him as Professor at Oxford will be read with interest. Professor

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J. W. Ashley, now of Birmingham, says, "In all my travels—Toronto, Harvard, and now at Birmingham—his portrait has confronted me every day of my life."

CUDDESDON,

October 26, 1889.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—

Thank you very much for sending me the *Political Science Review*, and still more for your kind note. It is so very pleasant to think that one has a friend on the other side of the Atlantic that thinks it worth while to send a good wish. I am much amused with your strictures on Rogers. I do not know that I ever thought much of his logic, but I was unprepared to find that his facts were hypotheses. You remember how we used to regard the Black Death, etc., as a sort of Gulf Stream that accounted for anything that nothing else could account for in those times. But if you get a man astride on one principle, it is like a beggar on horseback, and that is an incident that happens to other historians besides Rogers, as no one knows better than I. I have just finished William of Malmesbury with a long miscellaneous set of prolegomena, which nobody will care to read. I am afraid that this ends my connexion with the Rolls Series, which seems to be passing into a new sort of hands. I hope that you and your wife are happy at Toronto.

Ever yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

Letters such as these were now in the majority. Very few letters were written to personal friends. These seem to be the last two to Mr. Freeman, and one of them is an apology for not having written.

CUDDESDON,

September 7, 1889.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

I am very sorry, but if you knew what a worry I have been in for the last year you would not wonder. If I have been

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careless about answering your letters, it was only because I knew that you were the one man in the world who would not be offended—more shame to me.

At the same time I do remember that the letter you wrote me from Milan gave me no address to write to. Anyhow, if you are up this next Term we will make it up.

As to Bliss's letter—at the last meeting of the Hist. MSS. Commission, Lord Esher was speaking with *enthusiasm* about the foreign work done by the Record Office people at Rome and elsewhere. At the same time I have little acquaintance with the result of Bliss's searches. If I am asked for my opinion of course it would be favourable.

I have just had ten days' holyday. I dare say it will be my last.

Ever yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

CUDDESDON,
December 27, 1890.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,—

What is the quantity of the *ā* in Eboracum? I believe that it is the same as that of the *i* in Corinthum.

Wishing you many happy Christmases.

I hope that your anxieties about Mrs. Evans are passing away. I was extremely sorry to hear that she was so ill. My Lawrence is reading your *Norman Conquest* (? with appetite).

Our kindest remembrances.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

Here is another to a great friend who still survives—

CUDDESDON,
January 12, 1891.

MY DEAREST DEAN,—

Thank you very much for your kind letter, which amused me very much as well as interested me. I am very glad that G. F. Browne is going to S. Paul's. About York I am less

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satisfied, though the chances were so heavy in the direction of a worse appointment. The new Archbishop¹ is a true man and fearless; if a little autodoxical and paradoxical, not more so, perhaps, than other people. He can make himself heard too, and he must have experience enough to know that the reign of *obstinatus* must cease. However, you will have "High old Times," in Convocation, and there will be no need to introduce Bagatelle into the Upper House. With him, Carlisle Manchester, Ripon, and Chester, you will have all the speaking power of the Church.

We are still in blockade, and as my Confirmations begin on Thursday, I shall have to run it. It seems looking far ahead, but is there no chance of your being able to join in a little expedition in July?

Ever yours,

W. OXON.

But his chaplain received a series of delightful letters, when he was ill and away, or the Bishop was taking one of the short holidays abroad. From these I am allowed to print the following bits of description of tours with his sons.

HEIDELBERG,

July 20, 1894.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

We came here this morning and found your very acceptable letter, for which accept my best thanks. The boys enjoyed loafing at Schaffhausen—they do not "enthuse." . . . considers most places beastly, so his passion for travel might be indulged more cheaply than in Bavaria—both of them loathe churches and decline walking except on level ground—so most of the objects of foreign expeditions are rather shunted. Still, I shall be anxious to hear what sort of reports they give you when we get home. We went on Monday from Neuhausen to Freiburg—the best place in the Black Forest. But the Hotel was crumply, the weather bad, and not an inch of level ground. We stayed two nights, and on Wednesday got to Baden, where we absolutely did nothing but loaf. There was a beastly old castle, that . . . and I enjoyed seeing once, but . . . stuck

¹ Archbishop Magee.

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to the plains and we watched people playing lawn tennis, and read Tauchnitz. For me the system of rest is perfect. So you will see that our tour is of the most uneventful, and, I think, will probably have done me more good than last year's—that is, if we do not overrun ourselves in the race home. I still think that we may get home on Wednesday. We stay here until Monday—then to Cologne—Tuesday, Cologne to Brussels—Wednesday, Brussels to London—reaching Victoria at 7.10, and probably Oxford at 9.28—if later, to be waited for. I should come on, I think, even if I leave the two lads in London. If we determine to take an extra day—it will still be the same train, I think, that will bring us to Oxford; if not, I will telegraph.

Of course Kennion's appointment is a surprise; but I like what I know of him very much—and I should think him a very safe man. He is a Harrogate boy—his grandfather was Vicar, and I think that in a distant sort of way I am somehow related to him. It is curious that the old parish of Knaresborough should now have three Bishops.

Please to keep yourself in condition. I see poor dear old . . . is dead: you remember writing to him not to come to Cuddesdon when I was in the chill last August. Oh, dear—

Give my best love to my Crystal Glass Mrs. Catherine S. and her daughter.

Ever yours,

W. OXON.

MILAN,

July 20, 1895.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

* * * * *

We have got on well, although it has been very hot and will be hotter. Our principal amusement has been hunting for English papers and news of the elections. It is wonderful—what a spill!—I remember nothing like it.

Our route has been from Cologne to Heidelberg on Saturday, Heidelberg to Freiburg Monday, Freiburg to Basel Wednesday, Basel to Lucerne Thursday, Lucerne to Milan Friday.

So we have slept in beds every night—and consumed victuals according to the laws of nature. I think that we shall not go

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further South—but to Genoa and then on by the Riviera route to Marseilles—seeing some Southern cities of France. But it is all *in nubibus*, and they may be thundery. We have met singularly few known people ; at Basel we saw Fraser, late of Westbury, coming to England to his aunt Mrs. Fraser's funeral, the Bishop of Manchester's widow. Every other co-sojourner has been an American. We have come to the conclusion that we have nothing to do but to do nothing, a sort of compound *far niente* ; so we do it. . . .

I think that all Italy is making jam. Such are the odours. . . . is teaching me the art of refreshment by lemon squash. So you can get the good lady to lay in a store. Good-bye and thanks for all your goodness. Best love to those at home. I think that we have had enough Holyday, but we are a long way off you.

I see poor John Morley is cut out.

Ever yours,

W. OXON.

MARSEILLES,

July 28, 1895.

DEAR FRIEND,—

We have not got to Avignon yet, so have not your despatch—and, indeed, I anticipate that we shall not be there before Wednesday—so I must be patient ; but I hope that all is well, and the public news we have in the *New York Herald* pretty regularly. I wrote to you from Milan on Sunday. On Monday we went by Genoa to Pegli, and stayed there at a comfortable inn, of which Mrs. Bradley of Westminster is the patron saint. And on Tuesday on to San Remo. All the great Hotels were shut up, but we got quiet rooms at a small Inn with an American Manageress, who did for us. We had a drive round—enjoyed the place—and on the Wednesday went on to Nice. There we stayed two nights. Unfortunately I fell a victim to musquitos. It is well that it was not . . . —who, I fear, is not enjoying himself. But we did our best, by dint of constant refreshment and the *New York Herald*—cheered at every step by improving results at the elections. After two days, hot but enjoyable, we came on, reaching here on Friday night and getting very

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

comfortable rooms. It is cooler than Nice—and my bites are nearly gone off. Yesterday who should turn up but Mr. Grundy of the Military College, nearly the first Englishman, if not quite, whom we had seen since starting. He was on his way to Greece—and, having no Cuddesdon news, cheered us (me, that is) a little. He told us about the death of our dear good friend at Winchester, which the *New York Herald* had partly prepared us for. Oh, dear! . . . despises a good many things.

I am wishing now to get home—we are only 26 hours off. My plan at present is to go to-morrow, 10.45, to Arles—and on Tuesday to Nismes—Wednesday to Avignon—Thursday to start fair for home, stopping the night either at Lyons or at Dijon. We may get to Paris by Sunday, and if so—then, I hope, home on Monday night or Tuesday; but of course I will write again—if possible from Avignon. . . . does not like going on day after day, and yet does not care for stopping and seeing places. I hope that we have not made a mistake in the expedition. I think that I am standing it better than he—but he will not tell one, and he is certainly more sensitive to nuisances, smells, bores, guides, drivers, companions in railway trains and things in general, than I am. Please give my best love to Mother and daughter. I hope that . . . will be with you when you get this letter, and that all else is well. Take care of yourself for all sakes' sake.

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

Carolina at the Hotel at San Remo is much puzzled “Why our Saviour made flies.” She is not a Manichean.

Hotel Danieli, VENICE,

August 10, 1896.

MY DEAR CANONICO,—

We have been here since Friday, anxiously waiting for news from you, but hitherto in vain. Have you forgotten us or lost the direction? Perhaps it will come by the evening post. I earnestly hope that, as the Hotel Porter puts it when I say “What, no letters!”—“No news is good news.” I have not

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much to tell, for all has gone straight but expensive. Still I hope to have enough to bring us home. We came from Turin to Milan on Monday, and had a day and a half there—then to Brescia on Wednesday, and to Padua on Thursday. Thunderstorms at both. I saw a good deal that I had not seen before, and so, of course, did my brother critics, L. and T. It is not lively, but I trust, from their silence, that they are not finding it uncomfortable. I console myself with thinking that I am doing nothing but writing for the Diocesan Conference—and doing nothing was the object with which I started. On Saturday we took a guide and did the churches; on Sunday the Doges' palace and the pictures at the Academia; this morning we have been to the Armenian Convent and the Lido. To-morrow, if all is well, we shall go to Verona and start homewards from thence through Tyrol.

We have used Cook's tickets for the journeys: they save a great deal of trouble at the stations.

As usual I shall be glad to get home, but I do not yet see when it is likely to be. But I will write again when we get the route fixed. At present we are to go by Bregenz to the Lake of Constance. I cannot give you an address to write to, as we shall probably have passed Constance before you receive this. Our best love, and my devout thanks. I hope that Kate has gone to Scarborough and seen Canon Mackarness.

Ever yours,

W. OXON.

DRESDEN,

July 27, 1898.

MY DEAR CANON,—

Thank you for your kind, interesting, and amusing letter. We are all right, I think, and improving the occasion. . . .

We stayed at Cologne until Saturday morning, and went on to Hanover, where I got my sermon written and went to church and Communion. We got two good nights there, and came on here on Monday. Yesterday we visited the Gallery and walked about nearly all the day. We have to-day to see the rest, and to-morrow if all is well we get on to Prag. We hope to be in Vienna on Sunday (*Hotel Imperial*), and after that to move westward and rest at Munich (*Bayerischer Hof*).

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

Perhaps you will calculate the days and write accordingly. I do not think that we can get to Munich before Friday week. . . . does not find anything in your note on the . . . case to demur to. If all is well I shall get a *Standard* at the station this afternoon and see the English news. I am wishing that we were nearly home and getting tired of the incessant German clack. But I think that we are all right—and at least as well as we could expect.

If any one goes to the Lollards he will find in the book case a book of *Personal Forces* containing a sketch of me which you may (or may not) recognize. It is the popular aspect, I doubt not, not the *Tit-Bits* view.

I think that this is all and more than all that we have to say. Best love and wish us well back, with which I heartily agree.

Ever yours,

W. OXON.

NÜRNBERG,

August 6, 1898.

MY DEAR HERR CANONICUS, DOM HERR,—

You will be expecting a line. We got yours at Munich on Thursday morning, just as we were leaving for Ratisbon, where we spent half the day and half Friday, coming on yesterday afternoon to this place and the old inn. I am anxious now to be at home again, but I see no chance before the last days of next week. It is not that we cannot bear to shorten our visit, but that we are obliged to go by slow trains—the express ones leave so early in the morning. Still, I think that we may manage to do it; but I am not sure that we are not all three getting *blasé*.

Now let me thank you for the very adroit way in which you have Bismarcked the Diocese. All your news was good except about that Turnip at X. I try to make an anagram, but it spells Twrnep, and O over, but it is him for a certainty. We saw at Salzburg the Coat of Arms of an ancient Bishop which was a Turnip. Not that . . . will ever be a Bishop, although he might do for A. after B. But I am scandalous!

We have just been in to *table d'hôte*, and I sat next the Irish Protestant Chaplain, who thinks that we want more

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discipline. I do not see how we are to get through to-morrow ; but he seems a good sort of C.C.C. chap, and is a T.C.D. man ; Vicar of . . . dio. Worcester : name unidentified.

It is extremely hot here—so hot that I can only go out for a little time, and then come in and wash and read the Bible and Bradshaw, which are my present library. From time to time we take *glase Bier*, but this place does not present many opportunities. At Munich we went to the King's Brewery. . . . was scandalized at me and . . . sitting hobnob with a noisy dirty *proletariato*. When I have got through the Bible and Bradshaw we go and have beer, and then I come in and worry about expenses. . . . and . . . have no prejudices apparently on that head, so we are quite My Lords. We have at last got into the course of English papers, and are now rejoicing in yesterday's *Standard*. But the Chaplain is the only Englishman we have spoken to for three weeks—and he is Irish, only more so.

Give my best love to my wife and daughter and sons in residence. I wish that we had met Willie—he would have been a tonic to me. I cannot say where you should write to, but live in hope of home one day. Neither of the boys has a watch !

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

Grand Hotel Continental, ROME,
August 14, 1899.

DEAR CANON AND COUNSELLOR,—

We are still here, but, I think, shall move on to-morrow ; I am not sure, but . . . seems to feel the heat very much. Still, it is a cool season for Rome.

I got your letter this morning—I am afraid that I cannot stand many more sequestrations. But I am sure that Davenport will do his best to keep me clear of additional expense. All the rest of your epistle was charming, and I am very grateful for it ; but the *Biographical Review* I could have spared, not only because I hate reviews, but because, like the Bishop of Colchester's B. and S., I had had a copy of it last week, and stuffed it in the drawer before you came down. Well, we had a hot but good time at Genoa, and another at Pisa—a beautiful run most of the way from Pisa to Rome, with the sea on our

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right hand, modified by tunnels—no provisions, but we bought bottles of wine for 8 *soldi* each, and three dinners of beef and bread for 2 *lire* at Civita Vecchia. It was late, 10.50, when we got here. So we took Cognac, Apollinaris, and *biscotti*, and slept upon that.

On Friday morning we went to the Colosseum, the Forum, the Capitol, and the Museum of the Conservatori at the Capitol; after lunch to the Church of S. Paul without the Walls, the Appian Way, and the Baths of Caracalla; on this we slept.

On Saturday we went to the Vatican Museum and saw S. Peter's—in the afternoon drove over the Janiculum and visited the Pantheon and some churches. Also slept.

On Sunday I wrote the Ordination Sermon—on the text *Patient*. I do not know whether it will do. . . . and . . . went to the Capitoline Museum. In the late afternoon we drove on the Pincian and in the Borghese grounds.

This morning we did the Vatican and Sistine Chapel, and . . . got his photographs, which seemed to complete the visit to the Eternal City. There are a few odds and ends for tomorrow morning, and then we shall, I hope, start on the return journey. The heat is rather increasing, and the cost is heavy—we are so thirsty.

I have not had a single drawback, so I hope that some of my cobwebs are getting swept out. . . .'s class has of course been a great help for me; and I do hope that, if I ever get home, I shall be *compos* and composed. . . . and I have both drunk of the water of Trevi, but I see no way of the omen coming true unless I am elected Pope.

We see *The Times* here, and enjoyed immensely the Duke of Argyll's onslaught on the Dean of . . . Some of the letters are purely malicious—still, I hope that there is a flowing tide. I am glad to hear what you say about Newbolt; very glad. I do not think that we shall stay longer in the heat, but after seeing Florence may get on to the lakes. If this is so we shall not run over our month. The Sunday question, however, is a serious one—and it would be a bore to have a heavy one at Rheims or Amiens. However, we will send a card when we get to Florence.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

I suppose that Kate has gone to Chester. My best love to all. I wish that Willie had come with us, but it is getting hotter.

Ever yours,

W. OXON.

I suppose that Monsignore Randall has returned to *residenza*.

Hotel de la Ville, MILAN,

July 29, 1900.

MY DEAR CANON AND REPRESENTATIVE OF ALL

GOOD INFLUENCES,—

Here we are very hot, with 70 American girls and their lovers buzzing around. . . . in a slight cold (!), and me some pounds reduced—no rain for sixteen days. Well—but happy returns of the day to . . .

Well, we got off on Monday at 3.25—stayed all night at the Lord Warden—small bill and small room, noisy and hot, but satisfactory. Then—

Tuesday.—Over the water to Amiens—rooms small and hot—but, etc.

Wednesday.—Across Paris and on to Dijon—rooms smaller and hotter—but, etc.

Thursday.—Dijon to Chambéry—rooms smallest and hottest.

Friday.—Chambéry to Turin,—where at last we had to take to vermouthe—rooms larger and hotterer.

Saturday.—Turin to Milan—first good night's rest—and now our section of 260 American ladies and gentlemen ; . . . smoking in the court. I have written 100 lines on Unreality—absolutely nothing else has happened—and are we happy ?

I think that if there is a breath of air to-morrow we shall have a day at Bergamo, and come back here for the wash things. But it is really appallingly and exhaustingly hot, and if we get to Venice, it may well be the extent of our Southward wanderings. "To confess the Truth," as . . . puts it for me—I am feeling that 75 means a little more or less than 74, and wish that we had tried our luck in a cooler atmosphere. But such is life, and we live in hope of seeing you all again. But I do not think that it will be worth while for Willie to try to hunt us up. If we get to Venice I will write from there,

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

but we have really no plans, the heat has dissolved them ; we cannot always be going in for vermouth. You will judge from this that we are not likely to outstay our month. In fact, unless it gets cooler, I think we may as well spend some part of our *viaticum* in Yorkshire.

Believe me ever perspiringly yours,

W. OXON.

If, during the last years of his life, Dr. Stubbs was able to do no important historical work, he could still, in odd moments, devote himself to his favourite amusement, making pedigrees, and during the last ten years he made great progress in an exhaustive genealogical history of his own family. The book in which he embodied the results of his investigations of documents and printed volumes I have already mentioned. It is a most beautiful thing in itself—in penmanship, in arrangement, in all “externals” ; and it is the last example of the extraordinary minuteness and accuracy of work in which the author of the *Constitutional History* had no superior. Certainly one of the excellent Yorkshire Societies ought to print it : there has been no such contribution to the history of Yorkshire families for many years. The researches for it were, it may be said, the diversion of the Bishop’s later life ; and as illustrating the keenness of his interest in all that belonged to Yorkshire genealogical history, I have put together here the letters he wrote on the subject to his old friend Dr. Collins, of Pateley Bridge, to Mr. Arthur Benson,¹ to Mr. Eshelby, to his cousin Mr. Fred Capes—a letter which, though it belongs to Yorkshire constitutional history rather than to the history of Yorkshire families, may well find place among these Yorkshire notes and queries—and to Mr. G. D. Lumb, the Secretary of the Yorkshire Register Society. They are almost all concerned with small details ; but that is their interest, in regard to the Bishop himself, and to all Yorkshiremen.

CUDDESDON,

February 23, 1890.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

I am very much obliged to you for your kindness in sending

¹ See above, p. 339:

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

me the Barroby notes, and shall be very grateful for the remainder of the extracts of burials from Vol. I. The family details are interesting to me both as a descendant and as connected with the Knaresborough Election of 1642-4. The Barrobys, Bensons, and Dearloves were very closely connected by marriage, and seem to have fought the battle for the royalist party against Mr. Stockdale and the Fairfaxes—not always with much credit, but still on the right side.

I think that the traditions about the Oxford wills must be based on a misconception ; and I feel pretty sure that nothing remains here of the period that has not been well thrashed out. The List of Wills proved in the Chancellor's Court is published.

With kindest regards,

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

October 24, 1891.

MY DEAR FRED,—

I have unfortunately no books here that contain any definite information about Duchy rights as compared with Royal ones. But I am strongly under the impression that the rights of the Duchy of Lancaster are the Royal rights distinctly transferred, i.e. that Knaresborough Castle is a royal Castle, the custody of which came by grant to the Earls and Dukes of Lancaster, and was, when the Duchy was amortized and annexed independently to the Crown, conveyed withall its rights (however originated, in Royal possession, or in Royal grant) to the Duchy itself and so to the Crown. If this is so the Queen as Duchess of Lancaster has the Regalia as well as the baronial or Ducal rights, and the rule of uses not passing against the Crown would apply to the custom of the Honour. But a good deal would depend on the Acts of Parliament and grants of the Duchy, which I have not got. There are four volumes of Duchy Pleadings among the Publications of the Record Commission, and the 38th Report of the Deputy-keeper contains an account of a lot of Knaresborough papers, but nothing on this. I do not feel sure that I have made my meaning clear ; it is that the Royal rights of the Lord of Knaresborough came

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

not by escheat to the Crown, but are the ancient royal rights transferred to the Dukes and the Duchy, and finally re-annexed to the Crown by the Duchy Act. This, I am pretty sure, would have been the legal view fifty years ago, but there is confusion worse confounded just now about these things, and you can never be sure until you get to the House of Lords.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

The following two letters were written to G. D. Lumb, Esq.; Secretary of the Yorkshire Parish Register Society, and of the Thoresby Society.

CUDDESDON PALACE, WHEATLEY, OXFORD,
March 24, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I shall be glad to join the Thoresby Society and to have the back volumes if you will kindly arrange it for me and let me know about the Subscription or Composition.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

The fact that the payers of poll tax in the West Riding paid 4d. is not even a presumption in favour of their being villeins. The servientes were, so far as I remember, serjeants at law. Farming, in our sense of the word, tenant farming, was scarcely introduced, if at all at the time. But the classification of the payers is to be found in the Rolls of Parliament for the year, and some part of it is, I think, printed in the preface to the Roll.

CUDDESDON PALACE, WHEATLEY,
March 27, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I inclose a cheque for the Composition for Subscription to the Thoresby Society and for the three portions of their publications already issued or in hand. I should be glad to have the books sent to me here, Cuddesdon Palace, Wheatley, Oxon, by G.W.R. or by parcel post.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

I see that I misunderstood,¹ quite wilfully (but I was writing in a desperate hurry), your question about the servientes in the Poll Tax Roll. The servientes of particular persons are domestic servants or employés—and pay 4*d.* The serjeants at law, of course, pay 6*s.* 8*d.* or 3*s.* 4*d.*

As to the other point, Mr. Ransome certainly makes a far too large assumption in supposing the 4*d.* payers to be villeins. Nothing of the kind is implied, unless indeed Mr. R. understands by villein a much larger class than is commonly so understood. Certainly all these people were not “nativi” or serfs of any sort; but householders and their families, whatever their tenure might be, and whatever their occupation, outside those mentioned in the Act, might be. It is quite possible with a Court Roll or two of the date, to identify the position and personalty of the several payers. I have done so in some cases in the Knaresborough Court Rolls. It would then be clear who were copyholders, who were “nativi,” who were freemen holding customary lands, bondhold or other. Of course, if all people who are not freeholders are villeins, Ransome’s inference would be just. But in towns there were certainly large classes of people, private and working people, who had nothing to do with land and were neither.

But I will not inflict a lecture on you.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

¹Mr. Lumb has kindly sent me the following to explain the Bishop’s letter.—W.H.H.: “*The Poll Tax of 1379*. The following extract is taken from an interesting article by Professor Ransome on the History of Leeds prepared for the British Association:—Owing to the circumstance that the rolls on which the payment of poll-tax made in the West Riding in 1379-80 are preserved intact, an accurate idea may be formed of the Leeds of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which is in curious contrast to the somewhat grandiloquent language of the charter. The number of its inhabitants of the age of sixteen and over, exclusive of clergy and notorious mendicants, was one hundred and fifty-three, composed of forty-eight married couples, twenty-eight single women, and twenty-nine single men. Of these one only was of the rank of esquire, and paid twenty shillings; two innkeepers, one butcher, one smith, and a merchant, pay each one shilling; one dyer, one tanner, one shoemaker, one tailor, one smith, and one mason, pay sixpence each; and thirty-six married couples and fifty-seven single men and women of the villein class pay each a groat.”

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

October 20, 1893.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

Thank you very much indeed for your note. Richard Burnand's¹ will interested me otherwise than in relation to Edith. For the Barrowbies and Dearloves are both near relations of mine, and it would be amusing for me to find myself "cozen" to Guy Fawkes by another line besides the Harringtons.

I wish you joy at Whixley.

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

October 21, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. ESHELBY,—

I have, as you probably know, followed with much interest your researches into the History of your family at Knaresborough and Baldersby. I should like very much to know whether you have printed anywhere any continuation of the searches that are given in the *Yorkshire Arch. Journal*.

I now, however, write to ask you a question. I find, among Mr. Walbran's MSS. extracts from the Topcliffe Registers, a note saying that the Christian name *Mark* came to the Barroby family from the Exilbys. This is a mistake, for it came through the Ascoughs, who may or may not have had it from the Exilbys. My question is: Have you come across anything on which Walbran's notice could have been founded—any connexion between Barroby and Exilby? Both families are closely connected with Knaresborough and Dishforth; and at Baldersby the Barrobies had a part at least of the property earlier held by Exilby, which they acquired through the inheritance of Ascoughs and Brownes in the 16th and 17th centuries. But I have come on nothing more definite than little coincidences. You may have more material. Excuse my troubling you with this.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

¹ "Richard Burnand's will was printed by Surtees Society, vol. civ., 'Knaresborough Wills,' 1900. See the Bishop's letter January 8, 1898, in this bundle, and that of February 4, 1898." [Note by Dr. Collins.]

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

November 7, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. ESHELBY,—

Thank you very much indeed for your letter and copy of will. It fits in most pleasantly with my other notes about Dishforth. I am really most grateful. John Barroby, of Knaresborough, went to Dishforth and married a Sowerby, about 1603 or so.

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

February 27, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. LUMB,—

The arrival of the Thoresby books reminds me of your kindness in getting me elected as a member of the Society ; and also rekindles in me an ardent desire of some information out of the Leeds Registers, which perhaps you will kindly commission some of the workers interested in the transcription—or some other, to procure for me. I will gladly pay all the expenses, if there are any, of the search. I wrote two years ago, I think, to ask Mr. Margerison to have it done for me, but he must have forgotten all about it. I put down the questions on the other half of this sheet.

I heartily congratulate you on the way in which you have managed the Adel Registers.

I am

Yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

I am growing old, or would have come to make the search myself.

Thoresby. Miscellanea, i. 162.

“ Ju. 1680—the wife of Nathan Bowes had three children at a birth—see parish Register.”

1. Is there such a notice in the parish Register ? If so, I want the dates and names of baptisms.

2. I want the marriage of Nathan Bowes, if it can be found—some time, I imagine, a little before that date.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

3. I want the baptismal entry of the same Nathan, and any other of his children—or brothers. I have his will in 1713, sons John and Francis, daughters Hannah, Mary and Martha. His baptism must be later than the close of the printed volume.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

January 24, 1896.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

Thank you very much for your kind and interesting letter, and for the sheet of Memoranda which came with it.

Poor Sister Catherine! What a brave, determined woman she was. Is not the circumstance of her death something like that of her brother James?

I wish that you gave a better report of Raine. Ten years ago when he was at Chester it struck me that he was getting nervous about his health. He seemed to get all right, so I hope that he will do now.

Now let me wish you all good wishes for you and yours in your new home. It is a fine country and fine air; but I trust that you will still keep York under your eye.

Further, I do not like the Report of the Arch. Journal and Record Society. It looks as if interest was flagging: surely there ought to be no question of dropping the Will Catalogues. The notes on the Religious Houses were scarcely sufficient; and the Royalist Composition papers one might have too much of. But the Catalogues or Calendars are indispensable.

By the bye, would you tell me whether you can identify the William Dickinson who married one of the Faux sisters? Was he of Arkendale, or of Kirby Hall, or both, or neither? I have an idea that the Arkendale, Dishforth and Ouseburn Dickinsons are all of a common stock. I once asked Raine about Sir Thomas Dickinson of York, and whether he was connected with the earlier D.s' of Kirby Hall, but I got nothing by way of answer.

Excuse natural curiosity and believe me,

Yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

March 31, 1896.

MY DEAR MR. BENSON,—

Thank you very much for your kind present of the Pedigree Book, and also of Gray. I trust that some day we may have an opportunity of comparing notes on the former at least.

I have come across a good many Bensons in other parts of Yorkshire; and I have an especial interest in Henry, who in 1641 anticipated most of the election stratagems of modern days in the parliamentary contest for Knaresborough.

Do you know that Browne Willis had the Church at Fenny Stratford dedicated to S. Martin as the namesake of his special friend Bishop Benson of Gloucester?

I am,

Ever yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

January 8, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. ESHELBY,—

It is a long time since I heard how you were getting on with your researches with the Knaresborough, Dishforth and Norton le Clay branches of your family History. So now, wishing you a Happy New Year, I will give myself an opportunity of asking you to tell me whether you found anything new in the Alne and other wills. I have not time now to get into Yorkshire; when I can get a holyday, I have to go further afield; and now I am getting too old for holydays. But you cannot think what pleasure it gives me to get a whiff of pedigree ozone from the North. It is curious that my line of interest and yours lie so close together—at Knaresborough and Dishforth, and about the same time too.

I wish that if you ever come across any Sowerbys who flourished at both those places, you would make a note for me.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

January 8, 1898.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

I have been wanting to write to you for a long time, and to ask you, when you have a moment to spare, to give me a copy of Richard Burnand's will of 1591.

So now I will wish you a Happy New Year, and ask how you are getting on. I rejoice in Vol. I. of the *York Freeman*, and live wishing for Vol. II.

Then I wish that the Surtees books were in more lively hands, and that we got more real and pure, not formal documents. The poor North Riding Record Soc. must not be allowed to spread that mode of editing valuable things.

Oh, dear! I wish that I was nearer, or had some small opportunities of hanging on to the North Country.

I am just parting with one pedigree-making clergyman, Marwood Wilcox, who is exchanging into Yorkshire, but I do not know where.

With kindest regards,

Yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

February 4, 1898.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

I am lost in shame on having troubled you about R. Burnand's will. I can only plead my unbounded ignorance of the length of it, and ask you to believe that my gratitude is of the same dimension. I am very much indeed obliged to you.

I am very sorry to hear about the delay of the second volume of the *York Freeman*. I spoke my mind pretty freely to Fowler about the line that the Surtees books were taking; and he seemed to coincide. I am afraid that I shall hardly be likely to live to see the things that we wanted most. By the bye, I wrote to Mr. Reginald F. Wood at Fulford, for some York wills last week. He replies that he has got other work and has not time now. Is there any one else at York who would do the work on the same sort of terms? Or would Mr. Hudson get it done? Of course, it is only small matters that I am likely to want.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

Thank you for all your kind messages. Isabella does go into Craven now and then ; but I feel that I must be content with one holyday in the year, and then go abroad.

My work here is very engrossing, of both time and backbone ; and just now my Chaplain is at Davos, and my Suffragan at Hyères—both in influenza—and I have ten Confirmations this week and next. So not much time for lucubration. With kindest remembrances,

Yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

I have promised Parkinson £5 as a subscription for the Fewston Registers. I wish that he had done the Hampsthwaite ones first. I would give £20 towards them.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

March 9, 1898.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

Thank you very much for the beautiful likeness. It is very good. We were very glad to see your boy on Sunday, although, as we were quite alone, I feared that it must have been a dull little visit. I do not know much of Mr. Hinton, indeed nothing but his name. I suppose that your son will not be staying long.

It is very good of you to help Parkinson. He has a great deal of zeal. I wish that you could animate Miss Deck into doing Hampsthwaite.

I am in the midst of the Lent Confirmations, and pretty nearly done up.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

THE LODGE, ETON COLLEGE,

March 26, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. ESHELBY,—

Thank you very much for your letter, and for the information you give me. I shall be most grateful for the Cundall Register, as I am, indeed, for all new discoveries about that old neighbourhood.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

I wish that the *Musters* could be printed, and I hope that some later ones may yet turn up.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
October 15, 1898.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

Have you ever puzzled out the Withes or Wise family at Copgrove? There must be more traceable information about them than there is in the *Visitations*? If you can put me on any scent of them, please do. I have the notes of the Bolton Percy Register.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
October 16, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. ESHELBY,—

I am most grateful for the Cundall Register. I wish that I had anything to send you in return for it. It is most pleasant to deal with a sympathetic friend, and I hope that you will let me regard you so, as well as with a fellow Yorkshireman.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
October 21, 1898.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

Thank you very much for the pains you have taken for me. I shall have a search at Somerset House, I hope, next month.

Mr. Eshelby has made a nice book of the Cundall Registers. I wish that his example may spread.

It is delightful to hear of a new volume of the *Wills Catalogue*.

Ever yours,
W. OXON.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

October 28, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. ESHELBY,—

I return with sincere thanks your kind loan of Leadley wills. They are very interesting to me and I have taken copies of them. I will ask a friend to look at the Topcliffe Register for the missing link at Azenby and Dalton, which is required to get the pedigree coherent ; and when I get it into order I will send it to you.

I have one or two family papers in which Fawdington is mentioned as the home of my great-great-grandmother, Isabella Cass, who married John Henlock in 1727 or so. She seems to have lived at Fawdington with her grandfather, George Skelton, or her uncle, William Skelton. There are no Skeltons in the Register, but I think that there must have been some connexion with the Bells whose name I have seen in bonds, etc.

If you ever come across the *Skelton* name, will you please remember me. George Skelton the grandfather left, by will, legacies to his great-grandchildren—but the will is not to be found in the accessible Registries. George, the uncle, was Lord Mayor of York—but I want to know what the connexion with Fawdington was.

Again thanking you heartily,

I am,

Yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

November 12, 1898.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

Thank you very much for your note. I must try to get at the Fines about Withes when I have time at the Record Office. Meanwhile I shall wait for the new volume of Will Kalendars at York.

I want to identify John Wise (or Wythes) of Richmondshire, whose daughter married William Normanvill of Kirkham, who in his Will in 1587 or so mentions Thomas Wyse as his nephew. I have got several of their wills, but John seems alive in the latest.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

I rather think that Mr. Wise of Ripon belonged to the clan : and they seem mixed up with the Normanvills, both at Thornton Bridge and at Tadcaster.

Thank you again.

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
December 2, 1898.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

Thank you very much. Your kindness really makes me ashamed. I think that I may be able to reach firm ground as to the Leathleys.

What weather it is! We are glad to know that our boy Lawrence has got to Port Said.

Ever yours,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
December 10, 1899.

MY DEAR MR. ESHELBY,—

Have you any materials about the Bells of Fawdington that you could lend me for a few days? I should be very grateful. I am living in hopes of seeing another piece of your Cundall work, but I cannot imagine what has become of the Arch. Journal.

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
February 16, 1900.

MY DEAR MR. ESHELBY,—

I return you with my best thanks the bundle of notes about the Bells of Fawdington which you so kindly sent me.

I am trying to make a rational pedigree of them, but it is very puzzling.

I hope that your Cundall researches are prospering.

Believe me,
Ever yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

In the spring of 1898 the Bishop's health first began seriously to fail. It was then, I think, that an undated letter to his chaplain—which Canon Holmes cannot help to fix—must have been written—

SHALSTONE MANOR, BUCKINGHAM.

MY DEAR CANON,—

I shall be glad to see you again. Also the Bishop of Reading, who is coming back this week, not, I fear, very much better.

I have made a bad beginning at Buckingham, for I broke down entirely in the morning service and had to go to bed. However, I got up and had the Confirmation in the afternoon and went to bed again. Yesterday I got through the work and came on here, but it makes me very nervous, especially as without My Lord of Reading I cannot see my way through the arrangements for the week beginning Feb. 21.

On Saturday, if all is well, we shall go up after the Confirmation at Monks Risborough, to London. How long we stay must depend on how I am ; and then comes the tug-o'-war.

There is nothing much else to worry over . . .

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

But the Bishop rallied. In 1900 he took a summer holiday. In the autumn he was again ill, and the Yorkshire letters tell of the growing illness ; this to Dr. Collins, for example.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

December 14, 1900.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

Thank you very much for your letter. I am thankful to say that I am gradually getting to my work again, but there is a difference in recuperative power between 67 and 76.

I think it best to send you the enclosed cheque towards the expense of the Hampsthwaite Registers, to be expended entirely as you think best, either in payment for transcripts or for printing or anything else to the end in view. But I should like to see the transcripts as soon as they are made, if you can manage it for me.

I should like very much to see any proof sheets of either

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

branch of your work that you may like to send me ; and I will be very careful.

My 4th son (the Ch. Ch. one) is to be ordained on the 21st.

Ever yours,

W. OXON.

In these last years the loss of old friends was deeply felt. It is remembered that he was completely overcome at the funeral of his friend of so long time, his helper for the last six years, Archdeacon Palmer, whose "devotion, his wisdom, his profound unselfishness, his judgment for others, his readiness in resource, his fullness of information, his clearness of expression, his unflinching courage, his unfailing sympathy," were commemorated in the visitation charge of 1896.

In later years the losses came very thickly, and the Bishop was left with hardly a single very near relation, and with very few of his old friends. The last months of his life were marked by repeated sorrows of bereavement.

At the beginning of January, 1901, though the Bishop had been seriously ill, there was no sign of serious or immediate danger ; and a letter to Dr. Collins shows that he set about his work for the year manfully.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

January 9, 1901.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

Thank you very much indeed for your interesting letter. Mind that you do not overwork yourself, or get so tired that you cease to like the work. I am truly grateful for your kind promise to keep me in touch with your books as they go through the press. I am getting on all right, I think, for my Spring campaign, but am overwhelmed with letters. The Clergy, confined to their houses by snow, discharge their responsibilities by writing to me about Confirmations. There is a sameness about this, to which I should greatly prefer a good Parish Register.

So far this is the worst winter I have had here. In the former bad winters the snow did not come until Lent—bad enough then, but the days were longer and lighter. Here, now, I can do nothing but sit over the fire, and be glad that

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

there is not much else to do but to burn old letters, and that is a cruel pleasure. Kindest regards.

Yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

The next week the death of Bishop Creighton came at a time when his own health was seriously breaking down ; and the last long letter he wrote was this deeply touching one—

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
January 16, 1901.

MY DEAR MRS. CREIGHTON,—

I must write, terrible and miserable as the duty is to me, because I cannot be at the funeral to-morrow. I am not well enough to face it. But I am sure that you will believe that your sorrow is my sorrow. Of course you know that I knew something of the greatness and goodness of your husband, and of the wonderful ability and excellence that outsiders even are recognizing in the man we have lost. But you can hardly realize, as I scarcely think that even he himself did, the affectionate regard I have had for him for so many years—very especially since I heard him preach in Merton Chapel,—my admiration for his honesty, clearness of decision, and resolute attitude of suspensiveness where he could not decide, and the pride which, as so old a friend, I had in his successes, sympathy in his difficulties, and hopeful anticipations of what was to come.

But I will not trespass on your patience ; only believe that now and ever, for his sake as for your own, I would remain,

Yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

The next two letters to his old Trinity friend tell the same tale of sorrow and illness—

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
January 16, 1901.

MY DEAR WOOD,—

I am my own Holmes just now. So thank you for your kind note.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS

I shall hope to see you on the 5th of February, but I do not know that I shall have to tax you to help me. I am afraid that I shall not be able to do much in the way of Confirmation this year, for I am left weaker than water, and the journeys are appalling. But the Bishop of Reading and Bishop Mitchinson are both going to help me. Still I trust to make a beginning myself, and Princes Risborough is not far.

About your candidates, please do what you wish.

The Bishop of London's death is a terrible blow, and to old friends a miserable loss. I do not know that he would have been the man for the time coming ; but who would ?

I see your daughters occasionally, remembering who they are when the vision, hats, etc., has passed—pardon.

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

January 18, 1901.

MY DEAR WOOD,—

Thank you for your very kind note. I can do all my hand and head work, but am weak in the moving about. But I live in hopes.

Holmes will be back on Monday.

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

It was on Tuesday, January 22, that a grievous national loss followed on the death of Bishop Creighton.

The death of Queen Victoria was felt even more deeply by the Bishop than that of his personal friend. His health was now so gravely impaired that he could stand no serious shock ; and to the Queen he had been devoted for years with an increasing force of chivalrous loyalty and admiration. To hear his voice ring as he spoke of his Sovereign, in ordinary conversation as well as in some formal proposing of health, was a stirring evidence of the strength of his feeling. He felt for her not only something of the devotion which the men of the seventeenth century felt for the Stewarts, but a deep and reasoned admiration based upon a just, critical, his-

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torical estimate of her wisdom and prudence, her political insight, her "incomparable judgment." Her death he felt as a grievous personal blow, and his illness almost immediately assumed a far more serious form.

He received the command of the King to preach the sermon in S. George's Chapel the day after the Queen's funeral. Those near him felt that it was impossible he should obey, and thought they had induced him to accept the view of his physicians. But the Bishop was determined, and he telegraphed his readiness. On February 1, in grievous illness, he went to Windsor. On the 2nd his diary records: "Burial Service in S. George's, Windsor. Very long standing in Garter robes. Sir Thomas Barlow came to see me at the Deanery."

The next day he preached, with a splendid courage, the sermon he had written four days before—the last great historic commemoration in a long gallery of English kings from the same master hand. It was a great effort on a great occasion. The few pages of fine historic judgment and of touching pathos made a most powerful and striking sermon. It was preached, it should be remembered, to a congregation which included three Sovereign Rulers, and three to whom sovereign power will, in the providence of God, descend; and no French preacher of the great age ever spoke to such an audience with more wisdom, sincerity, and tact.

"All our thoughts to-day are about the same thing; the same august and gracious personality, and the great goodness of God in granting to us, to England and the Empire, the long experience, of which this day is one epoch, in a way of acknowledgment, of love and gratitude, sorrow and hope, happy memories, and great anticipations. What has the gift been? . . . God's gift of her to us was the wonderful way in which He created for us, out of it all, the pure, honourable, energetic, continuous, judicious Mother and Ruler that we have known and loved; . . . sixty-four years of consistent, wise administration, not without variations, or changes of tactic or disappointments, it may have been, nor pressure on the helm, or violence of the waves, but never once the loss of governance, never once the alienation of the hearts, never once the tolerated predominance of lines counter to

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the great course which, in the Providence of the ages, the Almighty has marked out for her guidance and ours. There never was, so far as I can remember or imagine, such a long life of unbroken duty and service in such office. And some portion of the reward was in the knowing of how we loved her. For our loyalty has not been in the mere intellectual approbation of law and character exemplified in noble circumstances ; but in the belief and love of something of our own ; has not this been so ? Is it not so still ? I think that there never was such a life, so long, so brave, so devoted, so straight ; ‘ Behold the Handmaid of the Lord ’ for such a burden. God help us all when we try to think of our own. I do not speak now of the industrious, laborious study of every sort of question of government or of detail ; . . . nor do I say anything further now of the true, fervent, regular and unpretentious piety which was the garb of a faith, which faith was the sustaining energy of the duty done as it was done. . . . Eighty-two years is a long life, a long period of contribution to the blessing of those whom we are to live to bless. Out of over sixty-four years’ experience of loving kindness of the Lord, what are we bringing to the security and happiness of the next age ?—say of the next reign—for many of us, I think and hope that the next reign will be a time of abundant harvest.”

It is, indeed, impossible rightly to examine the past without looking forward to the future, to analyze a great character without seeking to estimate in anticipation its influence on the years that are to come, the lives of prominence that are still to be lived. So the great historian looked at the reign that was over, as he stood himself on the brink of death. He knew the years that are past, he knew the times and the men among whom he lived ; and it was this which gave a double emphasis to almost the last words that he uttered in public—the words in which in his sermon on the Queen he estimated the past and looked forward to the future—

“ Well, we thank God for the great deal that has been done, and that in direct relation to this matter ; the last three years have brought to our consciousness, primarily, one great element of the contribution in the active, prompt, sympathetic realization of what we call our Empire. The un-

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paralleled growth of this, quickened, vivified, energized, by the consciousness that, at the moment at which the strength and cohesion of the colonial world became in its extension and intercourse a matter amenable to practical statesmanship, there should spring into existence the vitalizing, sympathizing force and instinct of nationality; realizing in the love of the Empire and its service the solidarity of a common lot. I could not presume to enlarge on that idea, it is now a fact, and a fact that without some such experience as the late reign could scarcely have grown even into an idea. And of it we may be content to say that we are but at the beginning; it will be for the generation that is coming now into the places of us departing ones, to make the brotherhood one of faith, religion, conscious, loving, and effective unity; and surely the future of the whole earth may, must turn upon this, rightly viewed and administered."

In the past of the reign that was ended the Bishop had played an unostentatious part, but one which future generations will probably recognize to have been great in a great scientific advance. In the reign to which he looked forward he foresaw that the work was "for the generation that is coming into the places of us departing ones." And the call has soon come to him to depart.

"It will be for the generation that is coming now into the place of us departing ones," he said, "to make the brotherhood one of faith, religion, conscious, loving and effective unity"—the brotherhood of the English race at home and over sea, "the vitalizing, sympathizing force and instinct of nationality" which have been the growth of the reign and the work, to a large extent, of the life which was ended. It is probable that he felt, as he thus spoke, that he was indeed of the "departing ones"—that he already heard the call, and was ready to depart. And now when we remember him, we feel that his own work was not a small one in linking together the Empire which had grown into so close a union in his lifetime. For indeed the work of a true historian is notably to make a great people recognize its kinship and its heritage in the past; and as years went on those who knew the ideas which Dr. Stubbs had emphasized again and again could see that they were slowly penetrating into the public

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mind and finding expression in public life. The great historian was a great educator, more than most men saw while he was yet living. His work in that regard will be noted and carried on in the generations that are to come.

Something of this it may well be, as well as of admiration for the old man visibly failing who had stood forth so bravely to render the last service he could pay to his great Mistress, which made the new Queen come forward and take his hand, and the seventh Edward, on whom he had begged a sevenfold blessing, speak to him in the generous words of a Sovereign and a friend. "King and Emperor," the Bishop wrote in his diary—the German Emperor to whose Prussian grandfather too he had given words of dignified historic commemoration—"came and talked to me about the order *pour le mérite*." The King indeed showed the distinction to the Emperor. "You see, he wears your order." It was a fitting recognition at such a moment of fine work that was near its end.

The Bishop went home to Cuddesdon. He could do a little work one day, none the next. He could read novels. He could write a little at his Yorkshire genealogies. In touching iteration they recur in the last letters.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
February 13, 1901.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

I am returning to you, with infinite gratitude, the MS. of the Hampsthwaite Marriages. I hope that you will get them safe. I am ordered rest, so hope that I may be mending ; but I am writing in cramp, so excuse

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

Within the next few weeks came the death of another friend. On March 6, 1901, Dr. William Bright, the last, save the Bishop himself, of the great Oxford historical scholars who had been closely linked in friendship, passed away. On the 9th was the funeral, a strain of sorrow the Bishop could hardly bear ; but, helped by his faithful friend and chaplain, he struggled on.

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THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
March 19, 1901.

MY DEAR DR. COLLINS,—

I have received the proof of the first sheet of the Knaresborough Wills. Please accept my most sincere thanks. The mere coming of it into the house has acted on me like a tonic—in fact, has been one. But oh, the cold of this place!

Yours ever,
W. OXON.

On February 27 he wrote thus to Mr. Charles W. Sutton, the Hon. Secretary of the Chetham Society.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,
February 27, 1901.

MY DEAR MR. SUTTON,—

There is scarcely an honour that could come within my reach that I should value more highly than the election to succeed my old and good friend Chancellor Christie as President of the Chetham Society. And I would very gladly accept it if it is the wish of the Council to have me.

As you tell me that no real work would be expected from me, you meet the one objection that presents itself in the fact that I am just now recommended to take entire rest. Indeed I have been very ill, and my prospects of resuming active physical work are not altogether what I could wish. But if the offer of profound sympathy in the pursuits and objects of the Chetham Society might be regarded as a qualification, I gladly make it, and in such confidence accept the honour done to me.

I am, Yours faithfully,
W. OXON.

On March 21 he was well enough to take the oath to the new King in the House of Lords. But it was a delusive rally. The last important letter he wrote showed the hope he still had of working on. The Church History Society asked him to be its President, in succession to Bishop Creighton. Thus he replied to Professor Collins—

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THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

March 22, 1901.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—

I think that it is right that I should accept the election to the Presidentship of the Church History Society, which you tell me is the unanimous wish of the committee. I will not trouble you with subsidiary or occasional reasons.

It will always be my endeavour to show active sympathy with the work, but I do not anticipate any chance of attending meetings, and, indeed, the ideal which is in my mind in accepting is very much that which you define in the last clause of your kind note. I will think my best and remember my best for the society. Fresh research I can hardly promise, but I might suggest even these sometimes.

I am growing older than I ought to be, i.e. to feel so, but be assured of my zeal and sympathy.

Ever yours,

W. OXON.

P.S.—If you see the third edition of my XVII Lectures, please note.

On the same day that the Bishop wrote this letter, Sir Thomas Barlow decisively pronounced that he must resign his See.

He accepted the verdict, and definitely decided to leave Cuddesdon at Midsummer. Then he set himself to arrange his manuscripts. Much he destroyed: some lectures, sermons, addresses, he set aside to revise and publish. But that work he was not to begin. The last letters that I have belong to the Yorkshire interests which were so dear to him.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

April 1, 1901.

DEAR MR. LUMB,—

In the early days of the Yorkshire Archæological Society it was proposed to have, at Leeds or Wakefield, a sort of volunteer depositary for saving old deeds and papers that might go, according to the custom of the time, to the slaughterer. Three or four years ago I bought, out of a second-hand catalogue, for, I think, 15s. a very considerable bundle of deeds, leases, bonds, etc., relating to the neigh-

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bourhood of Pickering. These were arranged in bundles, and were not at all in a condition for promiscuous destruction, but whoever disposed of them must have regarded them as entirely valueless. Was this voluntary repository ever established? If not, what would you advise about the disposal of the things, which mostly concern small holdings of the 17th & 18th Centuries? or is there a lawyer at Pickering to whom it would be worth while my writing in case there was an accident in the sale?

I am, yours faithfully,

W. OXON.

Your zeal must find an excuse for my bothering you unnecessarily.

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON, OXFORD,

April 3, 1901.

DEAR MR. LUMB,—

I am most grateful to you for your kind letter and for the pains that you have taken in helping me to get quit of the Pickering deeds.

I cannot give a good account of myself. I have got an awkward weakness of the part of me in which Yorkshire has so large a share, and it will, sooner or later, make an end of me. So long as I last, I continue a devout Yorkshire man, and remain now,

Yours very faithfully,

W. OXON.

On April 15 the last entry in his diary simply mentions letters and illness. He was trying to the last to answer those who wrote. On Saturday, the 20th, he had a serious relapse. His illness assumed an aspect of pressing danger on Sunday, when prayers were offered for him in his cathedral church; and on Monday, April 22, at ten o'clock he passed away.

On Thursday, the 25th, he was buried in the village churchyard of Cuddesdon, under the shade of a great tree, by the path which leads from the palace to the church. It was a simple, quiet, homely funeral, such as the man of simple life would have chosen.

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Among the many resolutions of regret and sympathy which were called forth by the Bishop's death from the learned bodies with which he was connected and from societies and associations of the Church and the diocese, none was perhaps so happily expressed as that conveyed by the Rev. E. R. Massey on behalf of the Claydon Rural Deanery, who put on record their "deep regret at the loss of a Bishop whose profound learning, clear judgment, and extreme kindness, were appreciated by all, and whose removal is not only widely lamented in this diocese but throughout the whole Church." Those were indeed the three qualities which those who best knew him will always associate with his name,—learning, judgment, and kindness. In all these he was indeed, as the Bishop of Lincoln called him, "the great Bishop." And no less truly did the physician, Sir Thomas Barlow, who had advised him in his last illness write of him—in almost the words that Charles I would always use of Juxon—as "the good old man."

"It is a great man who has passed away," wrote Dr. Moberly, who was long his chaplain, "and a man who hoped manfully to the end, as a child hopes, in the name of Jesus Christ."

When the life is told, it is seen that the Bishop took part, outwardly at least, in no great crisis, and only indirectly was concerned in any great movement. His was the life of a scholar primarily, and only secondarily of an administrator. As a man of learning he belonged to that small class of those who have advanced in an eminent degree the standard of scholarship and knowledge. As Dr. George Prothero said in his Presidential Address to the Royal Historical Society on February 20, 1902, "Perhaps no English historian that ever lived did more to advance the knowledge of English history, and to set the study of it on a sound basis, than Dr. Stubbs." As a bishop he was one of those whose lack Archbishop Benson so greatly deplored, who rise above parochial to really statesmanlike, national, and Catholic interests.

Year by year the personality of the historian and Bishop had impressed itself more strongly on his generation. As for so long in Oxford, so in later years in a wider world, men came to look for the short, strong figure, the massive head,

BISHOP OF OXFORD, 1889-1901

the broad white forehead, the great brow, the extraordinarily expressive eyes, now twinkling with humour, now keen with piercing enquiry, now soft with deep pathos and sympathy; and to know that they were in the presence of a unique character, a character which had grown in power with the years of study and work. As new workers arose, the historical school to which he belonged was treated by some with scant respect, and the conclusions at which he had arrived were often challenged: but his own reputation, ratified by the titles and dignities and appreciations of foreign lands, was always treated with reverence. It was a reverence which was the reward of pre-eminently honest, minute, and accurate work, and work which was in the highest sense original. Dr. Stubbs belonged—the letters and memories have shown how fully—to a school, the well-defined school of Oxford historians, which owed much of its original impulse in equal degrees to the great German scientific historians and to the Tractarian movement. But he was notably the most original, the greatest, of the workers of whom the world gradually recognized him to be the leader. Haddan, and Freeman, and Green, and Bright, each had characteristic powers, but he seemed to combine them all, accuracy, and a deep though often silent enthusiasm, indomitable perseverance, and a wide outlook. The leadership which his friends were so proud to recognize came to him naturally not only from his great powers of mind, but still more from his character. Its absolute loyalty and conscientiousness, its sincerity, its courage, its tolerance made him a man to whom workers in the same field naturally looked for guidance. Certainly they were never disappointed.

So it was outside the field of historical research, when he came to active labour among the leaders of English life. He worked thoroughly, and he worked to the end. Disliking all parade, and absolutely without affectation or pride, he made his influence upon statesmen and clergy felt by the eminent soundness of his judgment, the unselfishness of his aims and the strength of his will.

Among all the characteristics of a very remarkable and impressive personality, perhaps that which was dominant was an intense and conscientious devotion to work. As a

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scholar and a teacher, he was assiduous beyond the capacity of most men ; as a Bishop, though his idea of the fit activities of the episcopate was not always the one popular in clerical circles, he was devoted to the limits, and beyond the limits, of his strength. If he knew how to cut away unnecessary demands upon his time he certainly never spared himself. He had in a very marked degree the conscientiousness about things seemingly small—such as answering letters promptly and clearly—which has marked so many great workers, notably the Duke of Wellington. He had also the real patience which marks a true student. Extraordinarily patient in his own methods, and in the details of his own special interests, he was patient, too, with all those with whom he had to deal, when there was real need for patience. And patience was not only with him a practice ; it was a principle. It was part of his Conservatism and his Christianity. Thus his caution in expressing opinion was not of that kind which has been slightly termed episcopal ; it was the caution of a wise and tolerant man, who knew the past of the human race and the depth of the human heart, too well ever to come to a rash conclusion. Characteristic of this attitude of mind—it was an attitude of conscience also—was the letter in which he replied to an address presented to him by nearly four hundred of his clergy on the subject of the Archbishop's metropolitan authority in the trial of the case of the Bishop of Lincoln—

“ The circumstances of the time (he wrote) are such as to make imperative upon us, not only courage in the expression of conviction, but caution in the formation and declaration of opinion ; but, above all, earnest prayer that all our proceedings may be ruled, and over-ruled, to the benefit of the Church of Christ and the souls of the people committed to our charge.”

There could be no better example than that sentence of the Bishop's characteristic qualities—of his enthusiasm for bold utterance of conscientious conviction, if that conviction were both moral and intellectual, of the minuteness of the qualifications in his literary expression, in which he had found a style peculiar to himself and extraordinarily apt for the

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conveyance of exactly balanced truth, and of his deep personal piety.

The character of the Bishop was not a simple one. Those who did not know him well might easily go away with a false impression that he was only a scholar, or only a humourist, or only an ecclesiastical statesman, or only a teacher of simple Christian truths. He was all these, and very much more—more than even now it is possible to estimate or perhaps to recall. He appealed to many men in many ways, but to all he appealed as transparently genuine and sincere. A sermon of his on the text “Joyful gladness to such as are true-hearted” comes irresistibly to the minds of those who heard it when they think of him. He was indeed true-hearted.

So all I have to tell is told, and such brief record of great work is made as I can make. But to estimate such a man there is needed more than a knowledge of him and what he did, which still stands outside his own position, his peculiar difficulties. The best and truest memorial the world can have of him comes from one who had for years association with him in many ways of friendship and of active labour, and who was called—as he himself would have chosen—to be the successor to his work. His words I print as he sends them to me : none could so truly present the Bishop and the man—

CUDDESDON,

December, 1903.

MY DEAR HUTTON,—

I will try to do your bidding, and to write down the thoughts that fill my mind as I set it thinking about Bishop Stubbs.

When first you asked me so to write, it seemed that I must have much to say about those tokens of his work, his wisdom, his influence which meet me as I go about the field in which he laboured during the last thirteen years of his life. And there is much that I might say of what I have so learned ; of his faithfulness and toil and painstaking and orderliness ; much, too, of certain fragments or glimpses which I have come upon, here and there—gleams out of a deep, strong heart—hidden acts of great kindness to some who, perhaps, were not having much kindness shown them ; bold and un-

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hesitating severity where he felt sure that it was due ; ventures of unreserved encouragement to a man who was not getting fair play. But as I think over these things, I feel how little all that I could write about them would tell to those who did not know him, or to those who read your book when we are gone and his great work remains in lasting value and students of it ask what sort of man he was. I think that what I have come to know about him may have its main worth for the purpose of your book in that it brings out and enhances the positive meaning of that apparently negative result at which many have arrived in thought and speech about him—the sense, I mean, that he was not understood.

In truth, he was a man of reserve ; at times, perhaps, provokingly so. But that quality of reserve, of *εἰσρροία* (you will agree with me that the English word would not do instead of the Greek), is no terminus for a train of thought. We never speak of it without meaning that there is much beyond it ; we never hear of it without wanting to see or guess further. It cannot mean nothing, it may mean anything, good or bad, but not indifferent ; and the moral import of it turns on the character of that which it more or less hides, and more or less expresses. And so in this instance we get to the verge of knowing a great deal as we remind ourselves of the impossibility of suspecting in him of whom we are thinking the presence, behind his reserve, of any of those shady things which reserve sometimes masks. For no one could ever suspect in Bishop Stubbs a secret aim of selfishness ; nor a habit of ambition or worldly planning, furtively harboured ; nor a wish to be personally impressive ; nor a cold, self-centred, calculating heart ; nor any indifference as to the issues either of individual lives, or of public affairs, in Church or State ; nor any inner uncertainty, any irresolute confusion of knowledge and ignorance, any concealed distrust of his own grasp on truth. All these are sometimes marked by reserve ; but no one who knew him at all could fancy his having things like these to hide ; we feel sure that the lifting of the veil would have shown us little or nothing that he really need have minded our knowing.

But, after all, I do not think that it is strange or puzzling that he used great reserve. For his was a singularly strong

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and thoughtful and penetrating mind ; he looked often, and saw deep, into the pathos of life ; it seemed the element he most discerned and felt, as with an instinctive sympathy ; and those who so watch life have many thoughts they cannot freely talk of. And then his richness and thoroughness of learning told in the same way ; he knew, as infinitely complex, things of which most men talked as simple—knew that most men were quite incapable of understanding the full answer to the questions they were asking : and knowledge that one cannot share is an isolating sort of wealth. Such a mind as his is apt to deepen, sadly enough, the loneliness that many have to bear as they grow old under heavy burdens of responsibility. But perhaps what most of all helped people to misunderstand him was a nervous and almost morbid dread of anything like display. Almost morbid, I say : because I think that sometimes he came near displaying what was not real for fear of being tempted into displaying what was ; he ran the risk, not only of misrepresenting himself but also of disappointing others ; because he was so resolved to think only of the reality as to be defiantly, aggressively careless about the appearance. But, if that dislike of show misled him sometimes, it was a splendid error. For it meant that he was so sure of the substance that he could let men think as they liked of the semblance. For instance, he did deeply and intensely care how things went ; he took things to heart, and felt disappointment bitterly and wearily : and knowing in himself that he did care, so rightly, so certainly, he was not so solicitous as some of us are about the seeming to care. Again, he was really and faithfully patient ; patient, as a matter of business and of duty ; patient, as a man must be who has to toil on year after year, through evil report and good report, knowing the strange power for havoc-making that is allowed to human folly and wilfulness, yet still not losing heart : and, just because he was thus patient, thus sure in the possession of his own soul, he gave the less heed to seeming patient or impatient over little things. But, above all, I think, he was determined to do real work : and therefore he was not afraid of refusing to do what could only have been done by the surrender or the scamping of some more arduous task. In the general opinion of men the praise of

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work is apt to go to those who do a great deal of what is comparatively easy : but in reality, "when all treasures are tried," the true praise can only go to those who do the most they can of what is hardest ; for instance, of thinking with sincerity and accuracy. Such praise is not ours to withhold or give. But we cannot miss the note of distinction and of greatness in a life held strictly to that standard.

It seems but little, I fear, that I have found to write in answer to your wish. But it is all that I can be fairly sure of. And little as it is, and soon as it thus ends, I am not quite easy about it. For I feel as though it were somewhat of an intrusion on one who, I believe, in simple awe, knew and remembered that he had to live for a very different sort of appraising from any that is likely to find expression in this world. And that, I suspect, was the real clue to much that men thought strange in him.

Believe me, my dear Hutton,

Very truly yours,

F. OXON.

Nine years before he died, when he preached to his candidates for Ordination, Bishop Stubbs had translated into Christian thought the hymn of Cleanthes preserved by Epictetus. It was a motto for his own life—

Lead me, Almighty Father, Spirit, Son,
Whither Thou wilt—I follow—no delay.
My will is Thine, and, even had I none,
Grudging obedience, still I will obey :
Faint-hearted, fearful, doubtful if I be,
Gladly or sadly, I will follow Thee.

Into the land of righteousness I go,
The footsteps thither Thine and not my own ;
Jesu, Thyself the way, alone I know ;
Thy will be mine, for other have I none :
Unprofitable servant though I be,
Gladly or sadly, let me follow Thee.

APPENDIX

WORKS OF WILLIAM STUBBS, D.D., BISHOP OF OXFORD

[Soon after the Bishop's death I made a list of his printed works. Part of this was improved and published by Dr. W. A. Shaw for the Royal Historical Society, 1903. I now print, with corrections and additions, what is, I believe, a complete list.]

1. HISTORICAL WORKS. (The first seven published by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press.)

Select Charters of English Constitutional History.

Edition I, 1870 ; Ed. II, 1874 ; Ed. III, 1876 ; Ed. IV, 1881 ; Ed. V, 1883 ; Ed. VI, 1888 ; Ed. VII, 1890 ; Ed. VIII, 1895 ; Ed. IX, 1901.

The Constitutional History of England.

Vol. I. Edition I, 1873 ; Ed. II, 1875 ; Ed. III, 1880 ; Ed. IV, 1883 ; Ed. V, 1891 ; Ed. VI, 1896.

Vol. II. Edition I, 1875 ; Ed. II, 1877 ; Ed. III, 1882 ; Ed. IV, 1887 ; Ed. V, 1896.

Vol. III. Edition I, 1878 ; Ed. II, 1880 ; Ed. III, 1884 ; Ed. IV, 1890 ; Ed. V, 1896.

Library Edition, 1880.

Seventeen Lectures on the Study of Medieval and Modern History.

Edition I, 1886 ; Ed. II, 1887 ; Ed. III, 1901.

Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum.

Edition I, 1858 ; Ed. II, 1897.

Magna Charta. (A Reprint.)

Edition I, 1868 ; Ed. II, 1879.

A Charter of Canute from the York Gospels, Text and Translation, 1873 ("in usum amicorum. W.S.")

[With A. W. Haddan.] The Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents of Great Britain and Ireland, Vol. I, 1869 ; Vol. II, Part 1, 1871 ; Vol. III, Part 1, 1878 ; Part 2, 1878. (London).

The Early Plantagenets. (London, 1874).

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